Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 18, 1943

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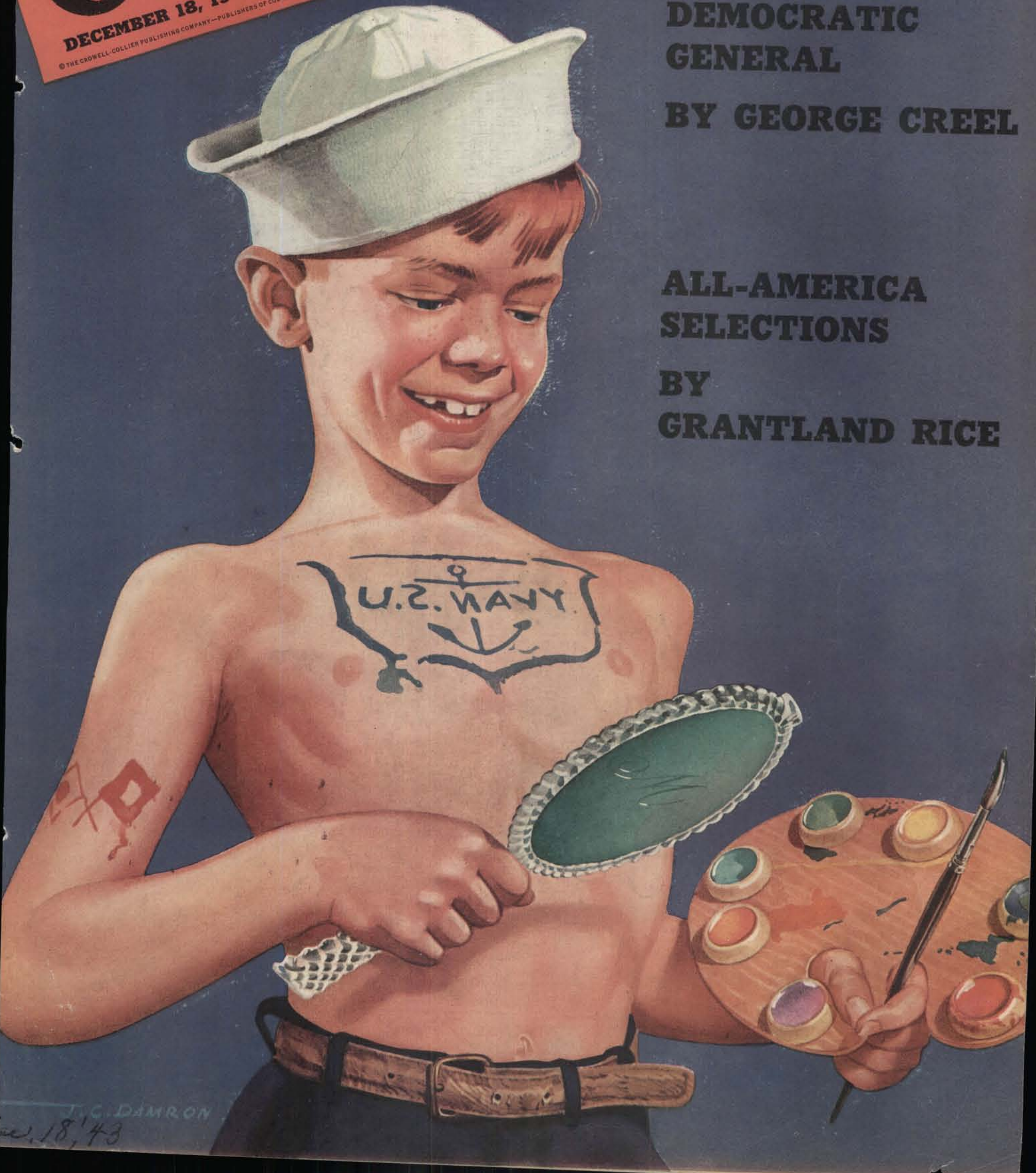
MARSHALL— DEMOCRATIC GENERAL

BY GEORGE CREEL

ALL-AMERICA SELECTIONS

BY GRANTLAND RICE



Dec. 18, '43

Until some brighter Christmas...
this gift may have to wait!

Lustrous as a black pearl! And almost as rare. The Parker "51" pen is a gift to be treasured down the years. Yet, there will be only a very limited number of superb "51's" to brighten this wartime Christmas.

For our Parker craftsmen—employing skills refined by half a century of precision work—are now making *shell fuzes, primers,* and *detonator caps.*

In addition, Government rulings have sharply curtailed the making of *all* pens. Those Parker "51" pens we *can* produce must be rationed to dealers.

If you are unable to secure a Parker "51" for someone you love—if this Christmas you fail to find one among your own gifts—we ask you to be patient. Important as such fine pens are today to speed vital "paper work" . . . to write words of cheer to our lads in service . . . the production of war equipment comes first.

Ask your dealer about a Parker "51". If unable to supply you just now, he will probably take your reservation.

Once you handle the eager, exquisitely-poised "51", you'll know it's worth waiting for. This is the *only* pen capable of using the magic new Parker "51" ink. *It dries as you write!* Of course, the Parker "51" can be used with any ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Colors most available are Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils to match, $5.00 and $7.50. World famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

♦ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

PARKER "51" *"Writes dry with wet ink!"*

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

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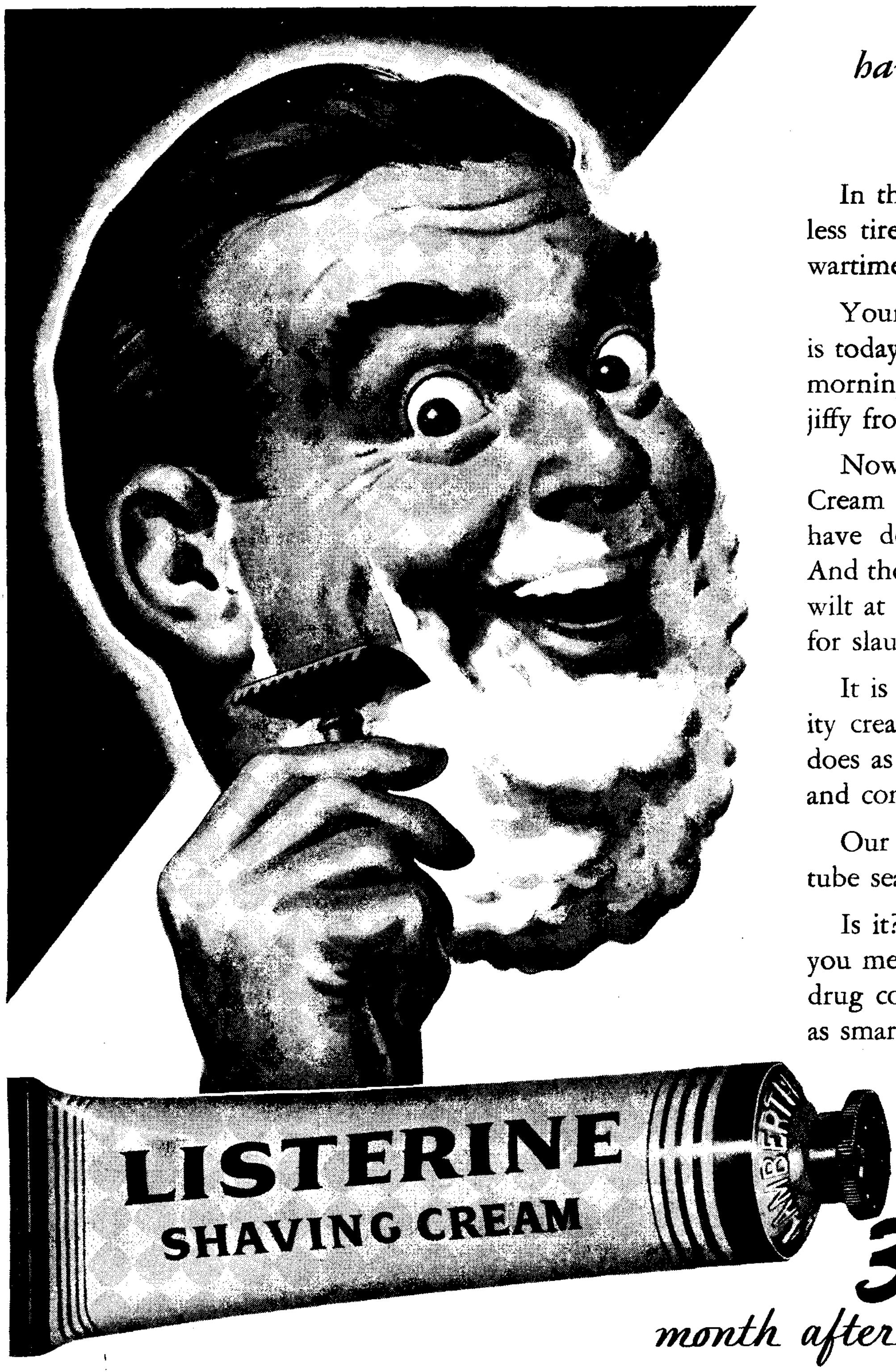
Will postwar, super-duper SHAVING CREAM *make shaving a pleasure?*

YOU CAN BET YOUR WHISKERS, IT WON'T!



Byron said it: *"Men for their sins*
have shaving, too, entailed upon their chins,
—a daily plague"

In the great days after victory, we may get flying flivvers, tireless tires, and plastic bathtubs. But despite all the wonders of wartime chemistry, there is no relief in sight for shavers.

Your daily reaping in black pastures will continue to be, as it is today, a nuisance and a bore. So drown your sorrow, tomorrow morning, in a faceful of pure, foaming lather brushed up in a jiffy from Listerine Shaving Cream.

Now it would be pleasant to promise that Listerine Shaving Cream puts magic and music into wearisome shaving. But we have dedicated ourselves to proclaiming our no-hokum lather. And though our cream is blest with a good name, whiskers don't wilt at the mere sight of it on the tube. Nor do they stand erect for slaughter at the first moist slap of your brush.

It is a fact, however, that in every fractional inch of this quality cream there is lots and lots of good, rich lather . . . which does as much as any reasonable man can expect in providing aid and comfort for his steel-scraped face.

Our package designer, with an artist's instinct, has made the tube sea-green and white to suggest that the stuff inside is cool.

Is it? That's for you to say after using it. So we suggest that you meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

TRIBUTE

from

Motorola Radio

TO THE MEN OF THE

U. S. Army Signal Corps

It is no secret that our armed forces have the finest communications equipment in the world. What is even more important is the fact that this equipment—"the eyes and ears" of our armed forces, is in the hands of that even finer product of American Democracy . . . the men of the U. S. Army Signal Corps. To them from Motorola—a speedy Victory and safe return!

after the war . . . For the Signal Corps, Motorola Electronic Engineers pioneered in the development of the famous Guidon Set and the Walkie-Talkie portable two-way communications systems. When Victory signals resumption of Civilian Radio production you can be sure that the set that carries the Motorola trade mark will be a superb Electronic instrument.

Expect Big Things From Motorola
—THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, the Motorola organization was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with two added Stars for excellence of performance.

Take good care of your radio. It is a vital wartime necessity. For service, consult your local classified telephone directory for a nearby Motorola Dealer.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

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Collier'

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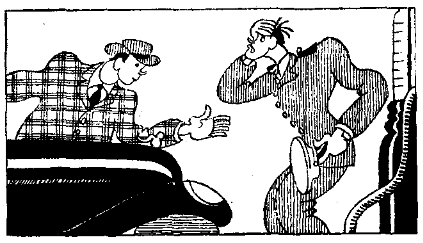
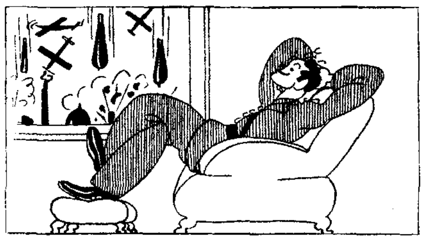
ANY WEEK

FOR some time, we've been wondering what to say about those new slate-blue uniforms they're dressing Navy officers in; particularly the caps. When we first saw them we guessed there must be an American Legion convention in the neighborhood. But Mr. Fred Neely of Alexandria, Virginia, has fixed us up nicely. He stopped at a filling station in Fredericksburg to ask his way. He poked his head out of his car and asked a uniformed man which was the shorter route to Washington—Route One or Route Seventeen. The uniformed one approached. "Listen," said he, low and slow, "at Union Station in Washington, people ask me where to get the train to Memphis and how much the fare is to Wilkes-Barre. At bus stations, people ask me which bus I'm driving and when does it leave. In hotel lobbies, people hand me their bags and tell me to hustle up to their rooms. And now I can't even stop at a filling station without guys like you asking me for road information. Mister, I'm just a silly lieutenant in the United States Navy wearing this new romper they've decided on. Take any road you see and go to hell!"



WE MUST have said something about Vice-President Wallace giving up boomerang-throwing for the duration. Anyway, we have a Republican letter about it from Mrs. Elizabeth M. Thweatt of Austin, Texas. "What do you mean?" she demands. "Didn't his quart of milk for Hottentots, his branding all who oppose him as Fascists, his tirades against big business and his attack on Jesse Jones prove that he had merely changed from the Australian to the verbal weapon? And where the former merely clipped him on the noggin, the latter mowed him down."

IN ANCHORAGE, Alaska, Mr. W. A. Barnett was shopping in a drugstore. So was the mother of a very small boy who was hanging over a mezzanine railing, greeting all and sundry who passed along the main floor below: "Hello, girl . . . Hello, man . . . Hello, waiter . . . Hello, corporal . . . Hello, sailor . . . Hello, boy." Then suddenly and very much louder: "Hello, God." This, Mr. Barnett reports, stopped traffic. His mother ordered him to come to her at once. But the boy's eyes were fixed on a priest who had just entered. The priest was a bit overwhelmed at first but pulled himself together, laughed uproariously and shouted to the mother. "Don't scold the child, madam. He has the makings of a great Democrat."



A VERY pre-Pearl Harbor father whose son has been trained in Florida to pour retribution down on German cities tells us that he has received good news. "My son," said he, "has gone to England to fight with the Eighth Army Air Force. I have just heard from him. He writes from London: 'Dear Dad: Just wanted to let you know that I'm here where it's relatively safe.' "

OUR own communiqué from London this week is more or less trifling. Our man reports merely that while our globe-girdling senators were outbound, stopping for breath in England, Senator Happy Chandler of Kentucky was presented to Lady Astor. You know, of course, that Lady Astor is a Virginian. Senator Chandler told Lady Astor that he knew it, anyway. "You see," said Happy, "I married a Virginia girl." "You married above yourself," said Lady Astor.

AND in the want ads of the Take-Off, published by North American Aviation in Dallas, Texas, Miss Winifred C. Hannewyk found the following and lost no time in notifying us: "Want to contact and swap ideas with anyone having plans for visiting neighboring planets after the war." But we see nothing remarkable in it. The guy who inserted that ad is a realist. He has a plan for a time when a nice plan is going to come in awfully handy. We've read several postwar plans lately, and this advertiser's seems pretty sound to us.

MANY of our readers are worried about what opposed candidates, including aspirants for the Presidency, can say in next year's campaign and not

(Continued on page 56)

THIS WEE

DECEMBER 18, 19

SHORT STORIES

THOMAS BELL
Fixing It Up for Joe. Some women will learn just what it is a man sees in a gi
Pa

THOMAS WALSH
A Name for Baby. One smart detective out how hard-boiled a lady reporter ca
Pa

MILDRED P. HALL
"Women!" At 18, a man knows he has tolerant of the weaker sex. Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Man Who Wasn't Decorated, by Li ant Commander Terence Horsley, R.N.V
Pa

SERIAL STORY

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in the First Degree. The sec ***four parts.*** Pa

ARTICLES

GEORGE CREEL
Marshall—Democratic General. Our Cl Staff is a living example of what he e his officers to be. P

FRANK GERVASI
"Get It Over With!" The one thought boys overseas is, "How soon can we fini get back home?" P

CHESTER BOWLES
Why We Need Subsidies. The head OPA explains. P

GRANTLAND RICE
The All-America Football Team. Fifty annual selections. P

TONI FRISSELL
The King Ranch. The Klebergs of Texa revolutionized the cattle-raising busir
P

FRANK D. MORRIS
Zero Weather. Hellcat pilots find goo ings in a raid over Wake Island. F

ARTHUR MANN
Whistling in the Dark. Through every cap, Fred Lowery kept on whistling. F

THÉRÈSE BONNEY
Sweden Turns to Wood. An ingenious learns to overcome wartime shortages. F

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

DAVID O. WOODBURY
Your Life Tomorrow.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

THE GUILTY (Otto von Stuelpr
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 20.

EDITORIALS
Our Russian Ally.
Baruch on the Job.

COVER J. C. DAI

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HERE'S HOPING FOR A VICTORIOUS CHRISTMAS NEXT YEAR!

Call for

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD.
Inc.

How to pamper shirts into giving extra wear!

(8 CONSERVATION TRICKS THAT YOU AND THE MRS. SHOULD KNOW)

1. Don't toss away a shirt just because the collar's frayed. If your wife's a needle-and-thread expert, ask her to turn the collar.

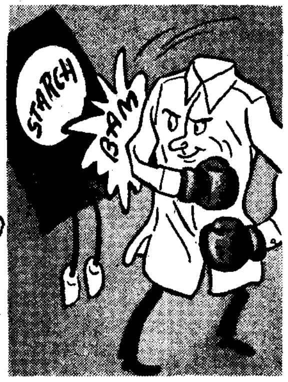
2. If your sleeves are too long, the cuffs get rubbed to a frazzle on chairs and desks. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

3. When cuffs *do* fray, your cue is to snip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it back up again.

4. A shirt that shrinks is worthless. So buy only "Sanforized"-labeled shirts—won't shrink even 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

TURN UP, PLEASE

5. Before laundering a shirt, it's a fine thing to turn the collar *up*. This keeps the top edge from getting too much rough scrubbing.



6. Shirts loathe too much starch and bleaching. *Never* use starch on non-wilt collars, and *never* bleach colored shirts.

7. If a shirt's badly soiled, treat it to an overnight soaking. Give *all* shirts 3 hot rinses, and use an iron that's *not too hot*.

BUTTON BASKET

8. All shirts—even *Arrows*—wear out eventually. When this happens, clip off the buttons for spares, use the fabric for aprons, etc.

☆

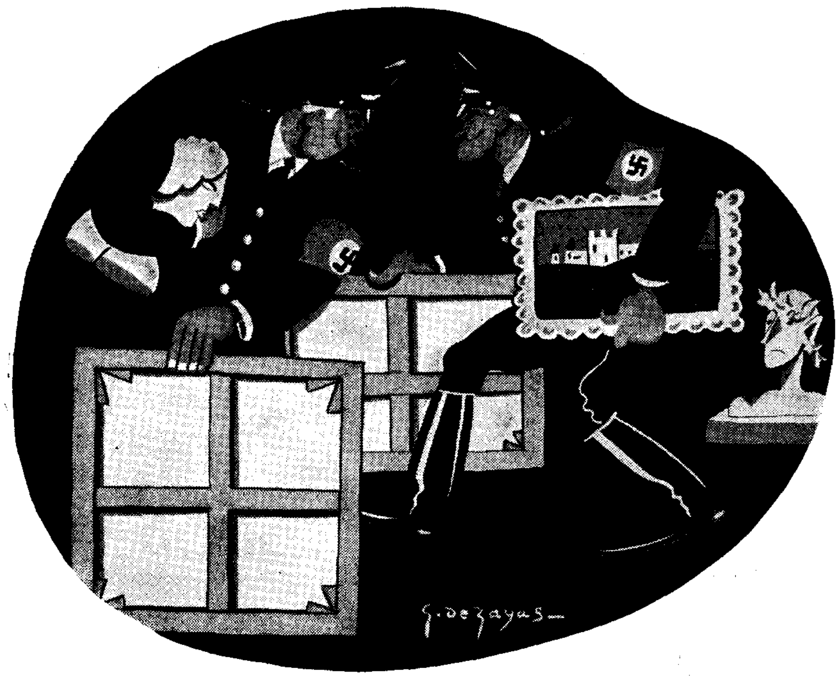
•THESE DAYS, it's patriotic to make *everything* last as long as you can. This saves materials and manpower, and gives you more money to put into War Bonds.

•

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

☆

ARROW SHIRTS TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the invaded countries, the Nazis have taken over, chiefly for their own private profit or pleasure, property valued at more than $36,000,000,000, according to a recent official estimate. Nearly $2,000,000,000 of it represents movable works of art, such as oil paintings, sculptures, tapestries and altarpieces, that they have stolen feloniously and removed to Germany from family collections as well as from museums, galleries and cathedrals.

The latest system for indexing personal names enables a clerk to locate quickly even those that sound alike but are written differently, such as Kelly with 14 spellings, Snyder with 29, and Burke which is also written Bork, Byrk, Bhourque and 36 other ways. Each entry is listed alphabetically under the first name in the section containing all surnames with the same chief consonant sounds. Hence, the card for Lily "Burke," however spelled, would be filed in section Brk under Lily.

For four years, a number of British planes have been secretly equipped with a device that enables them to cut the cables of the enemy's barrage balloons. Each machine carries 16 of these cutters, which extend from the forward edge of the wings. The steel rope, upon being caught by the wing, slides along it right or left a few feet until it strikes one of the cutting devices, either side of which instantly severs the cable on contact

The National Coffee Association is so convinced coffee will not be rationed again during this war that, if it is, the association will contribute $5,000 to the USO.

The Executive Staff of the President has 758 employees today, thus being 15 times larger than it was under Herbert Hoover. This increase has resulted not only from President Roosevelt's numerous additional peacetime and wartime activities, but also from the transfer by Congress of the administration of many offices to the White House, one alone, the Bureau of the Budget, having 556 employees.

Most people believe that a certified check is as good as cash because the certification is a guarantee that its signature is not only genuine, but that the bank has and will hold the funds to meet it. However, the payment of such a check can be stopped by its drawer if he obtains a surety bond for the protection of the bank against any resultant claim.

The food that was rationed in the United States in 1943 did not, on a pound basis, amount to more than one quarter of the quantity available for civilian consumption.—*By Nancy Over, Wyncote, Pennsylvania.*

A number of babies have cried audibly at intervals several hours before their birth. In one such case, the infant sobbed for 40 minutes, while, in another, the unborn child wailed so loudly that its cries were heard by the hospital attendants on the opposite side of the delivery room.—*By Anna Worona, Paterson, N. J.*

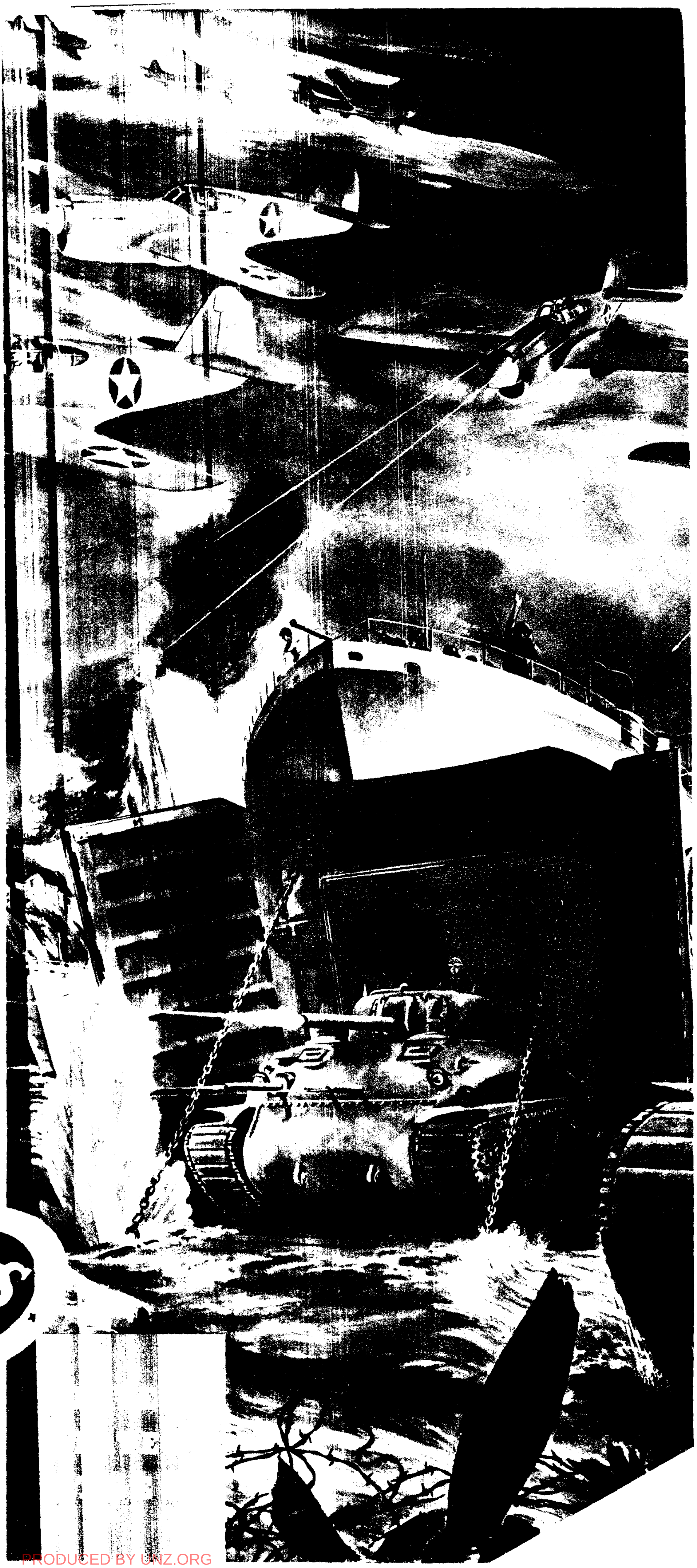
The OPA issues ration books to about 30,000 families in Mexico, most of whom live within 12 miles of the border, so they may continue to obtain their butter, cooking oils and fats from stores in the U. S. These Mexicans are also given stamps for meats and canned goods when such foods are not available in their locality.—*By Edith Embury, Detroit, Michigan.*

The wife of a disabled veteran, to be eligible for a widow's pension at his death, must have married him within ten years after the end of the war.

General Charles P. Summerall denies the recent statement made in this column that, when Chief of Staff, he wore five stars instead of the usual four. The paragraph was based on information that came to us from the Library of the Army War College in Washington. We deeply regret its publication.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

How an Axis nightmare was born



▶ "Hello . . . hello . . . will you build a brand-new type of tank landing ship for the Navy? Can't show you a photo or blueprints. None available yet."

"Sure. We build bridges. No reason why we can't build ships too. We'll do it."

. . . And so last year, one of U. S. Steel's inland plants turned a Pennsylvania 64-acre swamp into a shipyard. Built 35 buildings. Ship berths. Launching ways. Turned bridge workers into shipbuilders. Signed up to make prefabricated, all-welded ships they'd never even seen a photo of before they began.

You know these LST's now. Front pages splashed their pictures in the Italian landings.

No big American company has a corner on smart, hard-headed men who know how to make things. But we have our share. They love the impossible. Working out armor-piercing shot. New types of stainless steel. Seamless pipe for the "Big Inch" oil line. Tank steels. New gun steels.

War steels are your steels—later

Wartime improvements in steel will serve *you* when peace comes. More than ever, you'll find that only steel can do so many jobs so well. The U·S·S Label will reappear on products of steel to point the way to quality.

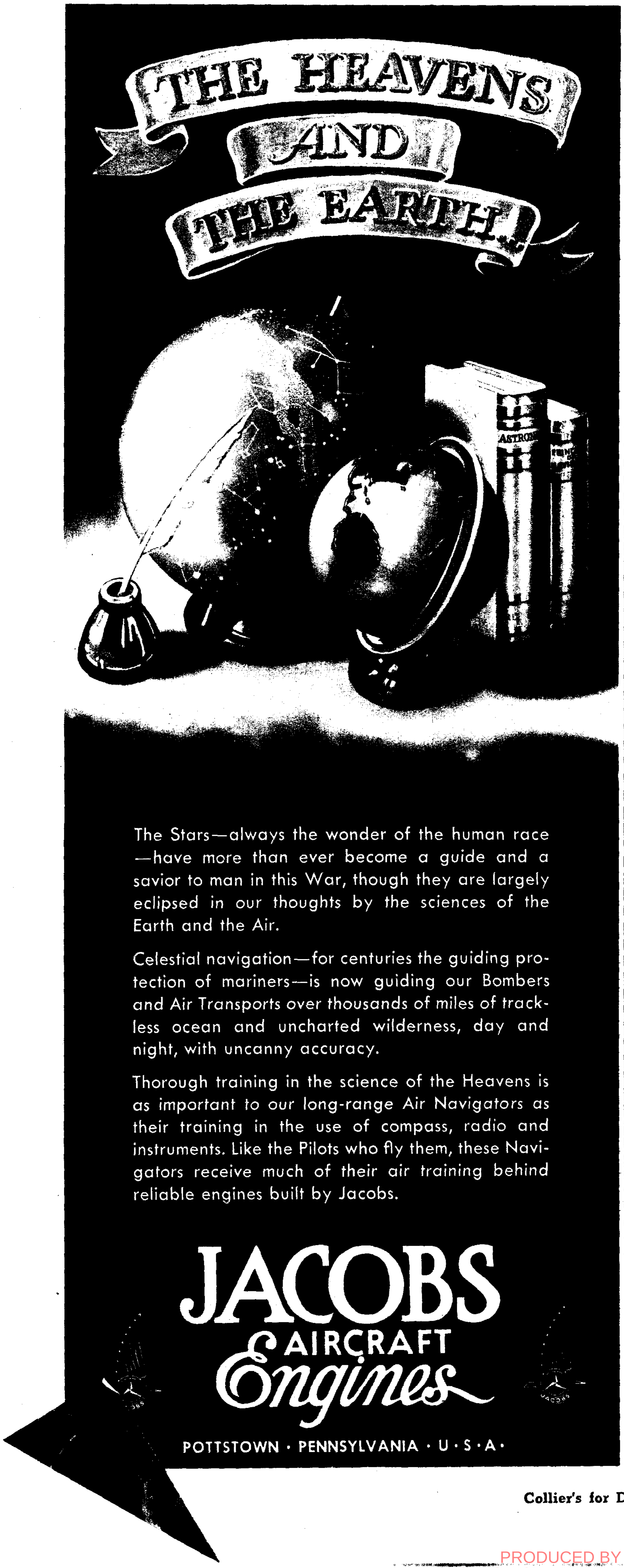
NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts in the world of tomorrow.

USS STEELS

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY · OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY · TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY


THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH!
ASTRO

The Stars—always the wonder of the human race—have more than ever become a guide and a savior to man in this War, though they are largely eclipsed in our thoughts by the sciences of the Earth and the Air.

Celestial navigation—for centuries the guiding protection of mariners—is now guiding our Bombers and Air Transports over thousands of miles of trackless ocean and uncharted wilderness, day and night, with uncanny accuracy.

Thorough training in the science of the Heavens is as important to our long-range Air Navigators as their training in the use of compass, radio and instruments. Like the Pilots who fly them, these Navigators receive much of their air training behind reliable engines built by Jacobs.

JACOBS
AIRCRAFT
Engines

POTTSTOWN · PENNSYLVANIA · U · S · A ·

Wing Talk

SIGNAL CORPS

Fast work by the Aviation Engineers keeps the planes flying. Here they're repairing a runway crater on one of our airfields in Africa

THE Aviation Engineers are apparently just good little gremlins, scooting hither and thither, building airports where no airports should ever be built, and building them just at the time somebody needs them.

The men and equipment responsible for making the Salerno airdrome a decisive factor in the Italian landing were our aviation engineers, one of the least publicized units of the Army Air Forces, yet one of the basic influences in every victory we've won so far in the Mediterranean. The aviation engineers, riding their bulldozers, go right in amongst the bullets, into the front lines, or ahead of them. Their main jobs are to build new airports in conquered territory, as they did exceedingly well in Tunisia, and to repair captured airports, as they did so nobly in Sicily.

The big boss of the Aviation Engineers is Brigadier General Stuart C. Godfrey, a wiry little person who looks, acts and talks just the way you'd like to think all our generals do. General Godfrey describes himself simply as "General Arnold's engineer," but he is likely to end up the most important engineer in modern history. His title is Air Engineer, Army Air Forces.

As a sample of how Godfrey's men work, there is the story of how they built five airports in three days near Sbeitla, in North Africa.

Brigadier General Donald Davison, engineer commander in those parts, was looking for one of his companies. He started through a sector occupied by an American armored division. Officers stopped him, and asked him if he knew he was in the front lines, and headed right out into no man's land, beyond even the American's outer patrols. Davison obviously did not know. The surprise on his face would have detonated a bomb. He asked the boys if they'd seen anything of a company of Aviation Engineers. The answer was quick and positive.

Beyond the Front Lines

"Yes, we have," said one of the officers, "if you mean those damn' fools who wouldn't pay any attention to us and took those big machines out. We think they're about 10 or 15 miles down the road."

Finally Davison found his engineers. They had put in a few defensive guns, had dug themselves slit trenches, and were at work building an airfield right under the Nazis' noses.

In three days—three days is 72 hours of work to the engineers—the men built five serviceable fields and moved north 110 miles to the area around Le Ser, to grind out more 'dromes.

The five-in-three deal was the result of careful planning and fast movement. The whole North African battlefront had been looked over from the air, and spots picked out which seemed generally favorable for landing fields. When it developed that a batch would be needed specifically around Sbeitla, the engineers again flew over the ground, choosing more definite locations. Then the engineer troops, with their bulldozers and scrapers and shovels and all the rest of their equipment, went roaring overland, marching day and night, and they went so fast that they paid no attention to the fact that they had gone clean through the front lines. Or if they did notice it, they were too stubborn to care.

Keeping Ahead of the Troops

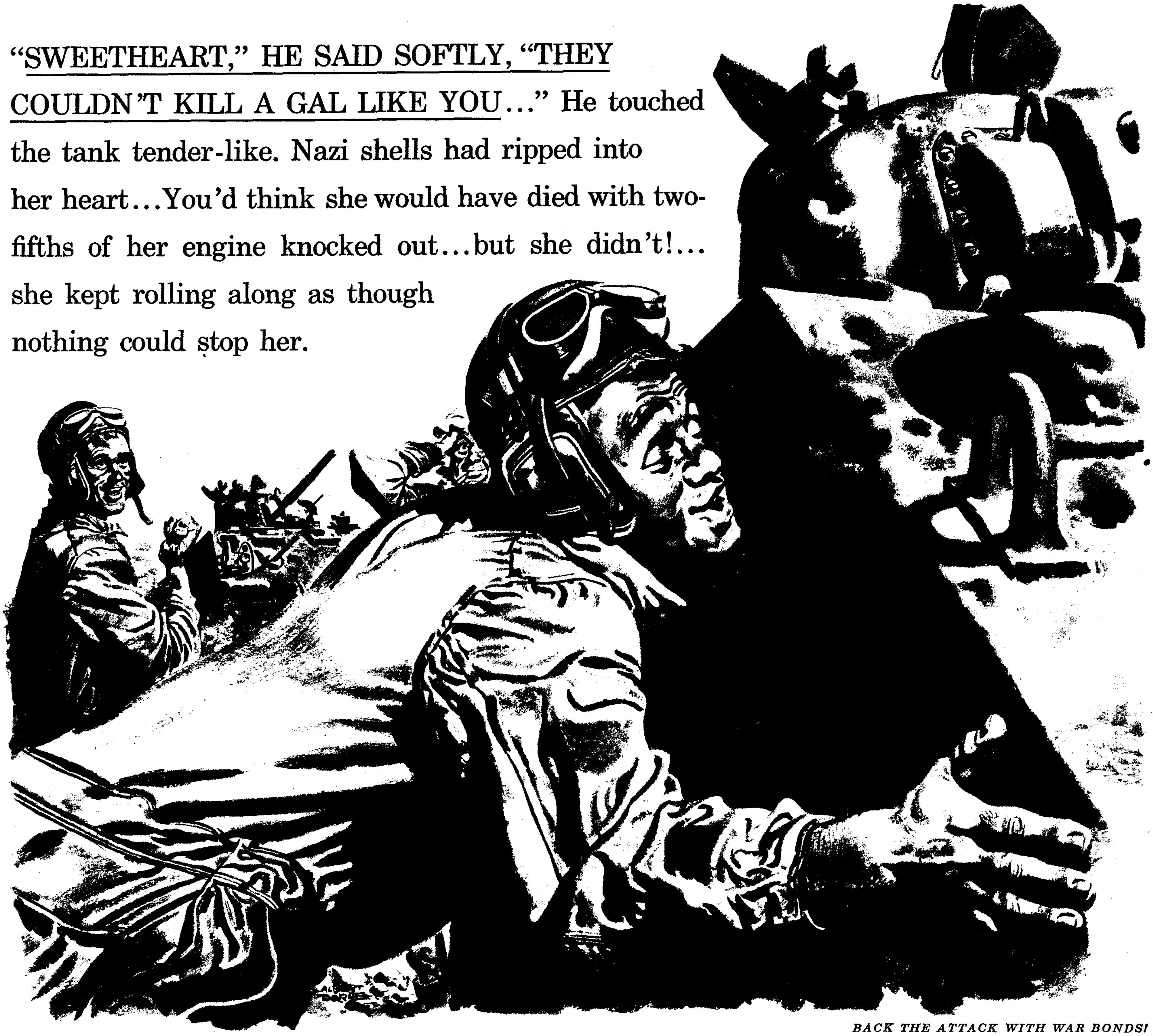
Their ability to build airports just one jump ahead of our combat airplanes is one of the big reasons we gave the Axis such a bouncing around in North Africa as well as in Sicily. By having airfields up front, we kept our air support constantly with—and ahead of—our troops.

There could be no delays in bringing up our airpower. The Tactical Air Force always had to get places ahead of our troops, to blast down enemy resistance before our troops arrived. The Strategic Air Force had to reach deeper and deeper behind the enemy lines, hacking at the channels through which the enemy brought up food, munitions and other supplies. Both groups constantly had to be as near the Nazis as they could get.

This meant turning out airfields at an amazing rate. It meant flattening out barren mountains, filling in colossal mudholes, trying to hold down expanses of drifting, destructive sand. It meant using fumbling native labor, carrying special peewee equipment and airborne engineers hundreds of miles at a leap by air, and working night and day in bleak stretches of perilous battlefields. It wasn't the sort of job you'd pick for a week-end diversion.

When General Davison got to North Africa, ten days after Oran folded up, we had nine airfields which we could use if the weather was good, and that was

(Continued on page 57)



"SWEETHEART," HE SAID SOFTLY, "THEY COULDN'T KILL A GAL LIKE YOU..." He touched the tank tender-like. Nazi shells had ripped into her heart...You'd think she would have died with two-fifths of her engine knocked out...but she didn't!... she kept rolling along as though nothing could stop her.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

NOW, the heart of that General Sherman tank was not one engine... but five, hooked together... and all five are the same six-cylinder jobs you have in your Chrysler. These engines can run on their sides... on their backs. And even when two are destroyed by enemy fire, the other three can keep the tank rolling. You can credit Chrysler Division "know-how"... and an alert U. S. Ordnance Department for this one.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

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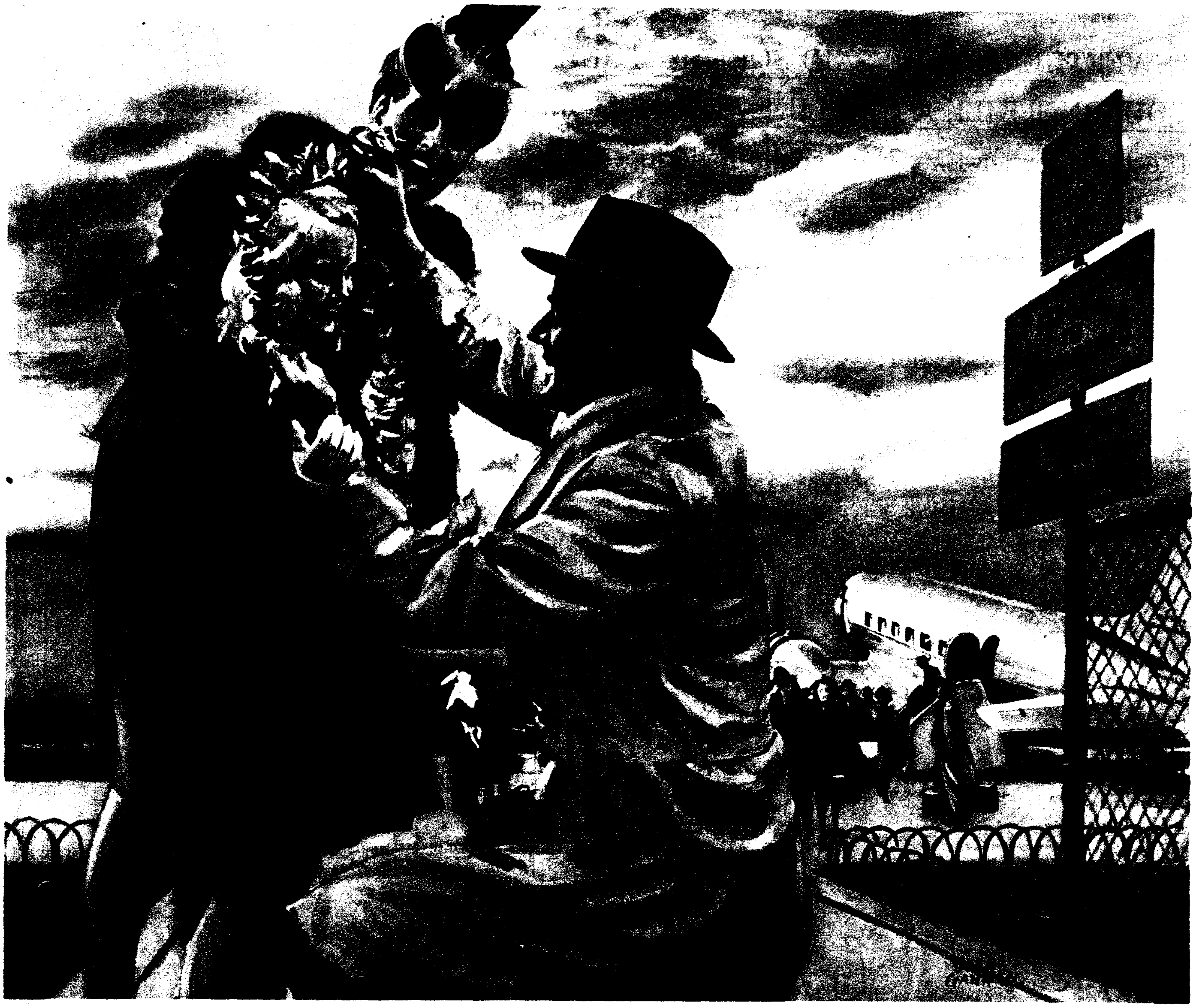

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* * *

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 18, 1943

Marshall—Democratic General

By George Creel

One of his subordinates called General Marshall "the best damned man I've got." Every American, when he learns the facts, might well say the same

BOB LEAVITT-PIX
PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

WHEN the order is given for a supreme assault on the European continent, it will come from George Catlett Marshall, as generalissimo of the Allied armies. He will hold this position in recognition of his military genius, administrative ability and gift of leadership. Strong words, but every one a direct quote from high sources both in England and the United States.

People point to General Marshall as proof that a benign Providence watches over America, pushing forward the right man at the right moment. Back in the summer of 1939, when a new Chief of Staff had to be appointed, modest, unassuming Marshall seemed to be buried out of sight. He was outranked by twenty major generals and fourteen brigadiers. Yet the Great White Father reached down through that mass of gold braid and tapped the thirty-fifth in line.

In this particular decision, Providence played no part. It was the voice of the Army, raised in chorus, that guided the President in his selection. Every member of the high command put by his own hopes and ambitions, and pointed to tall, straight, steady-eyed Marshall as the man best fitted for the job.

From the day that he first wore a uniform, George Marshall has been a marked man. Not a West Pointer, for his father was the only Democrat in a Pennsylvania district, his brilliant record at the Virginia Military Institute won him a commission. Later he graduated from the United States Infantry School and the Army Staff College, both open only to young officers of exceptional ability. Serving in the Philippines, he enthused General Franklin Bell to the point of prophesying that Lieutenant Marshall might well become "the greatest military genius since Stonewall Jackson."

Sent to France in 1917, he was straightway assigned to staff duty with the First Division and soon rose to be Chief of Operations for the First Army. General Pershing gave him the job of withdrawing troops from the Saint-Mihiel salient to new positions for the Meuse-Argonne offensive. A task of magnitude, for to be done successfully, it had to be done secretly. And Marshall delivered! In fourteen days he moved a million men and their equipment, right under the noses of the Germans, without arousing their suspicions.

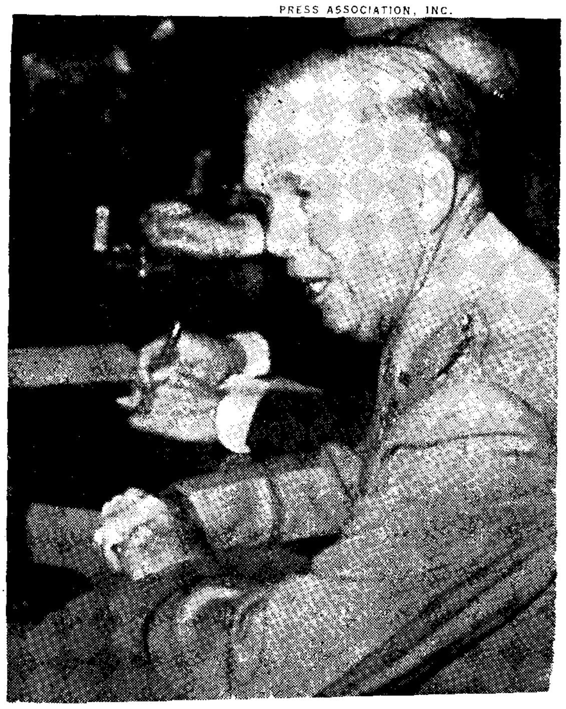
After the armistice, General Pershing chose him as his aide, and there were four years of intimate association with that great soldier. Nevertheless, the good old seniority rule and Marshall's own invincible modesty made promotion slow. It was only in 1936 that he pinned on the star of a brigadier general, and not until 1938 that he came up out of the shadows of the hinterland into the bright sun of Washington.

First as Assistant Chief of Staff on the War Plans Division, then as Deputy Chief of Staff, he performed with his usual brilliance. But the public had never heard of him when he was raised to the highest command.

General George Marshall's handling of a job unprecedented in military history has won him the admiration of all the United Nations.

Unprecedented is the only word for it. General Marshall has to deal with nine theaters of operations, directing an overseas force scattered over six continents; not battle plans alone, but the equally important business of providing each theater, and clamoring allies as well, with the necessary supplies, assembling these supplies at ports of embarkation, finding the ships and then hurrying them over 56,000 miles of protected communication lines, every mile a gantlet. On top of this, there are the home front with more than 7,000,000 selectees to be clothed, fed, trained and conditioned, and the necessity of close co-ordination with Congress, Navy, State Department and White House: a crushing load, yet General Marshall takes it in his stride.

Watching him work is like watching



Gen. Marshall works quietly, efficiently. He is no desk thumper, but once, when a friendly columnist mentioned him as a Presidential possibility, he used words a Missouri mule skinner hadn't heard

ACME

The general is a devoted husband. Here he helps Mrs. Marshall don heavy socks at a football game. He dines with her as often as possible

ACME

Marshall can laugh, too. Above, he's with Mrs. Winston Churchill. Below, fishing

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

the drive of a perfectly tuned, high-powered machine. Mental discipline, supplementing natural ability, has placed every faculty at his immediate call, and he operates without waste motion. Every morning, precisely at 7:30, he enters the Pentagon Building, driving over from an old-fashioned, rambling Army house in Fort Meyer. Every afternoon at 5 o'clock, after a packed, jammed day that ought to leave him stretched flat on the floor, he walks out as spruce, erect and serene as when he arrived.

No one has ever seen him show evidence of pressure, and never yet has the quiet of his office been shattered by shouts and desk-pounding. About the only time he ever showed signs of mounting blood pressure was when a friendly columnist mentioned him as a Presidential possibility in 1944.

"That *did* upset him," confided a grinning general. "As a boy, I drove mules in Missouri, but the chief used a lot of words that were brand-new to me."

Physical fitness, of course, is one of the answers to General Marshall's smooth, easy drive. At sixty-two, he has the spring of a man in his thirties. An enthusiastic hunter and angler, all through the years he has lost no chance to whip trout streams and follow bird dogs through autumn fields and woods. Summers always found him at his cottage on Fire Island, where he swam and fished and browned his bare back in the sun.

No Escape from Duty

Now that Fire Island and hunting trips are out of the question, he has a five-acre place near Leesburg, Virginia, where he tries to spend his Sundays digging, pruning and pottering about in old clothes. All through the day, however, the telephone rings, and messengers go looking for him, for he is in constant touch with his office.

"Somehow," he sighs, "they always pick a time when I'm up in a tree. Running up and down the ladder is giving me the hip development of a kangaroo."

As a result, his chief reliance for regular exercise is a before-dinner canter on Prepare, a spirited chestnut gelding. Except for official affairs (and he does his darnedest to get out of these) he dines quietly at home with Mrs. Marshall. Sometimes there is a movie in the evening at the Post Exchange, and sometimes a book, but he hits the hay regularly at 10 o'clock and falls asleep the minute his head touches the pillow. Worries are never carried to bed.

On reaching his desk, the Chief of Staff gives first attention to the "log," meaning the high lights of the radiograms and cables that have come in overnight. The progress of the war on all fronts, the demands of our own generals and the appeals of allies, each convinced that his own need is the most pressing.

After digesting the log, he clears his desk of immediate personal matters, dictating in a clear, pleasant voice that never stops to fumble for a word. This done, he is ready for Major General Thomas T. Handy, Chief of Operations, General Henry H. Arnold, boss of the Army Air Forces, and Major General George Strong, head of Military Intelligence. These are the men who aid and advise with respect to overseas operations. Tom Handy and his experts concentrate on tactics and strategy; General Strong's famous G-2 is the eyes and ears of the Armed Forces, reporting on the enemy; and "Hap" Arnold, the robustious, has everything that relates to aircraft at his finger tips.

Brought up to the minute on every development, General Marshall makes his decisions. Quite obviously, those he makes today cannot be discussed, but a sample can be drawn from the past. Before and during the British retreat to El Alamein, General Marshall was under terrific pressure to help out in the Middle East. At the same time, it was urgent that we build depots, lay railroad tracks and make harbor improvements in the Persian Gulf, providing a shorter, swifter, safer way for Russian supplies than the deadly Murmansk route.

Without hesitation, General Marshall stripped the home front of equipment, but refused to stop the flow of men and material to the Persian Gulf. The decision was justified by events. Our tanks and guns, bombers and fighters, enabled the British to drive Rommel back, and the Persian Gulf route contributed in no small measure to the sudden halt of the German thrust in Russia.

In the huddles with his "overseas team," the Chief of Staff follows every engagement shot by shot. Naturally a kindly man, he is as cold as a lizard when it comes to incompetence. Theater commanders are under orders to shift and demote as their judgment suggests, and already there are instances where high officers have been removed in the heat of battle. Here, in General Marshall's own words, is what he expects of his leaders: "Military skill, physical stamina, strength of character and flexibility of mind. Not only for the day but for the duration. The success or failure of a campaign, and the welfare of innumerable lives, are dependent on decisions made by commanders. It is not enough for them to *be* good. They've got to *stay* good."

These conferences with Handy, Strong and Arnold may run for one hour, two or three. As messages pour in through the day, these men may be called back time and again. Anything of supreme importance is relayed to General Marshall at his home, no matter how late. Usually, however, the morning huddle is over in an hour or two, and then it is the turn of the "home-front team" composed of Lieutenant General Joseph T. McNarney, Lieutenant General Brehon Somervell, Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair and the omnipresent Hap Arnold. In these four men lies the secret of General Marshall's orderly, unhurried days.

At the time of Marshall's appointment on September 1, 1939, the Army was more thoroughly bureaucratized than any other department of government, and that's saying a lot. Every branch had its divisions and subdivisions, each with independent powers and unrelated functions.

An Integrated Command

A harassed Chief of Staff, instead of dealing with one authoritative head, had to hold regular forums. Ancient prejudices made for jealousies and rivalries, every branch being convinced of its superior importance, with hidebound conservatives frowning on mechanization and resisting any enlargement of the air branch. Faced with the job of transforming a peacetime force of 150,000 into a ready-for-war army of millions, General Marshall set up three principal commands under his control: the Army Ground Forces, the Army Air Forces and the Army Service Forces.

General Marshall knows every ranking officer in the regular military establishment, having studied and appraised them throughout his forty-three years in the Army. He knew the men he wanted to head these three great commands. Without hesitation, everything that pertained to the building of a citizen army was put under General McNair. Hap Arnold, that stormy petrel who stood shoulder to shoulder with Billy Mitchell in the fight for the recognition of airpower, was given a free hand in the development of "the greatest air force in the world;" the job of assembling the means of war within the United States, and their transportation to combat

(Continued on page 81*)*

FIXING IT UP FOR JOE

BY THOMAS BELL

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

Every woman thinks that what every man needs is a wife, but Joe—the happy bachelor—had ideas of his own

HAVING been married for going on four years, Al knew that every girl worried about getting married from the day she started using lipstick until the day she put on her wedding dress, and after that she worried about her still-unmarried friends. He accepted this philosophically as a fact of feminine nature, having given up trying to understand it.

Molly was no exception.

"If Joe would only find some nice girl and settle down," she said one night at supper, "I wouldn't worry about him."

Joe was Molly's younger brother, a gangly, easy-going young man who'd been living with them until recently. When the Army doctors decided Joe's future for him by turning him down because he'd hurt his knee playing basketball in high school, he packed up his collection of swing records and his other suit and moved into a small apartment with a friend who worked in the same shop. That was when Molly began worrying about him.

"I don't know why you worry about him, anyway," Al said, taking a second helping of macaroni. It was meatless Tuesday in the Fifer household. "He's old enough to take care of himself."

"But it's so easy for a young man to get started off on the wrong foot without realizing it until it's too late," Molly said. "Especially when he isn't living with his family."

Al grunted.

"Joe's getting along all right," he said. "You go trying to marry him off and you're liable to get your ears pinned back."

"Who said anything about marrying him off? All I said was that I'd feel better if he found some nice girl and settled down."

"Maybe you'd feel better," Al said, "but how do you know Joe would?"

"Oh, you're impossible. I suppose you think he'd be better off if he never got married at all."

Al pushed his empty plate aside. "Well," he said, "he's your brother, but if you take my advice you'll leave him alone."

But he knew in his heart that she wouldn't.

Molly got the apple pie and plates and clean forks. As she cut the pie she said reflectively, "I think I'll invite Peggy Weaver over here Friday night."

"Peggy Weaver? Is that who you've picked out for him?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I'm simply fixing it up so he'll get to know her."

"Joe knows her already," Al pointed out. "He's known her for a couple of years and never given her a tumble."

"That has nothing to do with it. You knew me before you started going with me."

Al chuckled. "Yeah, but you can't expect Peggy to try losing her bathing suit, the way you did. The swimming season's over."

"Al Fifer, if I thought for one minute that the only reason you started paying attention to me was because my shoulder strap broke that time—" She left the sentence unfinished. "I'll simply tell Peg to dress up and make herself look real nice because Joe was asking about her."

Al stared at his wife, shocked. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said.

"She's such a sweet girl," Molly continued unheeding. "I don't know why it is men aren't more attracted to her. She'd love to have her own home and she's crazy about children. She'd make any man a perfect wife. But men just don't think about such things, I suppose. For that matter, when I see some of the girls they pick on I wonder what on earth they *do* think about."

"Well," Al said, "they don't go around thinking about perfect wives, I'll tell you that much. How about some coffee?"

Molly rose to get the coffee, never realizing what a pearl of wisdom Al had just tossed off so casually. If she had it might have saved her a lot of grief.

JOE came as usual Friday night for supper, driving over in his friend's car. He was sprawled across half the living room, talking about the movie actress who had come through the shop that day, when Peggy arrived. She was exactly what Molly had called her—a sweet, rather pretty girl with light brown hair and pleasant, unassuming ways. Molly greeted her effusively. "I'm so glad you could come," she bubbled, as she took Peggy's things.

Al, striving to be helpful, said, "Yeah, you must be getting awfully popular. You don't seem to have much time for your friends any more," and got a look of approval from Molly.

Joe said, "Hi, Peg. I was just telling Al here about the movie star that came through the shop today. Boy, was she something!"

"Isn't that a new dress?" Molly asked. Peggy said it was. "It looks perfectly darling on you," Molly said.

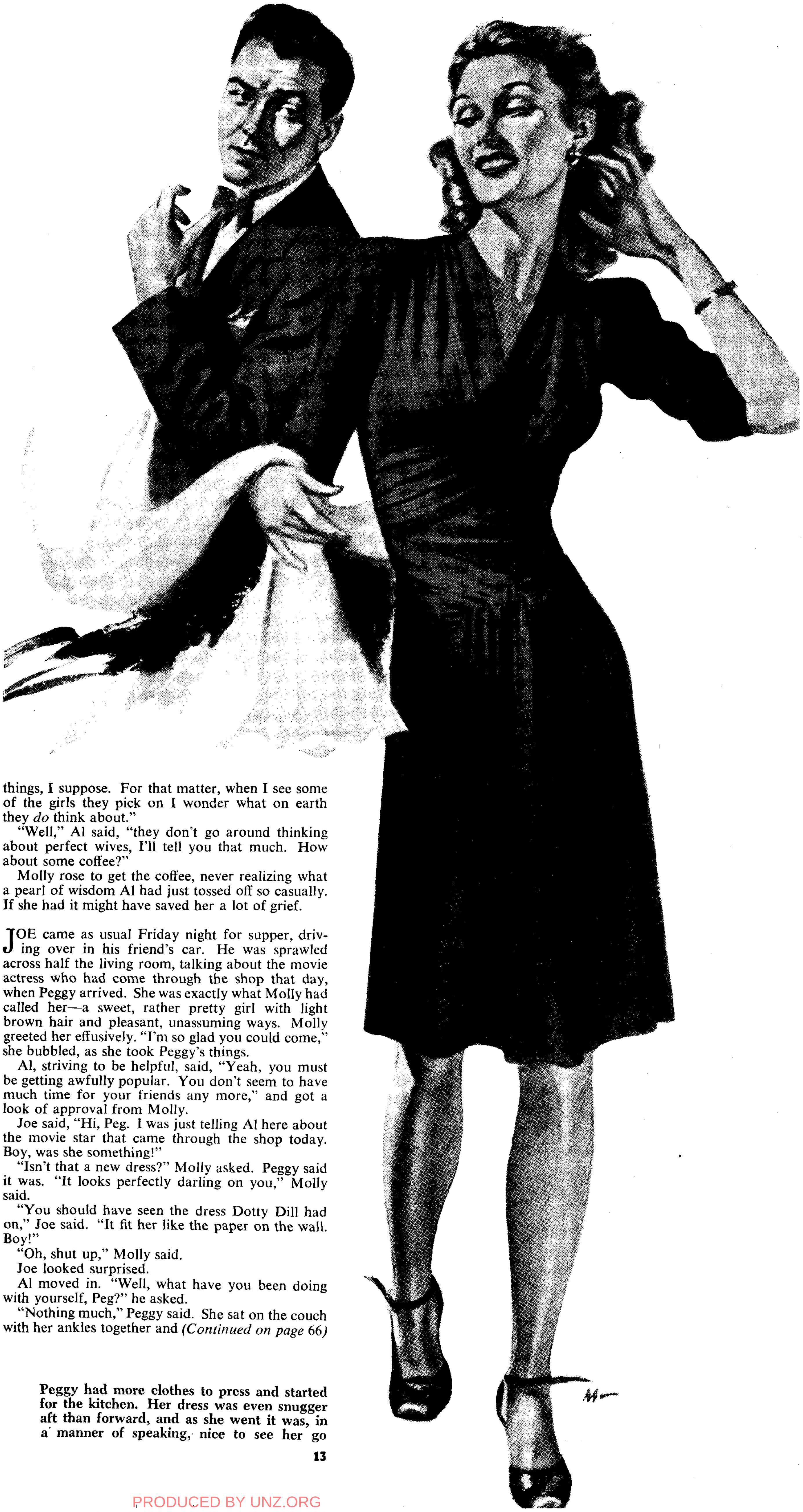
"You should have seen the dress Dotty Dill had on," Joe said. "It fit her like the paper on the wall. Boy!"

"Oh, shut up," Molly said.

Joe looked surprised.

Al moved in. "Well, what have you been doing with yourself, Peg?" he asked.

"Nothing much," Peggy said. She sat on the couch with her ankles together and *(Continued on page 66)*



Peggy had more clothes to press and started for the kitchen. Her dress was even snugger aft than forward, and as she went it was, in a manner of speaking, nice to see her go

[illegible] It Over With!"

[illegible] FRANK GERVASI

[illegible] for the Italian campaign was to [illegible] for the bombing of Germany. If the [illegible] who fought and bled to get those air-[illegible] that getting home is their big objective, [illegible] says Collier's correspondent in [illegible] picture of fighting on the road to Rome

[illegible] when American bulldozers moved in **[illegible] rubble aside. And the job was done in a** few days

EUROPEAN

ALREADY the words "sunny Italy" have for the American doughboys of this war the same hollow sound that "*La Belle France*" had for their fathers in the last one. In terms of rain, mud and misery, Italy has become the France of this war—France, however, without Paris, for the only major city the Allies have captured thus far is Naples, a dark, sad city where the wine is popskull dago red, fresh from a fermentation bath; where women are miserable creatures, purchasable for a bar of D-Ration chocolate or a can of meat and beans, and where what song there is comes uncertainly from the abused throats of water-front hacks with untuned guitars and cracked mandolins.

The next big town on the road to victory, Rome, promises only more waterless water closets, and children crying for biscuits and sourballs, and black-market prices spiraling out of an inflation partly influenced by the arbitrary Allied pegging of the lira at one hundred to the dollar, and partly out of an ancient Italian aptitude for gypping foreigners. And nowhere from here to Rome and beyond, is there even a faint promise of a hot bath.

Ever since they volunteered or were drafted, two thoughts have been uppermost in the minds of the men variously known as doughboys, doughfeet, jeeps, dogfaces and G.I. Joes. The first is to whip the pants off the Germans; and second, but not secondarily, to return home to double features, hamburgers, beer, baseball, girls, families, firesides and Sunday clothes. A year in North Africa, Sicily and, more particularly, Italy has accentuated those American desires.

That isn't so completely true among those more highly organized intellects known as officers. Among them, I have found many who believe that America's responsibilities go beyond mere victory. But it's overwhelmingly true among the common soldiers (and I have talked with hundreds of them in and out of battle) in the militarily stagnant Middle East and on the active fronts in Italy. Here they cry, with one voice: "Let's get it over with and let's go home. Let's leave Africa to those dirty Arabs, Sicily to the dagos, and Italy to the wops."

Their state of mind is attributable to the fact that, in the broader sense, they don't know what they are fighting for, and anything beyond the necessity of defeating Germany will be one for the gentlemen in striped pants to contend with when they gather around the green baize tables to draft plans for the postwar world. In even the most inarticulate Britons, I have found yearnings, however vague, for the creation of world order wherein there shall be peace and justice, and work for all people, so organized that opportunities for tyrants again to raise their heads will be reduced to a safe minimum.

Nation of Nonprofessionals

Here on a front which is roughly half British and half American, it is possible to compare the British attitude toward war and its end, with the American. The British seem to understand war and to fight it almost daily and certainly professionally. They seem to know that war and politics are inseparable. The Americans fight much as they play football—intensely and enthusiastically, but with the sole idea of winning. There's nothing gay about Americans in battle. They fight dutifully, doggedly, bravely, but animated solely by the desire to win.

The Englishman knows he's not going to find the same old England when he returns to Limehouse and Leicester Square, and he's not at all sorry, but rather glad. The American doesn't want anything changed. To him, social progress or change of any kind is synonymous with Communism, and he wants no part of Communism, preferring, as one doughboy put it, as he stood in the blood and muck of the battlefield after he had crossed the Volturno: "At least, under our way, every guy got the same chance of being President. Yeah, sure, it's dog eat dog, but you've got an even chance of being the dog that wins."

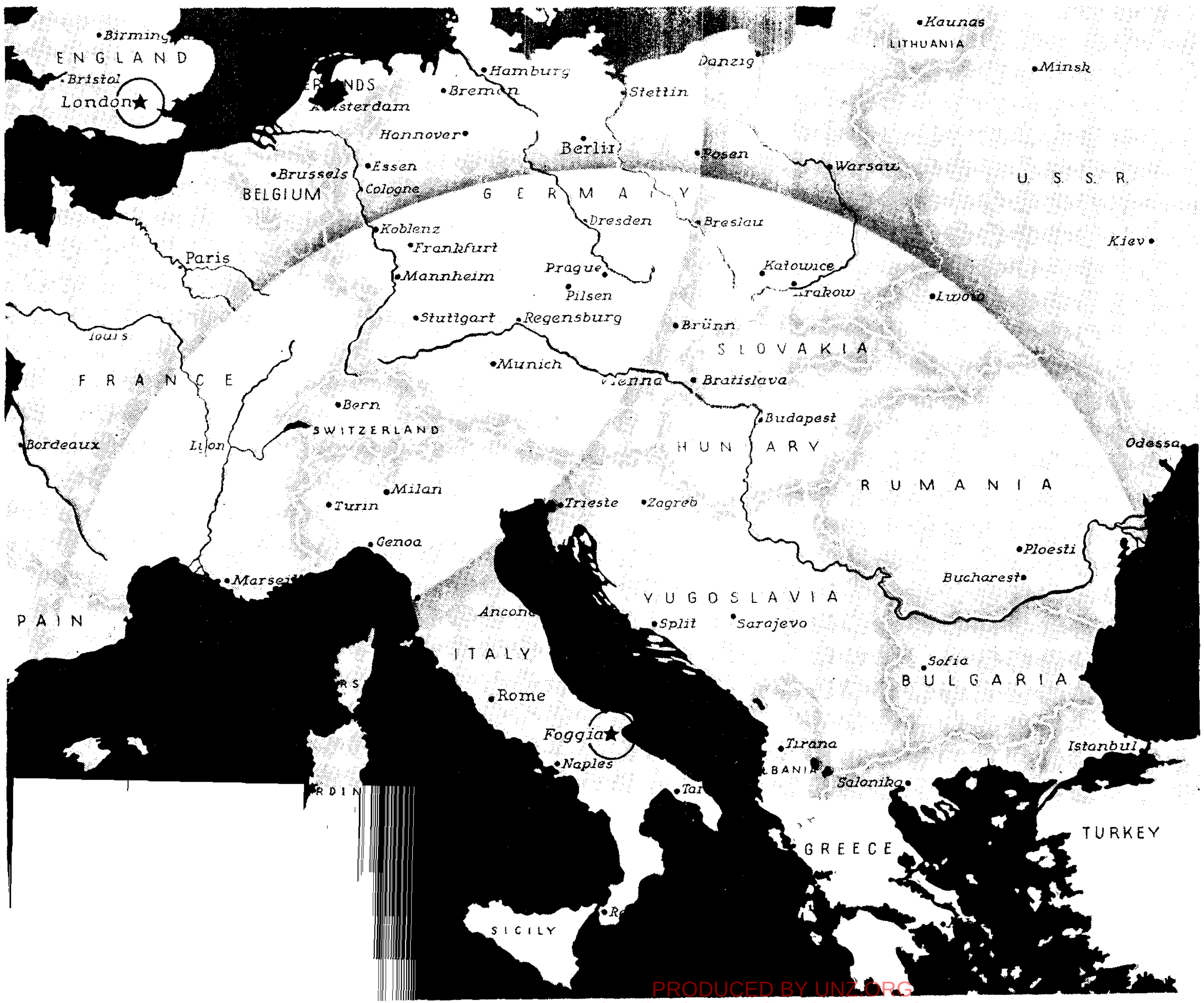
None of this is cabled in the spirit of viewing with alarm, but merely to set down what constitutes a major problem confronting the architects of peace, a problem which is drawing closer now with every hard-earned mile of conquered or liberated Europe. And the problem is simply what to do about "I wanna go home."

The mentality of the American soldier and how to fit what that state of mind implies—isolationism—into, for example, the Willkie world is the problem. Unfortunately, although the defeat of Germany is assured, Doughfoot or Dogface won't be able to go home as soon as he would like or, worst still, as quickly as citizens in the United States widely believe.

The fall of Rome doesn't mean that Italy has been conquered, any more than the Russian crossing of the Dnieper meant that war was over on the Eastern front. In Italy, there is the prospect of a long, hard winter fight, and only the possible, but improbable, disintegration of Germany, like a flywheel gone wild, will bring victory early in 1944. For the German, once a genius on the offensive, is proving himself equally strong on the defensive. The Apennines, Dolomites and later the Alps, veined by swift rivers and

(*Continued on page 79*)

KENNETH W. THOMPSON

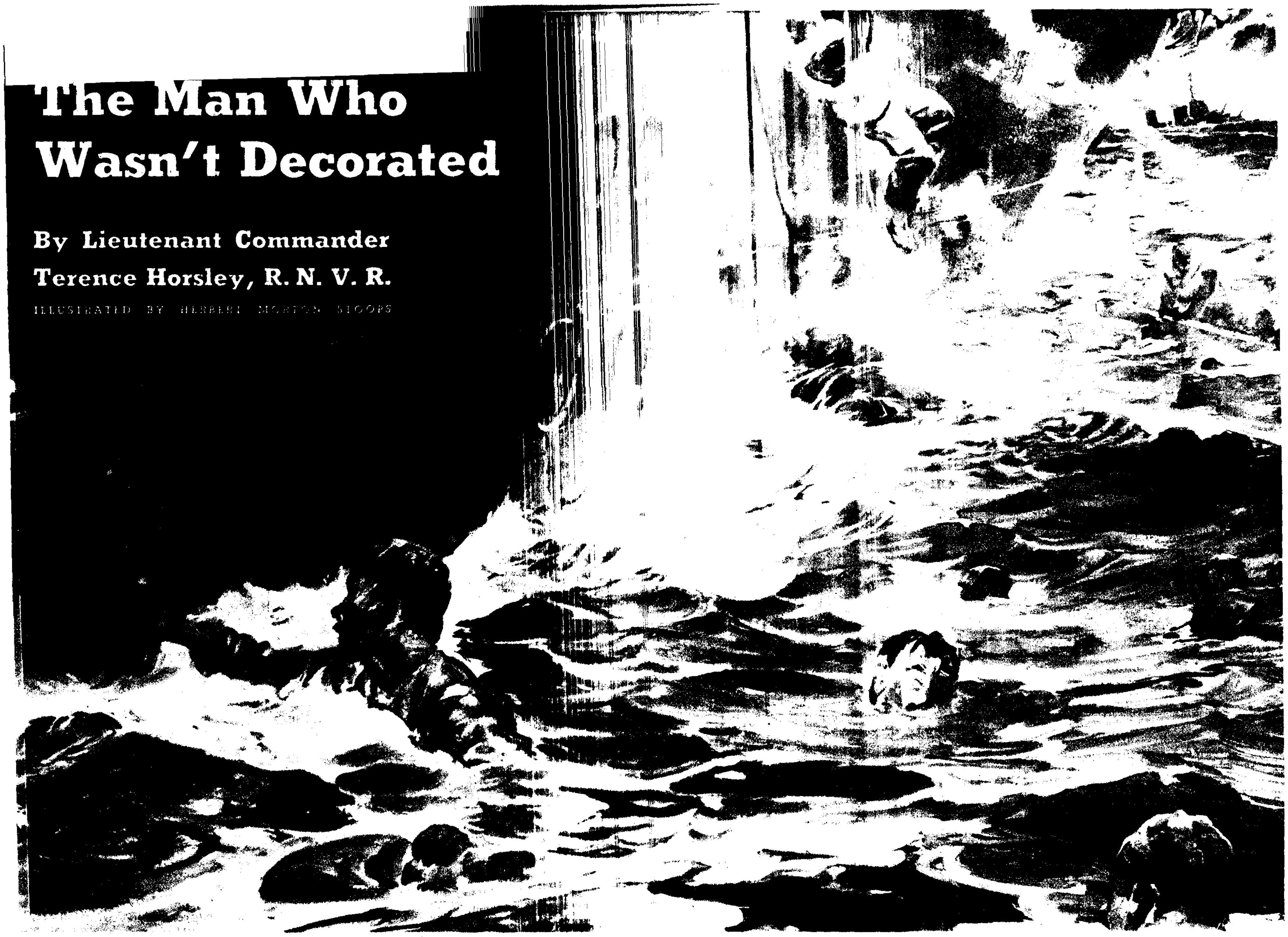


Italy's function will be as a bomber base. From Foggia, the 750-mile bomber circle covers *almost* every part of Europe which can't be reached from London. German cities caught in the overlap between the circles had better dig in for a hard winter

The Man Who Wasn't Decorated

By Lieutenant Commander Terence Horsley, R. N. V. R.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS



The water was level with the porthole now. The lieutenant saw the major looking through it—smiling

SHE was a crowded ship—a very crowded ship. Her passengers came in small boats, on rafts, even swimming. They came one by one, by dozens, by hundreds, until she was packed from the boat deck to the steerage. Some even clambered to the bridge, to find standing room; others would have slid down the engine-room ladders if the way had not been barred.

The young lieutenant had first seen her over the heads of would-be passengers—a huge, dense, frightened mass filling the dockyard, stalking the ship that was anchored half a mile out in open water. He had walked through France for three weeks, bringing with him a score and a half of men—the remnants of his unit—holding them together and hoping for just such an opportunity to escape.

This ship meant England and the chance to fight again, but, surveying the mob, he realized that the usual method of boarding a vessel wouldn't work. So he had gathered his men around him and he'd shown them a local map of the docks and the town. He gave them five hours; each man was on his own to work his way through.

Now they were aboard, every one of them, and the lieutenant was pleased.

Then, shortly after noon, the planes came. Waves of Junkers 88s which, after releasing their bombs, dived to sea level and passed and repassed, machine-gunning the open decks where men were so immovably packed together they couldn't even fall down. The unhit cursed, and those with weapons fired them. This went on all afternoon. The ship didn't move. Perhaps the tide was wrong or the engines—or the pilot.

The lieutenant didn't know, but he did know that practically unopposed Junkers 88s couldn't go on dropping high explosives without eventually scoring a direct hit.

So he fought his way down into the interior of the ship, to the lowest passenger deck, where in a small cabin on a dead-end passageway he had stowed his kit and where, he remembered, was a life jacket.

He had just entered the cabin when the ship was hit simultaneously by two heavy bombs, and he was knocked out. When he recovered, he put on the jacket and opened the cabin door, intending to fight his way back to the upper deck. The sight that met his eyes was appalling. The explosion had sealed the one hitherto free end of the passageway. Its steel walls were squeezed together like a crushed biscuit tin. In this trap, a crowd swore, raged and trampled one another.

The lieutenant could see there was no hope. Even desperate men are stopped by quarter-inch steel plates—when there are no tools and the time is very short. So he withdrew into the cabin and closed the door. Outside, another stick of bombs cascaded tons of water over the ship, another plane came along, machine-gunning, and the vessel listed as the thinning ranks on the open decks rushed to the side away from the attacks.

The lieutenant looked at the porthole. It was one of those solid, permanent affairs in a thick brass frame with three-inch glass that could not be opened. All the portholes were like this on the lowest deck. Not that he cared. You can't go without sleep, without food or rest for three weeks, and care about anything very much. With complete indifference, he climbed upon the top bunk, sat there quietly and waited to drown.

A soldier came into the cabin. He was very large—one of the largest men the lieutenant had ever seen—and he wore a major's tabs. He joined the lieutenant on the top bunk. They sat talking about France and England and their experiences while the armies were crumbling. Presently the major remembered a bottle of rum in his cabin next door. He fetched it and they had a drink.

Some time later, the bottle was nearly empty, half of the men in the passage outside were dead, bombs still fell, and the ship was many feet lower in the water, although still on an even keel. But something else had happened, too.

THE lieutenant felt a revival of the desire to live. It was overmastering—like a panic. He saw the same thing in the major's eyes—a trapped look. It wasn't fear; it was the rum that had dissolved their brave resignation.

The big major got off the bunk and examined the porthole carefully, saw that it was still several feet clear of the water. If the whole heavy brass framework could be wrenched from the steel plates before the sea reached it, there would be access to freedom. The major went for his rifle.

Soon the lieutenant witnessed a prodigious feat of strength. The brass and the steel yielded slowly to terrific blows delivered with calculating skill. The major neither paused nor spoke while he worked. With final leverage that left the barrel of the rifle twisted and slack, the frame came out. A cold breath of air blew in. The major stepped back and wiped sweat from his eyes; he grinned like a schoolboy who has done something smart.

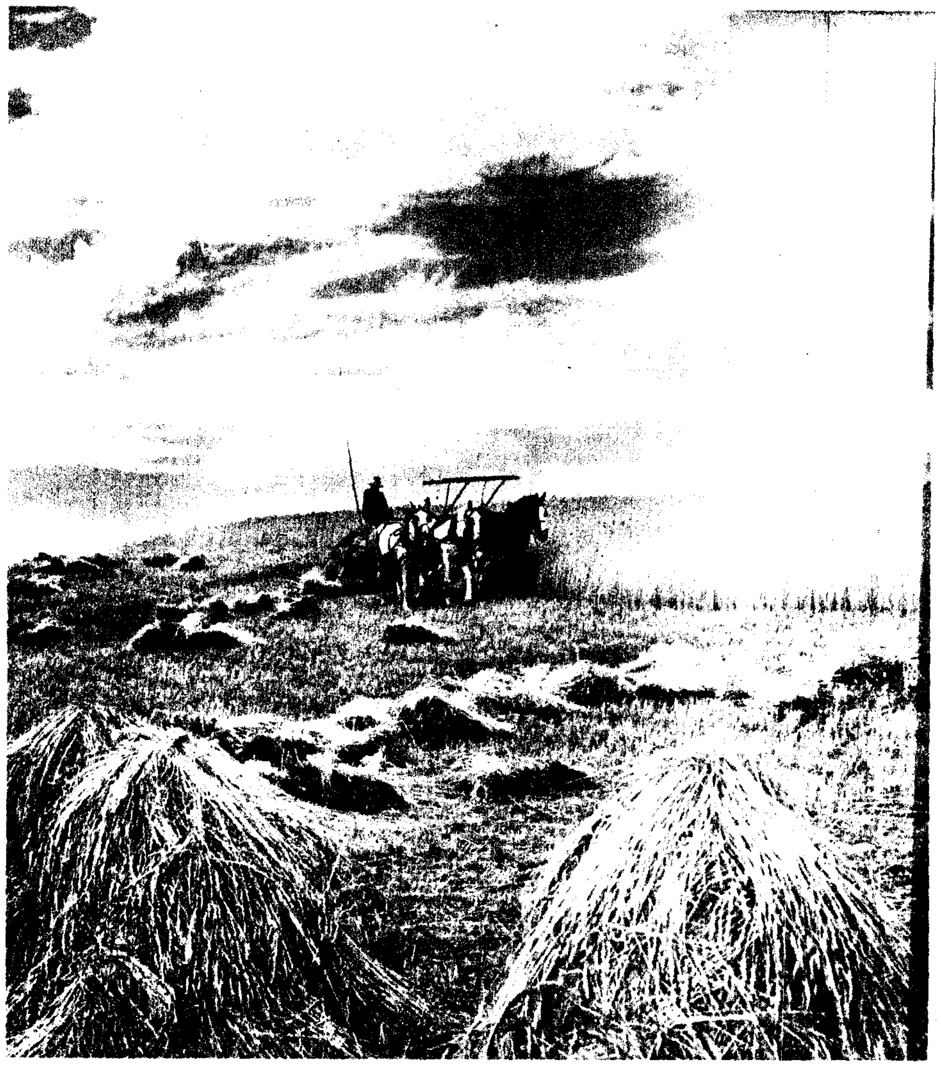
The ship suddenly heeled. Water rose to within inches of the open porthole, then, heaved on a wave caused by an exploding bomb, lolloped over the rim and splashed onto the carpeted floor. The major went into the corridor, picked up the men still alive there, roared and threatened, until they stumbled one by one into the cabin from which the lieutenant pushed them into the sea.

After the last one was overboard, and the major and the lieutenant were alone again, the lieutenant realized that, although the ship now rode evenly, the next wild rush on the decks above would submerge the porthole. He urged that they must hurry, and that because it was the major's idea and his achievement, he should go first.

The big man shook his head, and they stood facing each other wordlessly and stubbornly while the ship sank. The lieutenant felt like hitting the major—until he suddenly realized the truth: The hole was too small for the body of so big a man, and the major knew it—had known it all along.

After the lieutenant had broken surface through the oil on the sea, he got his last glimpse of the major. The water was level with the porthole now. The major was looking at him through it—smiling.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



EWING GALLOWAY

Key man of food prices is the farmer, whose increasing costs, passed on to workers, are a primary step toward inflation. Subsidies to farmers hold down prices to consumers

EWING GALLOWAY

Runaway prices mean tragedy for nearly a fourth of America's 60,000,000 workers—including the white-collar class—who must live on fixed or nearly fixed incomes despite living costs

WHY WE NEED SUBSIDIES

BY CHESTER BOWLES

ADMINISTRATOR, OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

Subsidies are our cheapest insurance against runaway prices and ruinous inflation, says the OPA chief. Here he explains what subsidies are and why it is vitally important that our 60,000,000 workers understand how they operate

WHEN the complicated matter of food subsidies comes up, a lot of us are inclined to say, "I think I'll sit this one out. Let the experts do their stuff and then let me know the verdict." But that's just what you can't do. The issue affects you and your family almost as much as the winning of the war.

If prices blow up, savings, insurance policies, our economic system and our right to a prosperous and democratic future may blow up at the same time. This is one issue you *can't* sit out.

There are plenty of honest and sincere people on both sides of the argument. As far as my own ideas are concerned, I can only say they are based on broad practical experience.

The country is going through a tough struggle in its battle to control the cost of living. War conditions make it a desperately hard fight. It's made doubly difficult by the opposition of certain people to the nation's entire price-control program. Some have sincere objections to the steps conditions occasionally force us to take to keep retail prices from zooming; others are opposed to the OPA's Price Control Program because they'd like to get the higher profits they think higher prices could bring. This latter group makes the loudest noise, and its efforts to break down price control are spearheaded by some skillful and well-paid lobbyists with liberal expense accounts.

Some of our better-fed citizens, after listening to the barrage of propaganda, are beginning to ask very frankly, "Why not let retail prices go up? What would be the harm?"

What would happen then?

Right away you and I would pay for those price increases out of our own pockets. But that would only be the beginning. Higher food prices have the same effect as a wage cut or a tax applied to everybody, whether they can afford it or not.

Workers everywhere would soon be forced to ask for wage increases to balance the higher prices. Those wage increases would raise the expenses of farmers and manufacturers, and they'd be forced to charge still higher prices. That would call for another round of wage increases. And the first thing we knew, we'd be right in the midst of a mess known by that five-dollar name—inflation.

There are many ways to describe inflation, but perhaps a "mess" is the best word I could use. Don't imagine it can be a mess for everyone but you. To win out personally is a job for a full-time manipulator—and no one living can beat the game for very long.

When prices start up, they race against rising wages. Through all the long history of wars, wages have never yet kept pace with rising living costs.

At the very beginning, a few farmers and manufacturers might seem to benefit. But disaster always gets them on the return trip—in the crash and depression which always, *always* follow runaway price increases. That's what economists call inflation.

For a little while, highly organized labor would have a fighting chance to keep even, but not for long, because once the merry-go-round begins, price rises invariably come too fast. Other labor groups are bound to take a beating from the start.

That's not all. About one quarter of the American people live on more or less *fixed incomes*. Many of them can't even ask for higher wages. These people won't even get into the race. They just get crushed in the stampede. Each time prices go up, the people living on fixed incomes get poorer and poorer, until they seem to be going in the other direction. Runaway prices would bring them a heartbreaking personal depression in the midst of what looks like a wartime boom.

All Groups Affected

Who are these thirty million men, women, and children living on fixed incomes? They're our millions of schoolteachers, state and municipal workers, white-collar workers. They're the five million dependents of soldiers and sailors who live on modest servicemen's allotments. When food goes up, these people get less to eat; when rents and clothing zoom, they face disaster. Yet this is a group of people that has served America unselfishly.

In the last war farmers saw their rising incomes eaten away by higher prices. Farm incomes, in terms of actual buying power, were cut back almost to their prewar level by inflation. For twenty years, farmers suffered from the crash and the depression that followed. They know that inflation is dynamite.

Businessmen, too, know what happens when a rising market forces them into a wild scramble for goods at higher and higher prices. Storekeepers, wholesalers, manufacturers—all kinds of businessmen—know how that pays off.

When the merry-go-round comes to a halt, every company rushes to unload its merchandise. But at this point, buyers sit back to wait for still lower prices. Panic selling sets in, and on the heels of panic come collapse, bankruptcy, unemployment, silent factories, empty stores and cold homes.

Inflation starts and ends in your home and mine. The key to inflation is the *stability* of your cost of living. If prices are kept from rising, if you are not forced continually to seek wage increases in a desperate effort to keep even, America can be spared the tragedy of inflation. And the key to your cost of living is the prices you pay for the food on your table.

These days you hear a lot about "holding the line." It's an expression of our determination to keep your prices from going up, so that higher and still higher wages won't be necessary to pay for a higher and ever-higher cost of living. And it also means keeping wages stable, so that farmers and businessmen won't have to keep raising their prices in order to pay higher wages. It means nipping a wild party in the bud before we all go on a national spree that would leave the country mighty sick for years to come.

By tradition, we aren't the kind of people who will let ourselves get into that kind of reckless situation. Yet, so far, no one has come forward with a sound plan for holding the line by warding off higher food prices without the limited use of subsidies.

Exactly what are these subsidy payments, and why are they necessary?

This is the story as I see it: All prices, with very few exceptions, are now fixed by

(Continued on page 70)

The All-America Football Team

BY GRANTLAND RICE

PETE PIHOS	END—INDIANA
JAMES J. WHITE	TACKLE—NOTRE DAME
MERVIN PREGULMAN	GUARD—MICHIGAN
CASIMIR MYSLINSKI	CENTER—ARMY
PATRICK J. FILLEY	GUARD—NOTRE DAME
ART McCAFFRAY	TACKLE—COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC
HERB HEIN	END—NORTHWESTERN
ANGELO B. BERTELLI	QUARTERBACK—NOTRE DAME
CREIGHTON MILLER	HALFBACK—NOTRE DAME
ROBERT ODELL	HALFBACK—PENNSYLVANIA
BILL DALEY	FULLBACK—MICHIGAN

AFTER 74 years of college football, dating back to 1869, the war season of 1943 uncorked the most amazing campaign the game has ever known. Knocked down by the Army and picked up by the Navy, football this year fought against overwhelming odds.

Such teams as Columbia, Pittsburgh, Georgia, Yale, Princeton, Missouri, Wisconsin, Texas Christian, Southern Methodist, Tulane, L.S.U., Ohio State and others with great records in past years kept the game going, but the Navy co-operated to produce a number of fine teams.

Notre Dame came booming along with one of the great college teams of all time, ranked by many above Knute Rockne's best. With a big, fast-moving line in front of such backs as Bertelli, Lujack, Miller, Rykovich, Kelly, Mello and others, perfectly suited for the T formation under coach Frank Leahy's able direction, no other college team came even close to Notre Dame. This team ran up 174 points against such strong squads as Georgia Tech, Michigan, Navy, Army and Northwestern, five of the country's best. This tells the story more eloquently than any words.

There were other strong teams: Army, Navy, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth in the East; Duke, Georgia Tech and North Carolina in the South (not overlooking Southwestern Institute); Purdue, Michigan and Northwestern in the Big Nine; Texas, Texas A. and M., Oklahoma, Tulsa and Southwestern University in the Southwest; Southern California, Washington and College of the Pacific on the West Coast.

This includes only the college list, not the Navy training centers that contributed their full share to the season's play—such as Iowa's Seahawks, March Field, Sampson Naval Training Station, and several others that had to face killing handicaps to keep their season going. Football in 1943 was handicapped by the constant shift and the sudden departure of college stars to Navy training bases, where no favoritism was ever shown. When a player's time was up, he was on his way to war service without any delay. Over 200 of the best players were called up, and many teams lost from six to eight men before important contests.

Notre Dame, Army and Navy suffered little in the vast reshuffling of talent from the campus to the barracks. But the glory of the 1943 season really belongs to the outmanned, overpowered, outclassed, trampled-in-the-dirt kids who gave everything they had against impossible odds to keep the game going along. It was the Navy that saved football as the one rough, body-contact competitive sport left that demanded quick thinking under gridiron fire.

The public maintained its interest in football despite all handicaps. Notre Dame played to 62,000 against Pittsburgh; to 86,000 against

(Continued on page 72)

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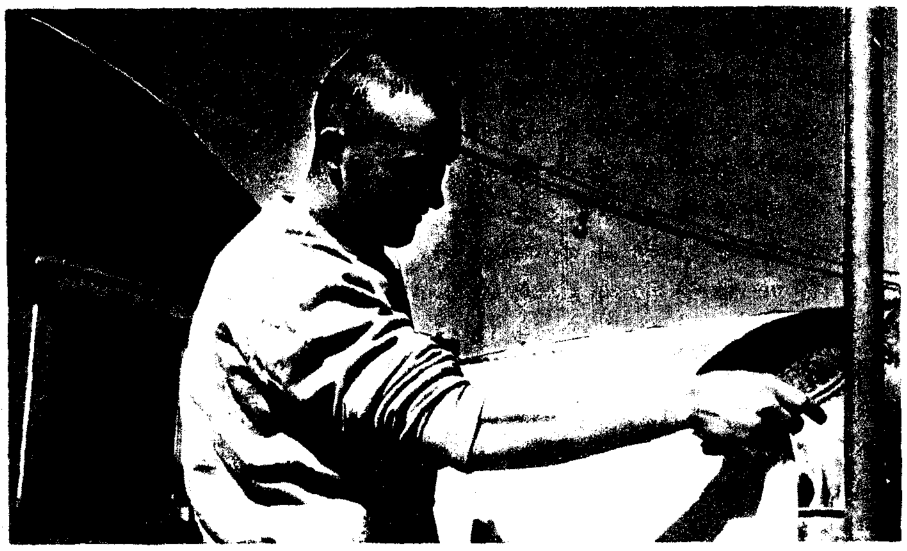
ART McCAFFRAY, tackle, College of the Pacific. Art is the best tackle he has seen in 54 years, says Coach Stagg

HERB HEIN, end, Northwestern. Home, Billings, Mont. The outstanding all-round wingman of the season

JAMES J. WHITE, tackle, Notre Dame. Home, Edgewater, N. J. 210 pounds of alertness



ANGELO BERTELLI, quarterback, Notre Dame. Home, West Springfield, Mass. Now of the U. S. Marine Corps, Bertelli's deft ball-handling made Notre Dame's deceptive play a season's standout

MERVIN PREGULMAN, guard, U. of Michigan. Home, Lansing, Mich. Fast and alert

PETE PIHOS, end, Indiana U. Home, Chicago, Ill. Greatest pass receiver of the year, set a new offensive record

CASIMIR MYSLINSKI, center, Army. Home, Steubenville, Ohio. Was unanimous choice of opposition coaches

CREIGHTON MILLER, halfback, Notre Dame. Home, Wilmington, Delaware. Aggressive

PATRICK J. FILLEY, guard, Notre Dame. Home, South Bend, Indiana. Captained one of the greatest teams

ROBERT ODELL, halfback, U. of Pennsylvania. Home, Sioux City, Iowa. Powerful offense and fine defense

BILL DALEY, fullback, U. of Michigan. Home, St. Cloud, Minn. Valuable team player

THE KING RANCH

BY TONI FRISSELL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Roundup on the King Ranch. The vaqueros are about to "cut out" a young steer from one of the last herds of Herefords on the ranch

TEXAS is a fabulous place, to begin with, but even in that setting, the King Ranch causes the eye to boggle. It is as large as the state of Rhode Island, has 1,500 miles of fence and so many cattle that the number is almost a military secret.

King Ranch lies between Corpus Christi and Brownsville, runs into nine counties. It is a small nation, with its own schools (under state supervision), stores, churches and community life. The one and only language is Spanish, and the cowboys are known as *vaqueros.* They have lived on the spot for three generations and are the finest ropers and riders in the world, according to the Klebergs.

The ranch was started in 1854 by Captain Richard King, ex-steamboat owner, who thought there might be money in hides and tallow. The old captain was a man of some dimensions. He tackled the job of piecing the property together, surveying, fencing and freeing it from desperadoes and horse thieves. From Mexico, he brought great herds of longhorn cattle, sheep, mules and horses. During the winter, he drove his herds from Brownsville to Kansas under their own power, in convoys of a few thousands.

It took three months on the way, but they arrived fat and sleek, having browsed on spring grass along the way. He had one great ambition which he never realized: He wanted to buy and control a strip of land a mile wide from Brownsville to Kansas, a sort of superhighway along which his herds could move leisurely to market. That would have been a stretch almost 1,500 miles long, but he never managed to acquire it.

A Wilderness Principality

The ranch has 900,000 acres and is spread out in such fashion that there is a full month's difference in seasons between the southernmost boundary and the northern tip. An inspection tour by motor would take a week, and cars usually travel in pairs for fear a breakdown might strand a motorist and permit him to starve in the midst of plenty.

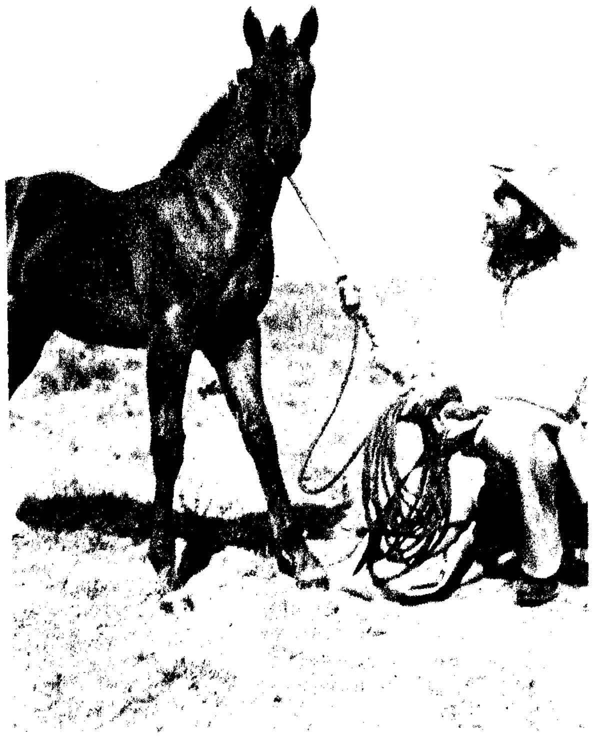
The ranch is also a wild-game preserve, with flocks of wild turkey (the only true wild turkey in the United States, say the Texans), belligerent-faced javelinas (North American peccary), quail, ducks, geese, snipe and herds of deer. Down on the Gulf coast, there are nilgais, 600-pound antelope imported from Indo-China, and African black bok, an antelope with corkscrew horns that goes bounding gaily over the prairie in thirty-foot leaps, as if being prodded from the rear. The game is closely guarded and only one turkey and one deer are allowed to a hunter a year.

A King Ranch roundup can only be compared with the maneuvers of an army. Sometimes the roundups consist of eight hundred head of cattle, but there are times when they have handled up to ten thousand head. One can spot a herd five miles away by the columns of dust spiraling into the air, and the herds converge on one spot like an army centering on its objective. Mounted on King Ranch quarter horses, which are trained to turn and pivot like the finest polo ponies, the *vaqueros* handle the cattle like masters, knowing that a slip can have serious consequences.

In the dry season, there is branding, dehorning, castrating and inoculating. At first, the *vaqueros* ride into the herd roping out small calves, but, as the day wears on, the cattle get restless, the calves get wilder, and the action becomes furious. The dust rises in clouds, the calves buck and kick insanely as they are led up to the branding iron, often followed by their irate mothers. The calves often leap three feet off the ground as the *vaqueros* "mug" them, grab their tails, lift them by the flank and throw them off their feet. Other men apply the branding iron (the Running W, which the Mexicans call the Little Snake), and it is all over so quickly that it is almost impossible to catch it with a camera.

Owners of the King Ranch

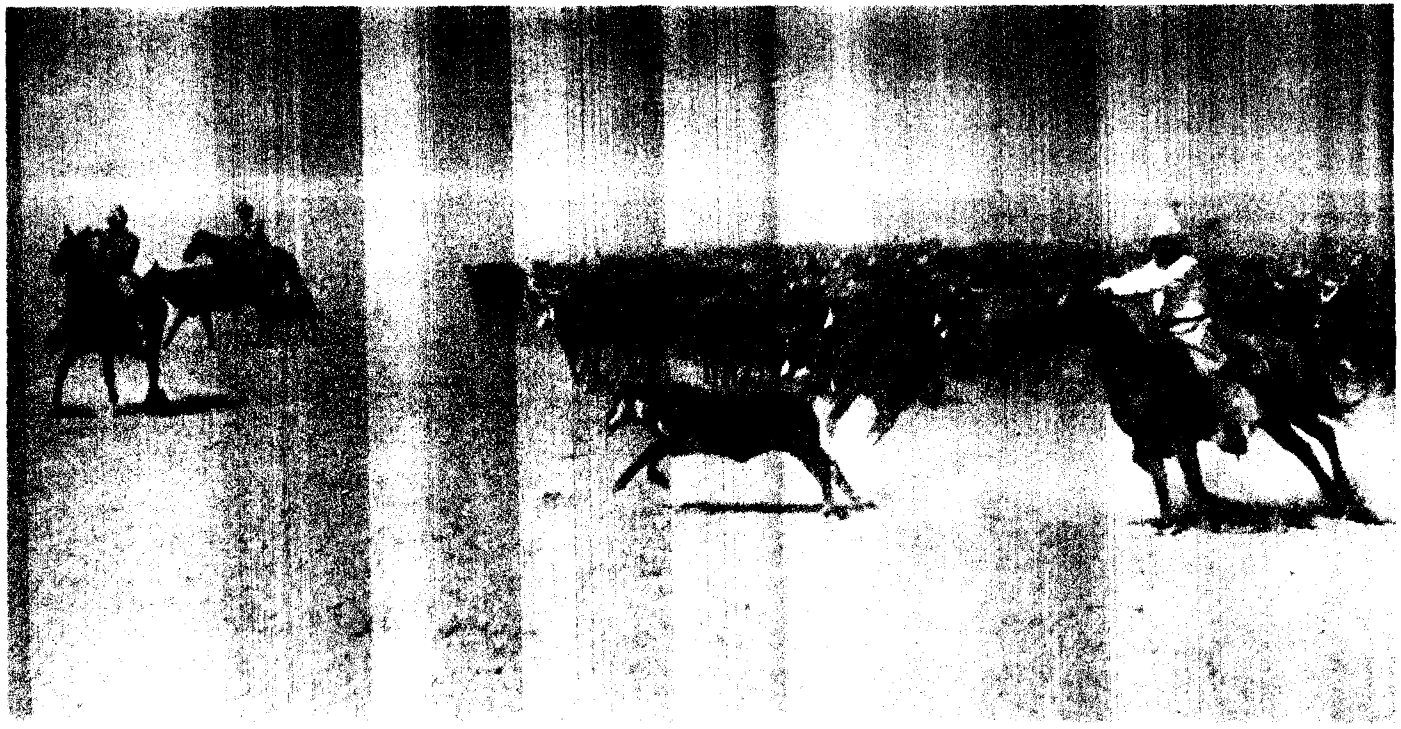
The owners of the ranch are the Klebergs, a closely united clan, descendants of the original Captain King. Robert Kleberg, Sr., married the daughter of Captain King, and the property is now divided among Robert Kleberg, Jr., Richard Kleberg (representative of the Texas district in Congress), two sisters, and the Kleberg children. Robert Kleberg is in active control of the ranch, a roper and horseman who ranks right along with his own *vaqueros.*



Robert Kleberg, Jr., manager of the King Ranch, with one of his prize quarter-horse fillies

Vaqueros roping a calf for branding. Cattle are "cut" in the morning, and in the afternoon they are branded

Every three miles on the ranch there are water troughs which are filled by artesian wells



Mrs. Robert Kleberg, Jr., on the stable steps at the Santa Gertrudis Ranch headquarters

A dehorned calf gets the King Ranch brand, the Running W, which the vaqueros call "the Little Snake"

Choche, the stableman, and one of the children, who are brought up from babyhood in the saddle

Kleberg is no absentee landlord. Life in his household starts at 5 A. M. He comes in hourly contact with his Mexicans. At a roundup, wherever the dust is thickest and roping most difficult, there Bob will be. Competition starts at the top. To the people who work for him, Bob is the "patron."

Contrary to general belief, Texas is not necessarily the best cattle country on earth, and the Klebergs would rather talk about their triumphs over nature than the size of their property. The experiments that have made King Ranch an example for ranchers everywhere may be listed as follows:

A. The red Santa Gertrudis cattle—the first distinct brand ever to be developed in this country. The original land of mesquite and cactus was good only for the famous Texas longhorn, a noble beast that was as lean and hard as a slat and had approximately as much meat on its bones. The longhorn was replaced by the shorthorn, which was much better in beef but spent the summer months panting desperately under any available shade. It was found that English-breed cattle run a temperature and lose their efficiency when the weather gets hotter than 92 degrees.

To overcome this, Brahma cattle were imported from India and crossed with the shorthorns. The Brahmas were poor in beef but regarded a heat wave as a form of public benefaction; the short-

A remuda of quarter horses being rounded up at dawn. Each vaquero has a string of about fifteen horses. He is completely responsible for breaking and training them, almost as if they were his own

Some of the younger Klebergs and their friends. In summer the children come home from school and work on the ranch. They're out on the range from 5 a.m. until sunset

King Ranch cows being fed sodium phosphate by spoon. Cows thus fed stay fat and sleek even during droughts

These cows, raised on the same range, were not given the mineral supplement; they will eventually die of creeps

horns were fat as ticks and they were sissies in the sunshine. The combination has turned out to be wonderful and has influenced breeding all over Central and South America.

B. Mineral feeding. It was found from experiments on the King Ranch, made by the Klebergs, the U. S. government and Texas A. & M., that the principal deficiency in Texas soil (and in most soil) was phosphorous. This will be cured when there are enough phosphates to make up the deficiency in the soil. In the meanwhile, and because the spoon feeding of phosphates is a rather unhandy method, in one section of the King Ranch they are experimenting by putting liquid phosphorous in the water troughs. There is said to be no comparison between the ordinary range cows and one that has been mineral-fed.

C. The brush machine. At one period not many years back, mesquite had such a strangle hold on half of Texas that only desperate measures could prevent that land going entirely out of use. The price of eliminating the mesquite by manual labor was prohibitive and far too slow to keep up with the march of the mesquite. The Klebergs designed and built a tree-dozer that pushed down the big mesquite trees, and a plow that came behind and yanked out the vines and roots. This has saved hundreds of thousands of Southwest acres and hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the war is over, they have an eye out for the giant tanks, which would be powerful enough to carry both the dozer and plow, making the process of mesquite-murder one operation.

A Contribution to the World

D. The introduction of Rhodes grass, an importation from Africa that is heat-resistant, and the introduction of dipping vats to eliminate ticks that bring fatal illnesses to cattle. Both of these have been adopted all over the world. The experiments on the King Ranch are particularly valuable in tropical countries that have conditions similar to Texas.

E. The quarter horse. By combining the famous quarter horse of the West with the thoroughbred, Bob Kleberg has produced an animal that can be listed in either category. It possesses the sensational sprint of the quarter horse and its easy handling qualities, with the spirit and gameness of the thoroughbred. The success of this horse has been so marked that the Klebergs have had to limit the number that may be sold off in any year. There is tremendous demand for them.

The Klebergs raise their cattle, feed them on the ranch and deliver them directly to markets. They have combined science with the old-fashioned cowboy and cow pony, furnishing a curious mixture of the new and old on a ranch with the greatest herd of cattle in the world.

Around the table, set in the open and under canvas, are the various members of the Kleberg clan, the *vaqueros,* and their friends and visitors. One can see anybody from Lord Halifax to a gentleman from Asunción, Paraguay. Congressman Dick may unexpectedly pop out of a plane, which lands near by, and get to work. They eat fresh beef, which the Klebergs consider far superior to hung beef because it retains all the vitamins. Eighty per cent of King Ranch beef goes to Lend-Lease and the Army and Navy.

The moral seems to be that, after the present unpleasantness is over, we are going to have steaks again in profusion. This is an interesting thought. ★★★

A Name for Baby

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Concerning a dead man, a shrewd detective, and a girl reporter who had an idea that she was pretty smart herself

IT WAS no more than a few minutes past ten, on a slow and rainy November night, when Kilbane happened to meet up with her in the street corridor at headquarters. Just as she came out of the press room on the mezzanine landing and tip-tapped down marble steps toward the lower hall Kilbane himself, pushing through the frosted glass doors of the detective bureau, paused by a convenient window to light a cigarette and glance out at the melancholy drizzle slanting down past the street lamps in City Hall Square. That was what allowed Miss Pulitzer to catch up with him. She came on fast, in her accustomed great hurry; at the front entrance, which they reached almost together, Kilbane looked sideways at her and then flicked a forefinger at his hat-brim in a negligent gesture of salutation.

She glanced up, too. "Kilbane," she said, with an offhandedly casual, man-to-man greeting that matched his own perhaps overdone disinterest. At the moment, a slim girl with black hair and dark eyes, dressed in a gray tailored suit and a plain little round hat like a boy's, she was nothing important to Kilbane regardless of how he chose to look at it.

He knew that she had covered the police news for the Morning Tribune ever since Jack Garrity left for the Army, and he had heard somewhere or other that up in the press room, with exceptionally little friendliness, the boys had begun to refer to her as Miss Pulitzer, Scoop or By-line. That part, of course, was no concern of Kilbane's.

He opened the right-hand door for her by levering his arm against it, let her through, and went out after her. "It's raining," he said, unnecessarily, on the top step.

Miss Pulitzer nodded. Countless tiny drops sprayed up at them on a moody billow of wind; when she narrowed her eyes against them, peering down at a deserted taxi stand near the corner, he turned up his coat collar and mentioned his car and the possibility of a lift simply because there seemed to be nothing else for him to do.

Miss Pulitzer did not jump at it; but after a moment, with an air of not asking for any favors, she admitted that she wanted to stop in at the Tribune office. If that was on his way—

Kilbane brought her down to the car and helped her in. He said, "I'll make a stop first, on Eagle Street. A couple of minutes. Okay?"

"Okay with me," Miss Pulitzer told him, dropping the hat into her lap and fluffing out the black hair carelessly. "Business, Kilbane?"

"I guess," Kilbane said. On that November night S. Pasquariella, who was being guarded against certain unpleasant possibilities by Kilbane on the night shift and Charley Harris on the day, was no topic for conversation with anyone from the press room. Kilbane sheered away from him at once. How was the reporting? he wanted to know. Quiet, eh?

"Deadly," Miss Pulitzer said. She gave him a level glance, as if she didn't want him to think anything he shouldn't think. "I'm not thrilled to death, you know. I've done it before."

Kilbane started the car. On the far side of the plaza, where they turned into Eagle Street, he offered the opinion that there was a swell bunch of fellows in the press room. Personally he liked them.

"Oh, fine," Miss Pulitzer said. But she had her head back against the seat and was smiling up scornfully at nothing. "We still exchange good mornings. Perhaps I'm not quite—meek enough, Kilbane. I don't ask advice and when it's given I don't follow it. That's bad. And then, of course, I don't intend to be a police reporter all my life. There you have the really unforgivable thing."

Kilbane, puzzled by what seemed to be a slight lack of continuity, stopped for a traffic light. "Like the town, maybe?"

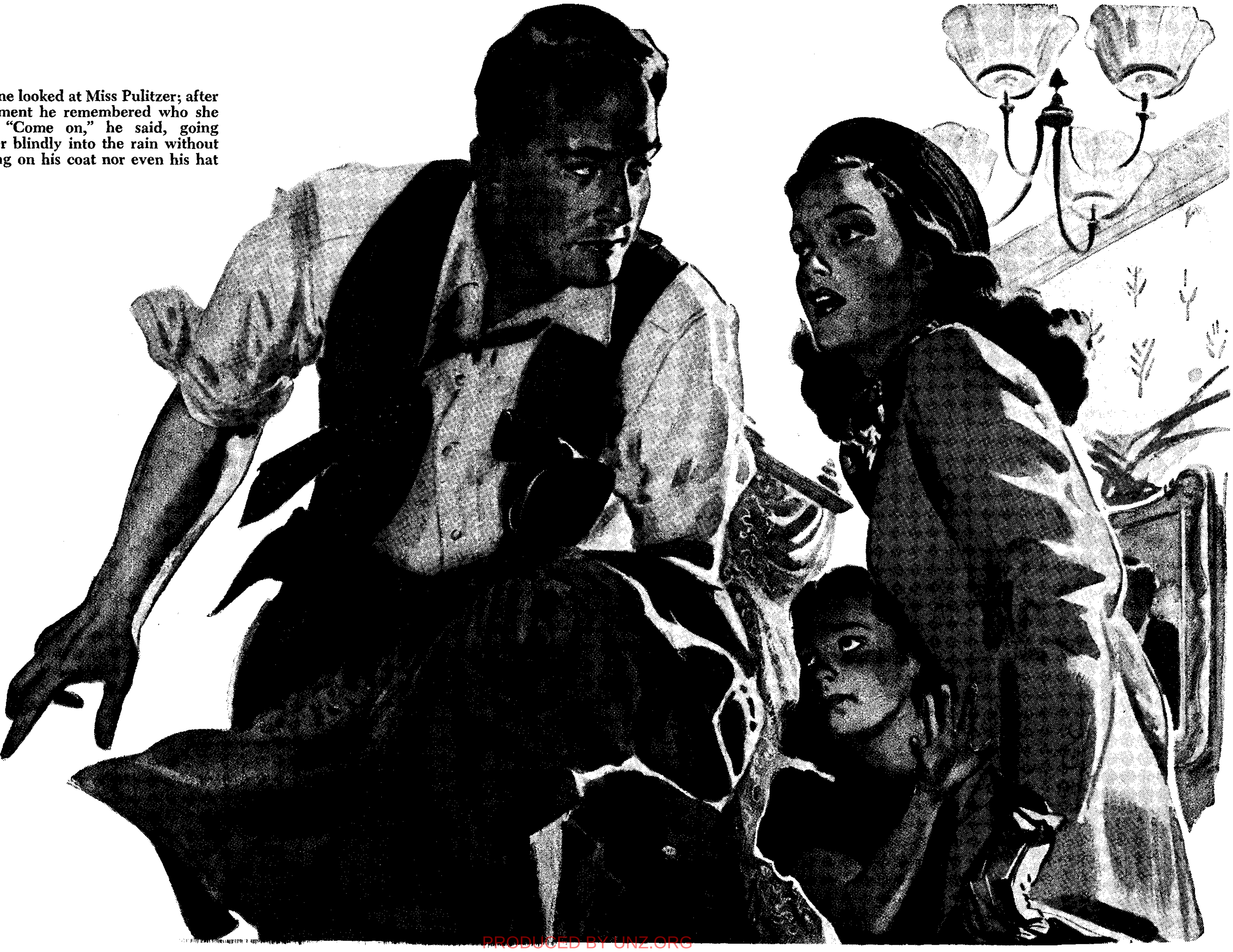
"It's all right. It's any American town," Miss Pulitzer said. She blew an impatient stream of smoke against the windshield and then pursed her lips carefully. "I'll stick here six months," she said. "I might possibly need that. It—well, gives you prestige or something to say you've worked on the Tribune. I don't know why it should, but it does. Then—"

Kilbane cocked his nearer eyebrow at her. "Big stuff," he said. "New York."

"Why not?" Miss Pulitzer said. She was very cool about it. "That's why I'm not liked, you know. I'm conceited, you understand. I know what I want and I mean to get it. And that's one of the things you mustn't let people see, of course. Never. You've found that out," she said. "You know that's true, don't you, Kilbane?"

"Once in a while I've got a hint of it," Kilbane said, deciding thoughtfully that here was a funny kind of girl. At the next corner he slowed long enough to see that the barbershop of S. Pasquariella had

(Continued on page 58)



Kilbane looked at Miss Pulitzer; after a moment he remembered who she was. "Come on," he said, going by her blindly into the rain without putting on his coat nor even his hat

ROMANCE IN THE FIRST DEGREE

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WOUNDED in Tunisia, Jerry Franklin is given an honorable discharge from the Army and sent to New York City, where, before his enlistment, he had been employed by Warren Cameron, a prominent real-estate man.

Mr. Cameron and "Sandy," the younger of his two daughters, meet him when he arrives. The older daughter—Rita, who had jilted Jerry for a show-off named Ronald Halliday—does *not* meet him. Mr. Cameron is in a serious mood; he tells Jerry that his old job (with a better salary) is being held for him. Then he tells the ex-corporal a curious story:

Alan, his son, had married a charming girl from Alabama; he and his wife—Linda—had been radiantly happy until recently. Of late, Mr. Cameron says, they have shown plainly that they are worried, apprehensive; and they have been converting their savings—bonds and common stocks—into cash. Yet both vehemently deny being in trouble. What has happened to them? Is someone threatening to kidnap their baby? Is someone blackmailing them? At a loss for an answer, Mr. Cameron makes Jerry promise to live with him, be his guest, in his apartment and, if possible, help the young couple through whatever trouble they may have got into. . . .

At his new home Jerry tries to inveigle Alan into confiding in him. Alan refuses to talk. Then, one night, Sandy (who has been eavesdropping) tells Jerry that Linda and Alan have set out for the Palmtree Inn, on Long Island, to keep a mysterious date of some sort.

Losing no time, Jerry motors to the inn. The place is closed, seemingly deserted. The door is open, however. Jerry walks in. On the floor is the body of a man. The man is dead—he has been shot, murdered! Jerry leans over the victim—and a savage blow from behind knocks him out. . . . He recovers consciousness in a woman's apartment. Close beside him are the woman and a hard-eyed man.

The man has a gun in his hand. He and the woman interrogate Jerry; they suspect him of killing the man he had found. They tell him he must confess, or else— The woman says her name is Zora Sherman; her companion, Jerry gathers, is named Nick Alto. The murdered man had been John Mitchell, with whom Leo North (owner of the Palmtree Inn) had been cleaning up in the black market; Zora had been in love with Mitchell.

Only half convinced that Jerry is not the killer, the woman and Alto finally permit Jerry to return to the Camerons'. Sandy meets him. The hour is early, no one else is awake. Sandy tells him excitedly that when Alan and Linda had come in (very late) Linda had been crying. Then Jerry tells her exactly what had happened to *him*; and, as he talks, he tries hard not to believe that Alan—good old dependable Alan—had murdered John Mitchell!

II

I WENT into my room. I took a look at myself in the mirror and I said, "Mister Franklin, you look like hell."

I hadn't slept, and I showed it. My nice new clothes were rumpled and my necktie wasn't neat. I was still tall and fairly broad across the shoulders, but that didn't make me pretty.

I stripped and took a shower. The water tingled along my spine, and it felt good on my sore head.

I rinsed off, got out and gave myself a going over with a luxurious Turkish towel. The world seemed brighter and my head was definitely clearer. I started to think, but it wasn't about black market or Alan or Zora Sherman or Nick Alto.

I started to think about Miss Andrea Cameron.

Sandy was beginning to shape up like considerable gal. Take the little chat we'd just finished, for instance. She was scared pink, but she hadn't shown it. That brain of hers had functioned like a precision instrument; she had sensed that I was groping my way out of a big bewilderment, and she had gone to bat with me. No sentimentality, no gushiness, no panic, no hysteria. Just a young woman who had what the situation demanded and who was willing to give one hundred per cent.

I put on fresh linen and gave myself a too-close shave. I used some lilac lotion and smelled beautiful. I fixed my hair and put on a suit that wasn't rumpled. I still felt odd in civvies, but I knew I'd better get accustomed to 'em. I was going to keep on being dressed that way for a long, long time.

When I walked into the dining room, they were just sitting down for breakfast. The whole family. Except Rita, of course. She never got up before ten or eleven or noon. Nobody ever thought of questioning her right to be different.

I said good morning, and everybody else said good morning. Judging by appearance, none of us felt that way.

Mr. Cameron looked drawn, but he usually did, so I checked that off. Sandy seemed weary and repressed, which was natural.

Alan and Linda were there. They looked like something the cat dragged in. They were taut and nervous. They looked at their plates, and toyed with their food. They were merely going through the motions.

I was glad that they weren't on trial right then, with me on the jury. With what I knew, I wouldn't have held out much hope. Looks didn't matter. What you knew about people didn't matter. You always knew the unimportant things; it was the important ones which evaded you. As, for instance, why they had made a near-midnight appointment with a man who was now dead by violence; what possible connection they had with a person who carried a lot of weight in organized criminal activities.

That they had been to the Palmtree, I never doubted. That they had killed John Mitchell was certainly plausible. That they were still under a ghastly strain was obvious.

None of us ate much. The grapefruit went down easily enough, and the coffee tasted wonderful. The toast was okay, but the eggs with their precious, rationed garniture of bacon strips were more difficult.

Two-thirds through the meal, the maid came in. She had a package in her hands. It was wrapped in heavy brown paper and was about two feet long, a little more than eighteen inches wide and perhaps four inches thick. It had a lot of stamps on it, and the maid was carrying a little yellow slip of paper and a pencil. She took the package to Linda.

"It's fo' you, Mis' Linda," she said. "Fust class an' registered. The man, he waitin'."

Linda took the package. She seemed surprised—no more, no less. At first.

She looked down at it. Alan leaned over and looked, too. Then they looked up at each other and froze.

They sat that way for perhaps five seconds. It seemed like five hours. Linda's eyes grew wide and frightened.

The maid coughed and repeated, "The man, he waitin'."

Alan picked up the pencil and scrawled on the yellow slip of paper. The maid took it back to the man who was waitin'. I tried to look at Linda without appearing to do so.

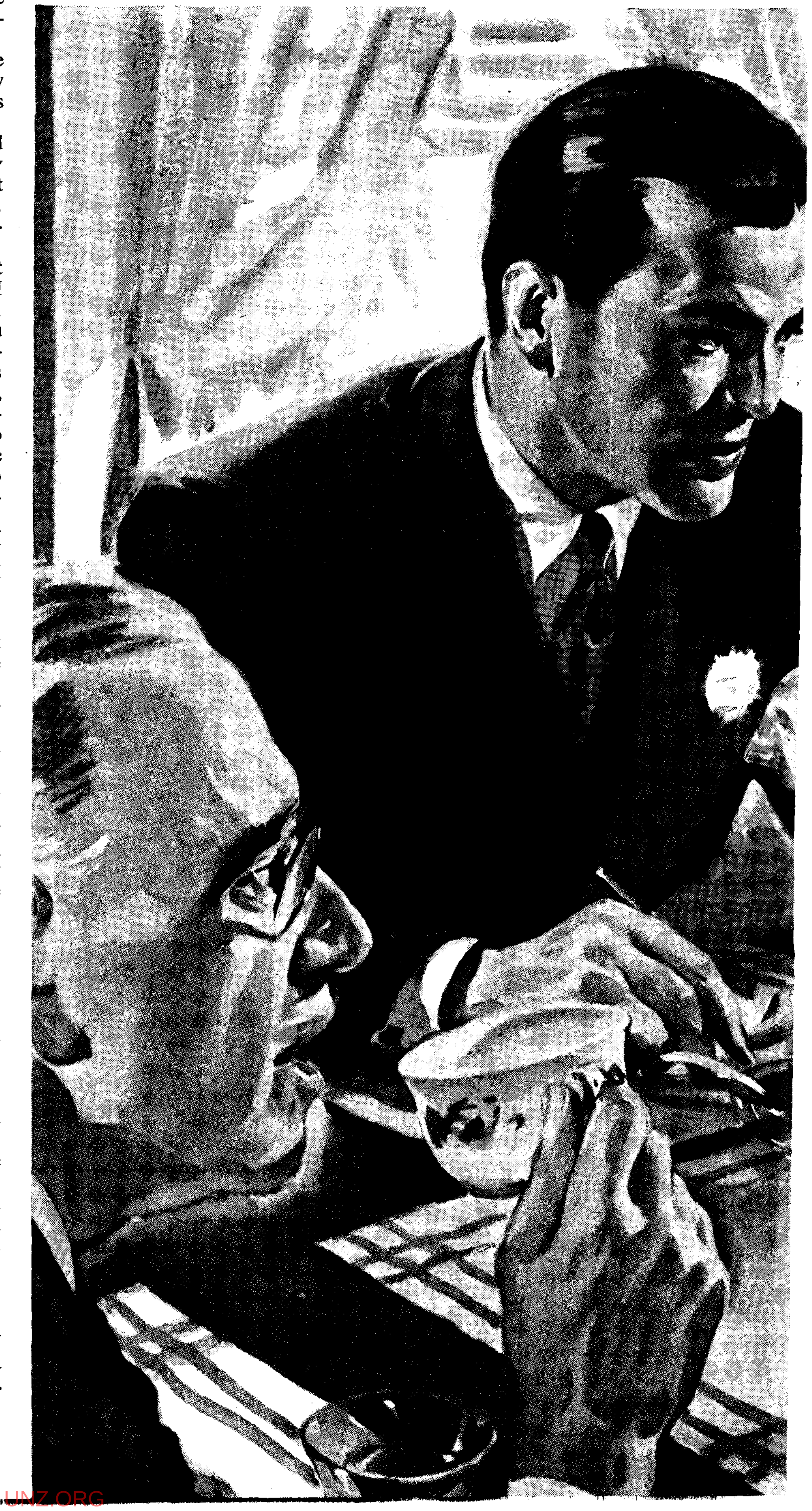
What I saw wasn't pretty. It was the picture of a girl—a nice girl—fighting desperately to keep herself from going to pieces. Alan didn't look much better.

While I watched, Linda gave up the fight. She shoved her chair back from the table and got up. She picked up the package and walked out of the room with it. She didn't walk very steadily.

Alan followed. Instantly. He hurried . . . so that he caught up with her before they reached the hallway. Mr. Cameron looked after them, and then looked at me and at Sandy. He said, "What on earth could that be? They didn't even open it."

I said, "Probably nothing very important." I didn't say it very convincingly, and I didn't dare to meet Sandy's eyes.

The rest of the breakfast wasn't much fun. After it was over, we went into the living room. I saw Mr. Cameron go down the hall and knock on Alan's door. Alan opened the door and his father said, "Anything I can do, son?" and Alan said, "No, sir. Thank you," and closed the door. Mr. Cameron joined us, looking hurt and bewildered. He was trying to take it in stride and not making a very good job of it. After a while he said he thought he'd go down to the office. He tried Alan again,



Linda looked at the package and her eyes grew wide and frightened. Alan looked at it too, and then they both seemed paralyzed with fear

but Alan said he'd be along later. Mr. Cameron left.

About an hour later, Alan left—presumably for the office. Not until then did Sandy and I dare to discuss the breakfast-table episode.

She said, "What do you make of it?" and I said, "The same thing you do."

She went on: "Whatever it is, it's important."

"Yes. I wish I knew . . ."

She drew me over to the window. She said, "I think I can find out."

"How?"

"On days like this . . ." she made a gesture toward the sunshine, "Linda usually takes the baby into the park. While she's gone, I can look around."

I said, "Since we're playing detective, we may as well use the vernacular. That is called casing the jernt."

"It sounds just as high class as I'm going to feel."

"Have you a right not to?"

She squeezed my hand: a nice, warm squeeze. I liked it.

"You have the knack of making me feel better," she said. "Thanks."

We killed an hour playing backgammon. We didn't always count straight and neither cared who won, but it passed the time away. About eleven o'clock we saw Linda pushing the baby carriage down the hall to the elevator. We saw her get in, and then we hung out of the window until we saw her moving toward the park.

Sandy said, "Here's where I start. Suppose you glance out of the window occasionally to make sure she doesn't come back suddenly."

She disappeared into Linda's room. I stuck by the window. I felt like saying, "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, I don't see anybody coming." I waited a long time. A terribly long time. Maybe ten minutes.

Sandy called me from the doorway. I could see that she was excited. She beckoned me to follow, and led the way into my room. She had the package with her—the big, flat package which had arrived a few hours since.

The wrapping had been torn. Sandy put it on my bed and stood in front of it so that I couldn't see it. Her eyes were bright with excitement. She said, "They had opened it, Jerry. I merely looked."

"What is it?"

"Never mind that now. Let me show you a note that was inside. It's in the same handwriting as the address on the outside."

She put a sheet of paper into my hand. It was an ordinary sheet of writing paper without markings of any sort. There was writing on it. The writing said:

"Linda:

"Keep this for me until I decide what to do with it. Put it in a safe place because it is terribly important.

"If by any wild chance anyone should ask you whether you know me—or have ever heard of me—say no. Say it so they will believe it.

"I'm sending it to you because you are the one person in the world whom I can trust implicitly."

The note was unsigned. I read it once, fast, and a second time, slowly. I said, "What was in the package?"

Sandy said, "Did you ever hear of Holly Hamilton?"

That was a surprise. Holly Hamilton was the sensation of Hollywood and Broadway. At nineteen she was an established cinema star, making fabulous pictures at fabulous money; and for the past three months she had been the feature of the smash Broadway musical hit, Aurora. Of course I had heard of her; but I couldn't see where she fitted into this crazy quilt. I said so.

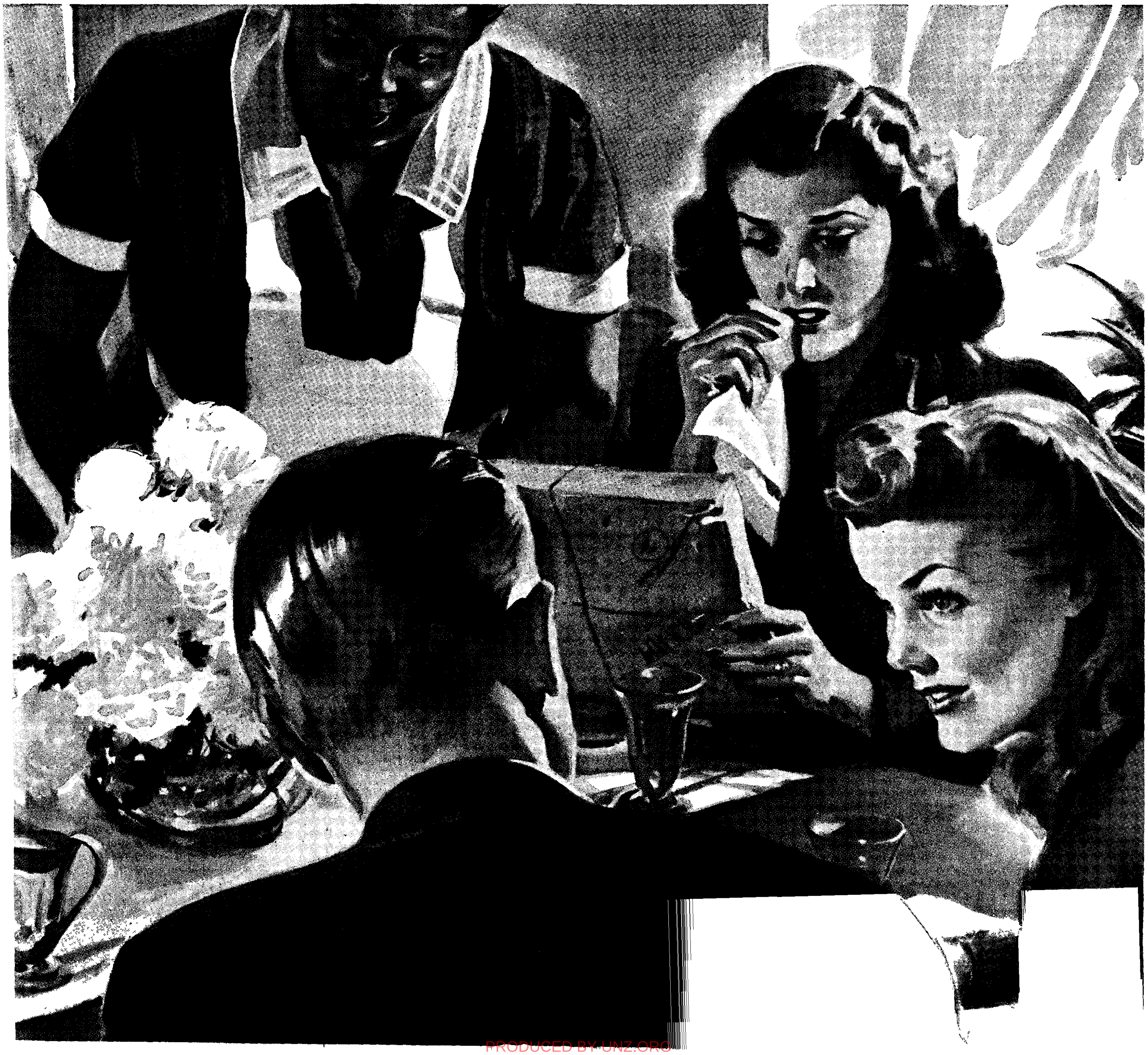
Sandy took something out of the brown paper. It was a scrapbook; the most extravagantly gorgeous scrapbook I had ever seen: tooled leather and vellum.

"Look," she said. "Clippings about Holly Hamilton. All sorts of clippings. And in the entire book, there isn't a clipping about anybody but Holly Hamilton."

I said, "That makes less sense than usual."

"And this . . ." Sandy was trembling.

(Continued on page 38)



ZERO WEATHER

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

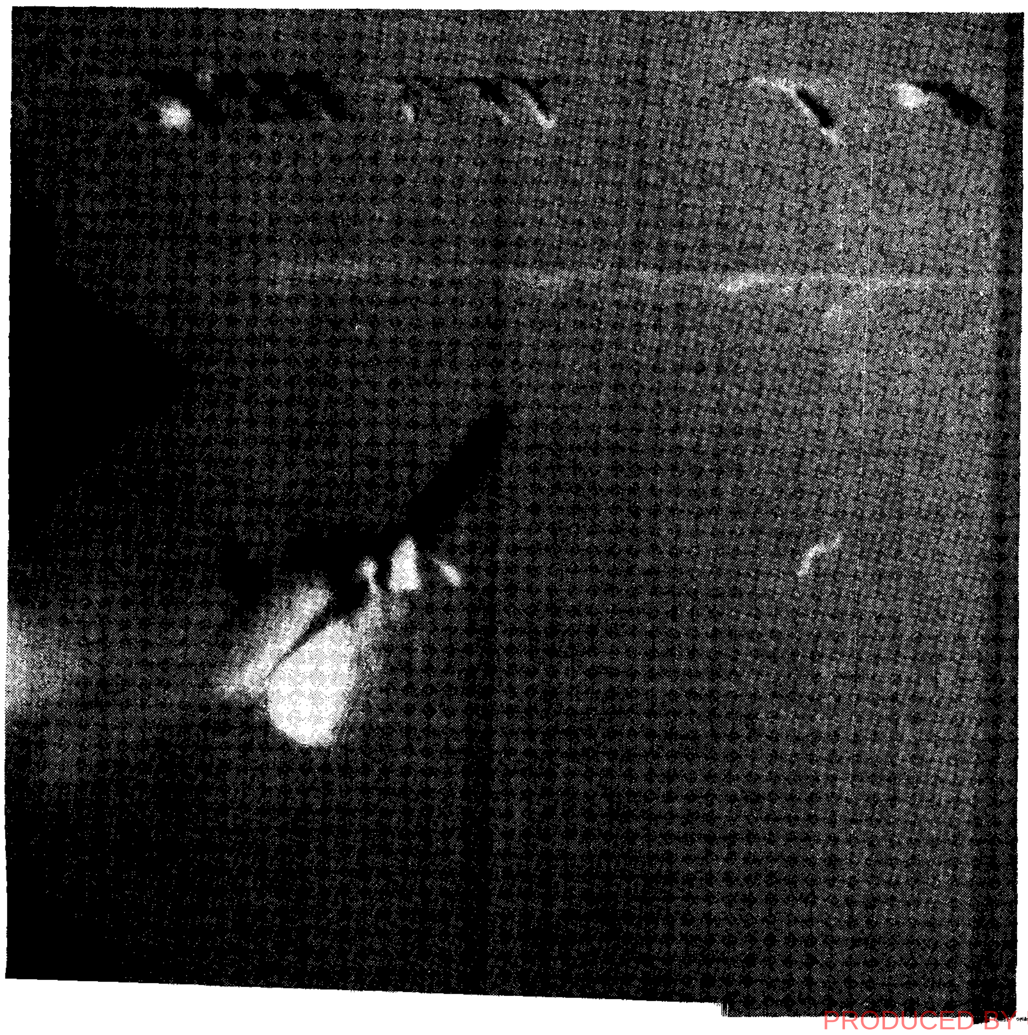
A burning Hellcat from another carrier comes aboard safely. Lt. Bullard, pilot, got a Zero but had his plane badly shot up

Lt. (jg) A. L. Frendberg U.S.N.R.

Lt. (jg) J. W. Bartol U.S.N.R.

Lt. Comm. P. D. Buie U.S.N.

Lt. Bullard, who landed his burning Hellcat on a strange carrier (at top) got this Zero a few minutes before. It burns brightly as it dives into the sea



The flat-top was new. So were the Hellcat pilots. They went out together to do battle at Wake Island. There was a pool of dollar bills for the first pilot to get a Zero. And you know what that means

NORMALLY, Johnny Bartol would have been standing in a pulpit, saving souls, instead of sitting here in the cockpit of a Hellcat fighter, killing Japs. He had spent six years in a Wisconsin seminary before taking up flight training with the Navy.

It took slim, dark-haired Lieutenant (jg) J. W. Bartol just two minutes to prove that those long training months hadn't been in vain. Five thousand feet over Wake Island he saw a Dauntless dive bomber in trouble. A Zero was making passes at it, and Johnny spurred his Hellcat to close in on the Jap's tail.

The Zero pulled up into a steep climb, did a split S and dived almost vertically at the Hellcat. When the Jap started his climb, Johnny had gone up right after him, and now the two planes were on a collision course.

"You silly so-and-so!" Johnny said to himself. "This must be one of those suicide dives these monkeys try." But he stubbornly held his course and pressed his firing key. The Jap was firing, too, and some of those opposing machine-gun bullets must have slammed into each other as the distance between the fighters melted.

Johnny's bullets got home first. When the Hellcat was little more than a plane's length away from its target, Johnny saw the Zero pull up, smoking. There was an explosion, and the Zero lost a wing. Johnny stalled out of his climb, rolled over and saw what was left of the Jap plane spiral down toward the Pacific Ocean.

Fascinated, Johnny watched it go in, a half-mile offshore. A few seconds later, the detached wing plunked in, too.

Before the final splash had settled down, Johnny was distracted. Puffs of heavy smoke, like black snowballs, surrounded his plane. Jap antiaircraft batteries on the island, which had held their fire while the Zero was in range, had opened up again on him.

Johnny pulled out of there in a hurry. He suddenly remembered the strafing job he had been working on when the Zero interrupted. There were twin-engined bombers down on the ground, and Johnny made a few more passes at them with his machine guns before he started back to his base, Carrier X.

Johnny's speedball Hellcat couldn't go fast enough for him on that return trip. He had important things to do back aboard. First in line, of course, came telling the boys in his squadron how he'd bagged his first Jap. Then there was a Rising Sun flag to be painted on his plane and a letter to be written to Peggy, the Navy nurse at Quonset Point, who was engaged to Johnny. All these might have to wait, though, while his Hellcat was refueled and rearmed, so that Johnny could take off again for another Zero hunt.

Mission to Wake Island

Carrier X, a post-Pearl Harbor graduate into the Fleet, had earned her spurs previously, when her bomber and fighter pilots helped make rubble of a Japanese air base. Now, as part of the largest task force Admiral Nimitz had ever sent against the enemy, Carrier X, through her pilots, was subdividing Wake Island into graveyard plots for Jap planes and personnel. This time Zeros had taken the air to swap machine-gun bites with the hungry Hellcats.

Johnny's landing was routine, and when he jumped out of the plane to inspect it for holes, he found none. Lucky or something! Down in the fighter ready room, he met the audience he'd been looking for, right now a very talkative audience. Johnny's proud speech would have to wait until his prospective listeners had finished theirs. Four other fighter pilots had just done the same as he had—shot down their first Zero.

Another, Lieutenant Mark Bright, was making his official report to "Slim" Buie, the squadron commander. Tall, rangy Mark is an old-timer—a 24-year-old veteran of the war. Last year in the Solomons, he polished off four Jap dive bombers and a Zero. Now he was winding up his report.

"Skipper," he said, "these guys of ours are damned good airmen. Their teamwork was marvelous. And that Hellcat—that's a lot of fighter. The old Wildcat was better than the Zero, and the Hellcat is better than the Wildcat."

The fighter ready room of Carrier X was a noisy place now. More pilots were coming in, back from their runs over Wake. Their reports all agreed in one respect: There were no more Zeros to be

(Continued on page 83)

ONCE AGAIN...IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF
Merry Christmas
FOUR ROSES

Remember?

IN CHRISTMASES gone by, people everywhere have followed the heart-warming custom of asking friends in to share a cheery cup of Four Roses Egg-Nog.

But *this* holiday season the traditional "Bowl of Merry Christmas" may be just a wistful memory. Cream, eggs, sugar, and even Four Roses itself, are not as easy to get as they have been in the past.

So, this wartime Christmas, for the first time in 8 years, we are not printing the famous Four Roses Egg-Nog recipe.

Instead, we wish you'd join us over a mellow, flavorful Four Roses highball in a toast to *next* Christmas and the fervent wish that then, once again, good friends may gather around the time-honored Four Roses "Bowl of Merry Christmas"!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An explanation to our friends

We hope you will be patient if you sometimes find that your bar or package store is temporarily out of Four Roses. We are doing our best to apportion our prewar stocks of whiskies to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for vital war needs.

Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.

Food fights for Freedom!

The Food you save can help win the war

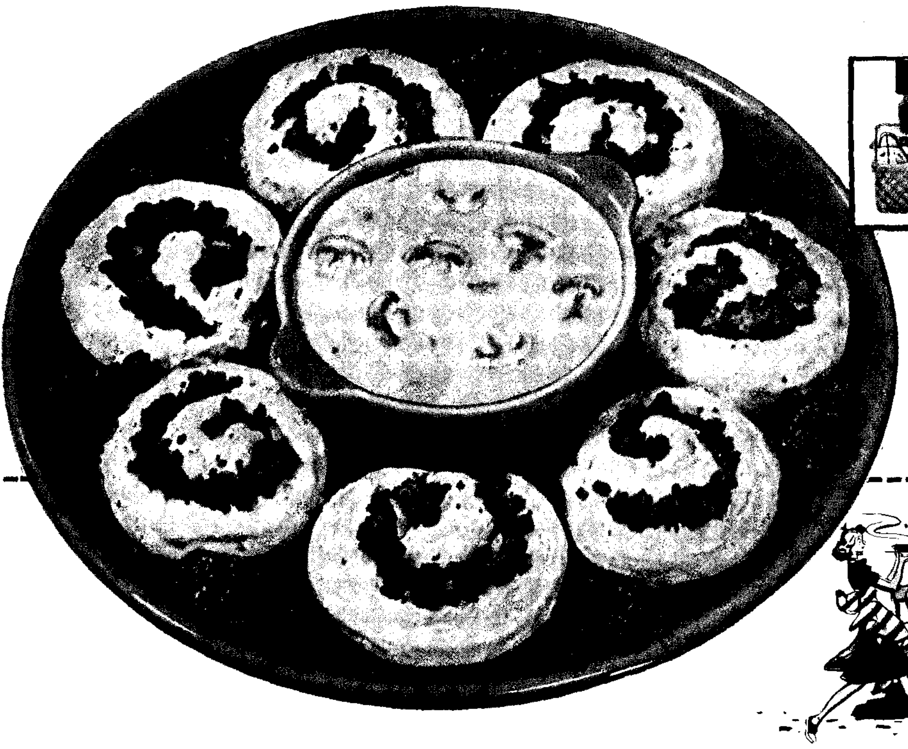
Here are more food-saving ideas from Armour, to help you do your part in conserving America's vital food

THE food on your table is a war weapon. It's part of America's food supply . . . and that food supply must be stretched to provide our fighting men with the hearty meals they need, to keep our home front healthy and strong, to maintain the efficiency of our allies.

That's why it's important to conserve food . . . to prevent the waste of a single morsel.

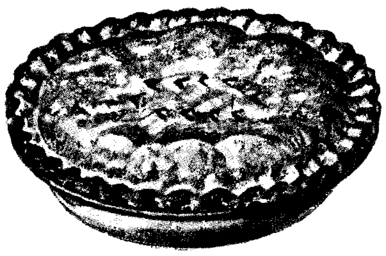
If you and every other American homemaker were to cut out the food waste in your kitchens, enough food would be saved to feed our armed forces. More than enough for our allies' needs.

To help you stretch the food supply, Armour and Company brings you the food-saving ideas on this page. These are simple, practical ways to fight food waste in your home. Use them. Devise other ways yourself. But above all, don't throw away a single spoonful of usable food, from now until Victory. The food you save can help win this war.



Main Dish for 6 . . . from Leftover Meat

It's called Beef Biscuit Rolls . . . and it changes leftover meat into a hearty dinner. Here's how: melt 3 tablespoons drippings in frying pan, add ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 2 cups ground leftover beef (or pork or lamb) and brown lightly. Season. Make soft biscuit dough, and roll out ¼ inch thick. Spread with meat drippings and meat mixture, then roll like jelly roll. Cut in 1½ inch slices. Bake with cut side up on oiled baking pan, in 425° F. oven for 15 minutes. Serve with brown gravy or mushroom sauce.

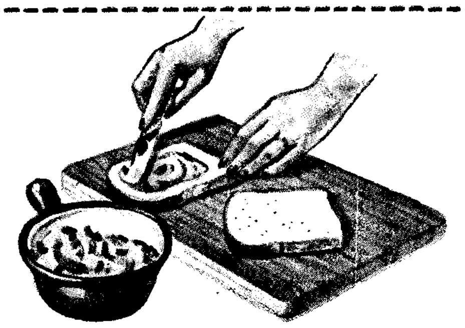


Save Drippings for Shortening

Make delicious pie crust this way: cut ¾ cup strained Star Bacon or Sausage drippings into 3 cups sifted flour and 1 tsp. salt, until mixture has coarse cornmeal texture. Add approx. ½ cup cold water, a little at a time, mixing lightly. Chill before rolling out. Makes 1 double and 1 single crust. Excellent for fruit pies.

Keep Beef Broth for Nourishing Soup

Save the broth in which ham, smoked tongue or corned beef is cooked. This rich, flavorful broth will keep for several days if you cool it quickly after the meat has been removed from it, then put it in a covered jar. Keep in your refrigerator. This broth makes a fine foundation for rich, tasty vegetable, bean or split pea soups.



Bacon Left Over from Breakfast?

Those two or three strips of already-cooked bacon that someone didn't eat this morning can add extra goodness to luncheon or between meals snacks. Chop the cooked bacon and mix it with peanut butter or chopped hard cooked egg for a delicious sandwich filling. Or use it to give new zest to cream of potato or other cream soups.

How Armour Conserves By-Products

There is enough leather in the hide of one steer to make twelve pairs of shoes. Leather is just one of the valuable by-products being wasted by black market slaughterers. When you buy meat from reputable packers like Armour, you make sure that the by-products of the packing process are used for shoes, for medicinals, for hundreds of vitally necessary wartime products and needs.

Armour's STAR
Cook before Eating!
Star Bacon
Armour's Treet
Armour's Treet
Armour's Treet
Armour's STAR
PURE PORK SAUSAGE

Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian Needs

Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats,
Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

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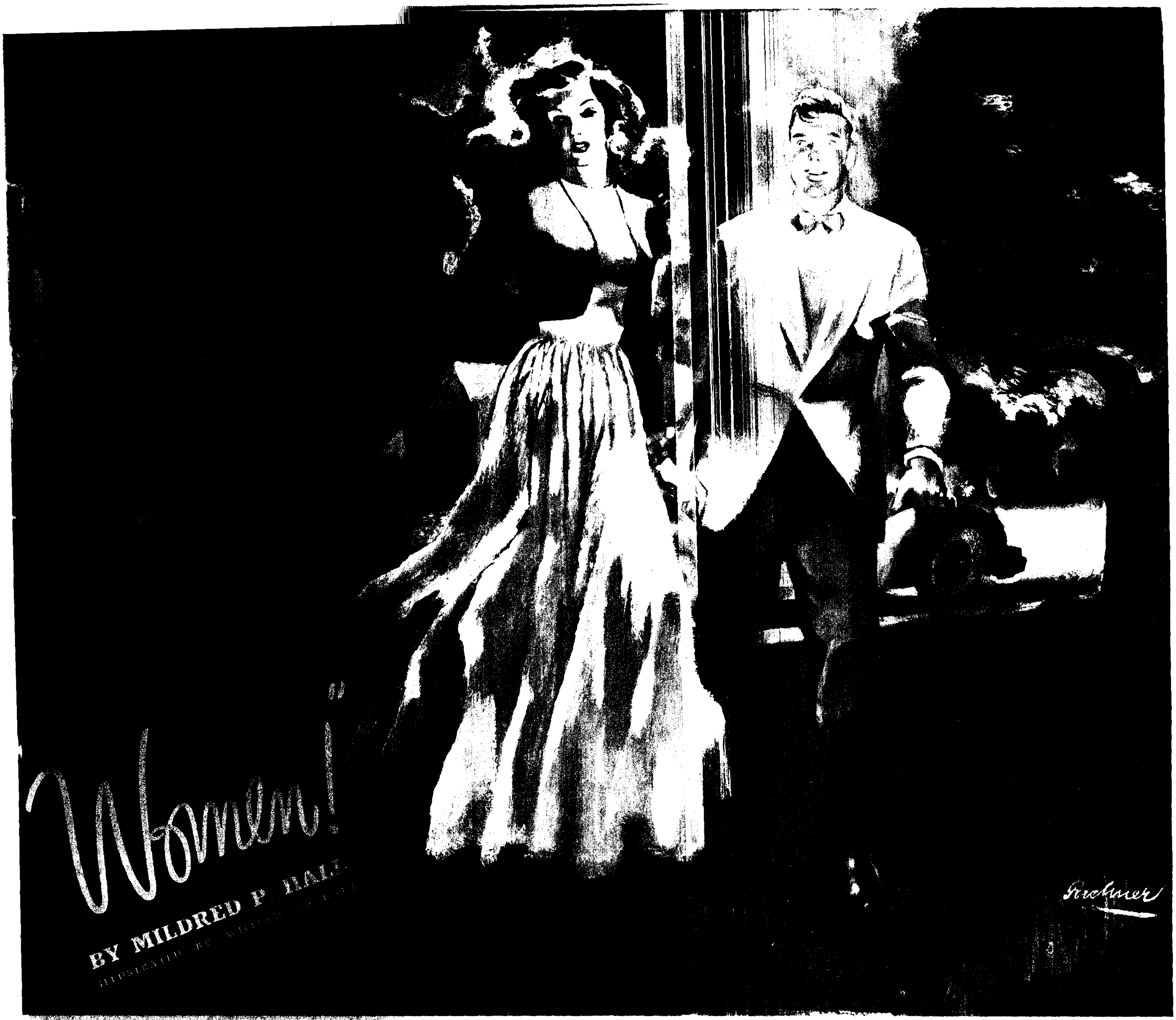


Barbara was almost running when he galloped across the lawn. He was just in time to catch her as she tripped

Women!

BY MILDRED P. HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

Today he was a Man—until he got mixed up with two girls and a batch of kittens

HE WHISTLED coming down the stairs. It was spring, it was Saturday night. And—he had a date with Doris.

Practically. He had to call her up, first. You always had to call Doris up first. She had the busiest phone in Maplewood. Last winter he hadn't risked more than a "Hi, Doris," in the school halls, a rarely ventured cut-in at the dances. Last winter he had been nothing, nobody.

It was different now. He was eighteen. He was 1-A.

He paused before the phone on the hall table, then veered into the living room.

"Hi, Mom."

The jauntiness of his tone startled her a little. She hadn't quite got used to it yet. He had always been so shy, slow-spoken, hesitant.

She put down her paper, smiled up at him past the lamplight. She always smiled whenever her eyes touched on him. Even in the year his father died, if her eyes had been wet, still—she had to smile at him.

Now, it was with a pang that deepened with the passing days. It wasn't just that he would go into the Army, into the war, and she would be alone. It was the thought of what the plunge into the new life would do to him. It had had a strange and brash effect on one or two of the boys in the neighborhood. The excitement, the ways of the older men, the contagious swagger of the untrained, raw recruits had pushed them into strange new ways.

It was bound to happen to a few. And Jock—if only he had his father!

"Date tonight?" she said casually.

He nodded. "Doris," he said just as casually. "Have to call her up first." His new confidence struck rather loudly through his voice.

The overconfidence hadn't reached his eyes—not yet. They were as they had always been. A dark blue under sensitive brows that were completely at odds with the boyishly blunt nose.

"What would happen," she allowed herself the faintest irony, "if you just went over to Doris' without calling up first?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess." You couldn't expect mothers to understand a girl like Doris. Not even Mom, who never batted an eyelash no matter what—not even when he found that old medical book in the attic when he was twelve and asked her all kinds of questions.

"Come to think of it," he said briskly, "I may do just that. Say," he added, turning back before he was halfway to the door. "You're not going to get the meemies or anything, are you?"

"Why on earth would I get the meemies?"

"Well, it's my last night. I mean—spending it with Doris." He frowned, hesitated, made the supreme sacrifice. "Maybe I'll call that off."

"Don't be silly," she said crisply. "You're not leaving until the afternoon—I'll have all morning to twine around you."

He grinned. He swallowed. "You ain't the twining kind, sweetheart," he said. He waved, disappeared.

DORIS' line was busy. Jock frowned, shook his head. What a girl! Some long-winded dope on there, probably, talking her ears off.

He tried again. And then again. The third time, his heart pounding, he got her.

"I think I'm due over there tonight," he said casually. He took too long a pull on his cigarette. "Come again? I didn't quite hear you."

He listened.

"Oh." His voice dropped flat in disappointment. "Relatives, hey? Pretty dismal. . . . Uh-huh. Sure. I understand. Duty before pleasure." He laughed, a little hollowly. "Well—it'll have to be later, then. What time—"

He listened again, something like panic dawning in his face. "The movies? Well—you'll be back by nine—half past. . . . Oh. Ice cream? . . . Then how about if I drop in when you're feeding them? We can slip out. I'll have the car. The car—Gaspy. . . . Sure, she's running. Been saving herself for you. We can run over to the lake—like last time. Remember?"

His throat tightened with the thought of that night—the moon, Doris beside him

(Continued on page 75)

Our Boy, Bill

He won't be home this year on Christmas Eve,
But even though he can't be with us — Still,
We're grateful for the letters we receive
— *from our boy,* BILL!

*

He writes us almost every week — and yet,
We always seem to find a brand new thrill
With each and every letter that we get
— *from our boy,* BILL!

*

He's changed a lot since he left home, I'm sure,
I guess they've sort of "put him through the mill,"
His letters sound so manly, so mature,
— *for our boy,* BILL!

We pride ourselves on being "tough as leather,"
But as we read, our eyes begin to fill —
For War, somehow, has brought us close together,
— *with our boy,* BILL!

*

In millions of American homes this wartime Christmas, hearts are beating for loved ones far away. If glasses are raised, it is in a silent toast to Allied Victory — and the coming of real "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

Pabst Blue Ribbon

1041

THIS CHRISTMAS, AS ALWAYS
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Horace Heidt, right, listens critically as his sensational blind whistler, Fred Lowery, rehearses a new arrangement

WHISTLING IN THE DARK

BY ARTHUR MANN

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

'red Lowery spent so much me whistling to keep up his ɔurage that in the end he ɩund himself the undisputed ɩaster of a fine musical art

WHEN Fred Lowery was only sixteen years old and struggling to adjust himself to the fact that his eam of becoming a concert violinist uld never, never come true, somebody d, "Why not whistle?"

Lowery started whistling. In eighteen ars, he has whistled himself into his ɜsent position as one of America's most ɔcessful musicians, and into a bank roll ɩt would make almost anybody whistle.

Lowery's life is as unusual as his whis- ig. He lost both his parents and his ht as an infant. He spent seven years in State School for the Blind at Austin, xas, getting an academic and musical ɩcation. During summer vacations, he ned a few dollars picking cotton around native Jacksonville, Texas, dreaming the day when he would knock the world ɩd with his fiddling. His memory was mmed with symphonies and sonatas, he had to admit he was varnished into a corner. He asked no more of life than relief from the poverty he had known as a parentless kid. He grabbed at the suggestion that he go in for serious whistling.

Now they cheer him in night clubs and theaters and network broadcasts as the star of the Horace Heidt orchestra. A single guest appearance on a small radio station brought 3,500 requests for his photograph. A million people have bought his whistled recording of Indian Love Call, with I Love You Truly on the other side. The rest of his records, a dozen in all, are grabbed up by fans and collectors as fast as they trickle through restricted production, but fast enough to assure him an annual income of $5,000 for life.

Acclaimed by Musicians

Praise from musical authorities has been lavish enough to place Lowery far above any whistler who ever puckered a lip. John Charles Thomas was first on the band wagon, ten years ago. Alex Templeton, the sightless piano wizard, delights in playing his accompaniments whenever possible. The concertmaster of the Minneapolis Symphony has called his pitch and tones "as true as any piccolo I ever heard." Fritz Kreisler honored him with a special arrangement for whistling his classic Caprice Viennois, and you have never heard anything like it.

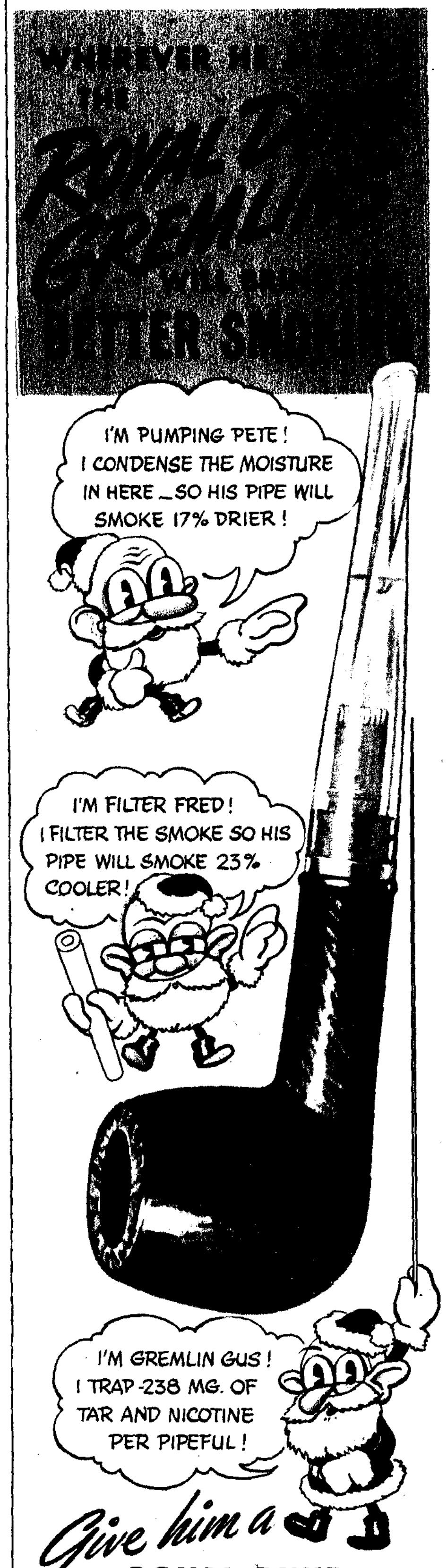
But Lowery's favorite booster is Charles Kellogg, the original whistler of bird calls for the old Victor records. Kellogg is now retired, but hears Lowery regularly and has expressed written admiration and envy.

At present, Lowery is whistling from unmitigated joy in a comfortable house at North Hollywood, purchased outright from royalties on the Indian Love Call record. His work with the Heidt orchestra nets him an annual $15,000. His prominent spot in the forthcoming M-G-M picture, Hold Your Hats, will be the first ever given a whistler. He married his childhood sweetheart three years ago and has a youngster, Scooter, properly known as Fred Maurice.

Fred Lowery's 18-year struggle was waged with all the usual tribulations that beset musical geniuses.

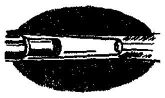
Once a discriminating owner of a New York night club fired him because "people don't wanta see a blind guy whistlin' when they're eatin' dinner." For weeks at a stretch, he walked the streets, cold, hungry, beating on the doors of broadcasting studios and offering to whistle long passages from almost any classical piece. His amazing repertoire extended from Bach fugues

(Continued on page 36)


I'M PUMPING PETE! I CONDENSE THE MOISTURE IN HERE—SO HIS PIPE WILL SMOKE 17% DRIER!
I'M FILTER FRED! I FILTER THE SMOKE SO HIS PIPE WILL SMOKE 23% COOLER!
I'M GREMLIN GUS! I TRAP 238 MG. OF TAR AND NICOTINE PER PIPEFUL!

Give him a ROYAL DUKE

THE ONLY PIPE WITH A PUR-O-MATIC BIT

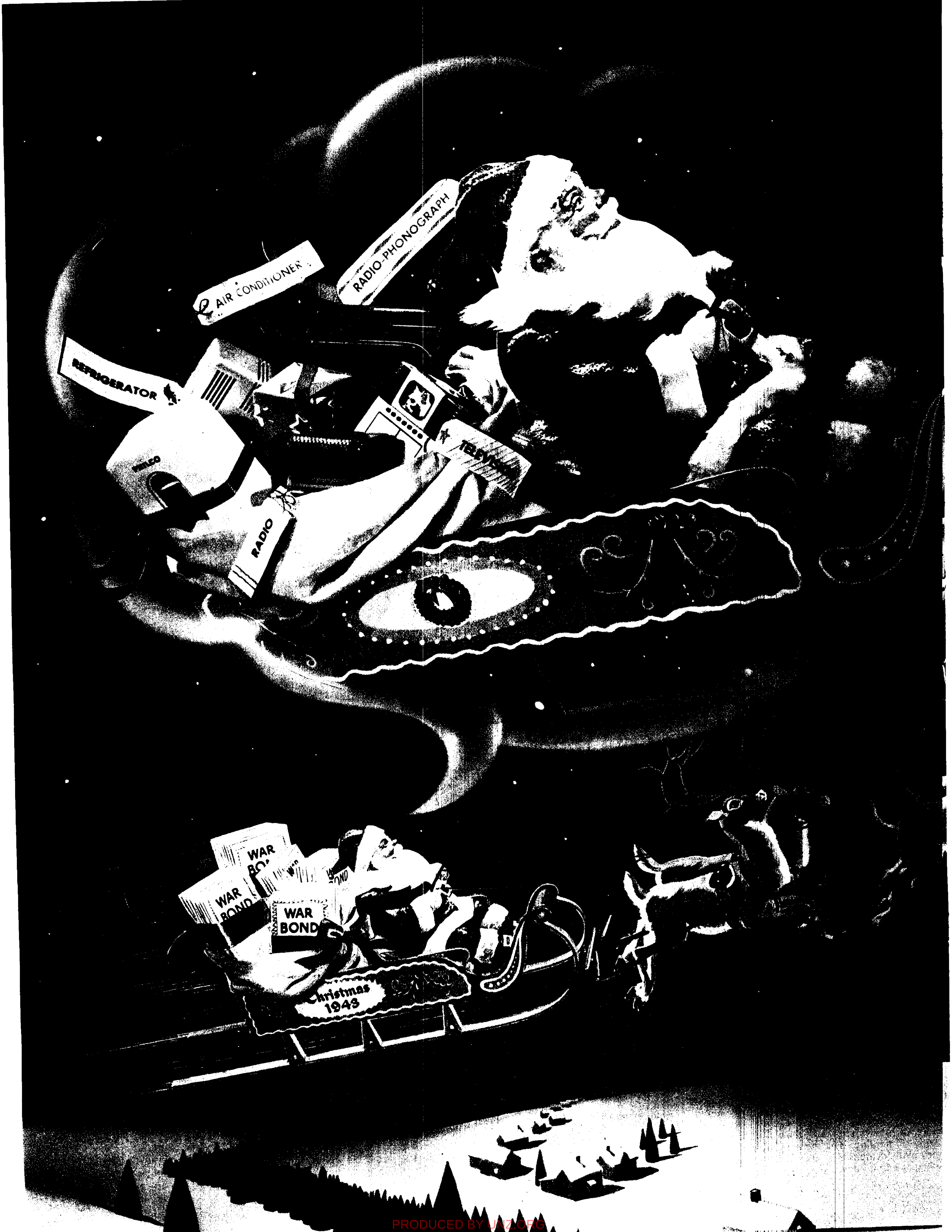


—*Specially Designed to Trap Impurities*

● This Christmas give a Royal Duke Pipe—the pipe watched over by the famous Royal Duke Gremlins. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC BIT, especially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter (in a special self-contained device) and an exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. See your dealer or remit to Continental Briar Pipe Company, Inc., York and Adams Sts., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Standard $1.50 De Luxe $2.50
Supreme $3.50

Royal Duke


AIR CONDITIONER
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH
REFRIGERATOR
PHILCO
TELEVI
RADIO
WAR BOND
WAR BOND
WAR BOND
WAR BOND
Christmas 1943

When "Peace on Earth" Returns...

Philco leadership will bring you the new miracles of war research in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning

CHRISTMAS 1943 . . . the march of tyranny has been halted . . . the cause of freedom is on the move. As we redouble the fight for Victory, we dare now to look to the future with new courage and hope.

At Philco, men of science are concerned with the tasks of war, the development of amazing new weapons in radio, communications and ordnance. In their laboratories and production lines, a new Christmas is being born . . . the Christmas of the bright new world to come.

When "peace on earth" returns . . . Philco will be ready with *new* knowledge and *new* skill to take the lead again in bringing you the new comforts, convenience and entertainment of that bright new world. Through the legacy of war research, Philco will bring untold joys of radio and television to your home for some Christmas of the future. New conceptions of modern living will be yours in a Philco Refrigerator and Air Conditioner.

Today it is our job to work for that vision of tomorrow. For all America, the spirit of Christmas 1943 is to toil and save for the day when *"peace on earth"* returns . . . with Victory.

That spirit is expressed in *War Bonds.* They are gifts to our men at the front, that they may have the strength to conquer; they are gifts to ourselves, that we may have the means to enjoy the fruits of peace.

Buy War Bonds for Christmas!

PHILCO
CORPORATION

DON'T MARINES KNOW WHAT MISTLETOE MEANS?
IF THEY DON'T KNOW, THEN I THINK IT'S TIME FOR SOMEBODY TO-TO *TELL IT TO THE MARINES!*
PIPE DOWN, SIS! YOU WANT EVERYBODY TO KNOW YOU'VE RUN AGROUND?
JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT CRACK?
LISTEN, SIS! NO MARINE EVER MISSES A CALL TO ARMS UNLESS THERE'S A REASON! AND ONE REASON . . . IS BAD BREATH! GET IT?
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HI, SIS! STILL THINK SOMEBODY SHOULD "TELL IT TO THE MARINES"?
CAPITAL N-O, NO! THANKS TO YOU, I'M DELIRIOUS WITH WHAT THE MARINES ARE TELLING *ME!*
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
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Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Swedish farmers have saved most of their livestock by the use of paper fodder, the consumption of which this year will reach approximately 500,000 tons

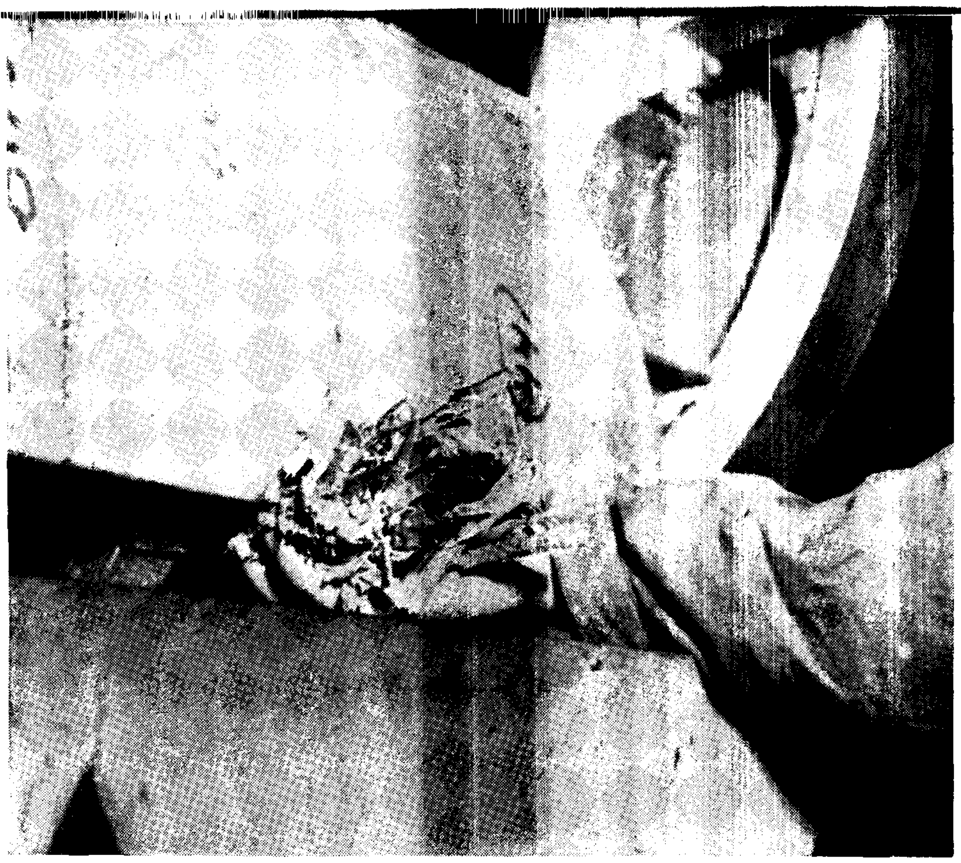
SWEDEN TURNS TO WOOD

BY THÉRÈSE BONNEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Cut off by the war from sources of raw materials, Swedish scientists are using wood to make an enormous variety of products, ranging from vanilla to sausage and cattle fodder

In prewar times the Swedes made sausage skins of imported sheep's gut. Now they're using paper, and in many respects it's more satisfactory than the gut



Specially treated paper fodder is ready to eat after it has been shredded. In this form, it is sold to the farmer, who pays about two cents a kilogram

THE Swedes have found in their forests the solutions of many of the problems that have arisen since the war stopped the incoming flow of foodstuffs and raw materials. In Sweden today, wood is being put to uses undreamed of before the Nazis marched into Poland.

It is being converted into paper fodder and fed to horses and cattle; sugar extracted from wood makes a satisfactory food for pigs; tar from tree stumps replaces linseed oil and lubricants; tall oil (a by-product from the manufacture of chemical wood pulp) takes the place of various resins and of glycerin in soap. From wood, Swedish scientists are producing alcohol, toluol, glycol, and substitutes for spices, flavorings, coffee, yeast, flour, sausage, soybeans and proteins.

One Swedish pulp mill alone could supply the world with imitation vanilla. Another produces large quantities of an ersatz coffee made of sawdust mixed with ground and roasted dandelion roots. Sawdust sprinkled with oil of cinnamon is used as an ersatz cinnamon.

Sausage skins made of paper have revolutionized the packaging and transportation of this important food. Formerly, some brands of Swedish sausage had to be packed in salt water in large airtight casks; now they can be shipped dry in paper cartons. Sheets and mattresses made of paper are on sale in Swedish stores and have proved both popular and satisfactory. Paper rugs and door mats are said to be stronger than similar articles made of wool. Shoes with wooden soles, cardboard lasts and paper tops have also been introduced.

Unable to obtain linen, Swedish barbers and coiffeurs have begun to use paper coats, towels and massage turbans, as well as paper ear stopples. Compresses and bandages made of paper are commonly used both in homes and in hospitals. The factories which formerly made bags from jute and hemp are now spinning paper yarn for the manufacture of paper sacks of exceptional strength and durability. The production of rayon has increased enormously, and the Swedes have found numerous new uses for this material.

Consumption of paper fodder in Sweden is expected to reach 500,000 tons this year. It costs the farmer about two cents a kilogram, a little more than two pounds, and he must buy four kilograms of the fodder every time he buys two pounds of oil cakes. If he ordinarily feeds his horses oats, hay and oil cakes, from fifty to sixty per cent of the oats must be replaced by the specially treated paper fodder.

For cattle, up to forty per cent of the oats ration must give way to paper. Such a diet reduces the production of milk about twenty-five per cent, but seems to cause little loss of energy in either horses or cattle.

Pigs seem to thrive on a diet which includes a considerable quantity of wood sugar, and scientists hope that eventually it may be made fit for human consumption. When wood is converted into sugar, seventy-five per cent remains in the form of meal. This has been successfully compressed into fuel briquettes, and is also widely used to grease bread pans.

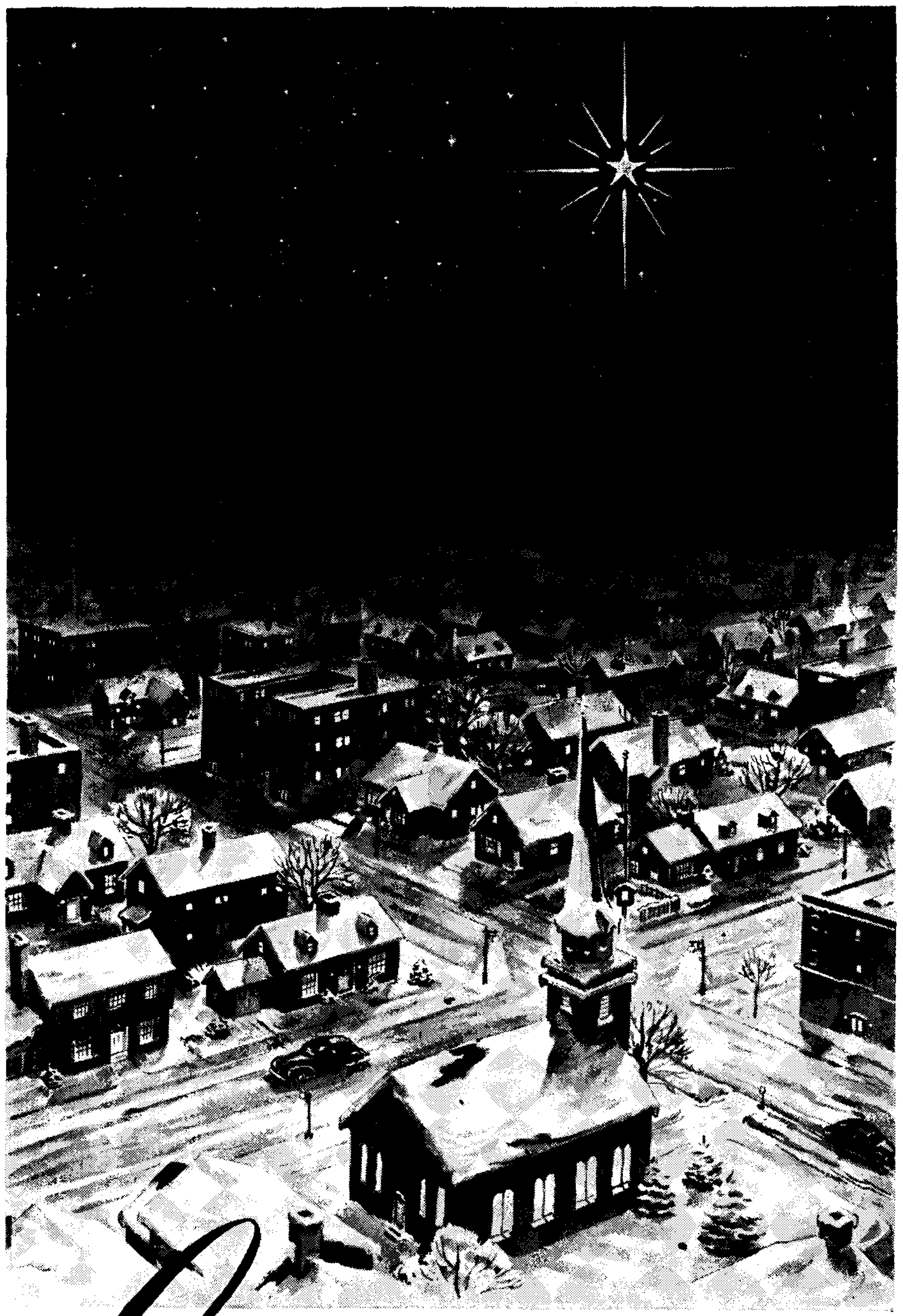
The Swedes have made great progress in the production and application of *gengas*, or producer gas, a combustible gas made from wood or charcoal with an apparatus carried on top of or behind a car. A few have been so reduced in size that they can be carried under the hood.

Getting a Clean Start

At the beginning of the war, operating a *gengas* generator was a dirty job; once it was started, the motorist usually had to take a bath before starting on his journey. Today the apparatus can be easily handled by a man in evening clothes; he requires only gloves and a long iron poker. To install a generator on a private automobile costs about $425, and the cost of operation is about two cents a mile.

By using *gengas* the Swedes have kept about 65,000 automobiles in operation throughout the war, and hundreds of fishing boats have also successfully used the fuel. Six thousand *gengas* taxicabs are in regular service in Sweden, about eight hundred of them in the city of Stockholm. The bulk of the real gasoline supply has been taken over by the army and the navy, but small quantities of it are issued for ambulances, fire engines and police and diplomatic cars.

To make a protein substitute from wood, the Swedes are using a microscopic fungus which produces a yeast with a fifty per cent protein content. By combining this yeast with macaroni and rice, a little margarine and a little onion, an ersatz sausage cake is made, which is widely used as a spread to replace butter and liver paste, and in potato balls and corn flour for puddings. A factory is now being erected which will produce about 15,000 tons of this yeast a year. ★★★



Christmas ★★★ U.S.A.

Christmas, U. S. A. This year Christmas candles still brightly burn, but their light falls short in a darkened world. Conquered nations, cloaked in blackness, mutely await their light to shine again. For the true meaning of Christmas is possible only where men are free.

In the warmth of thirty million American homes . . . in the country, in towns and in great cities . . . there in the hearts of America the spirit of Christmas lives on. With American boys in uniform in the far corners of the earth, Christmas is a shining symbol of their fight.

Christmas, U.S.A., 1943, is one more Christmas nearer that day when peace and freedom and the dignity of man return to this world, and all men walk together in good will.

Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Mfg. Co.
Mishawaka, Indiana

BALL-BAND
FOOTWEAR
RUBBER—LEATHER—KNITTED AND FELT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1901.

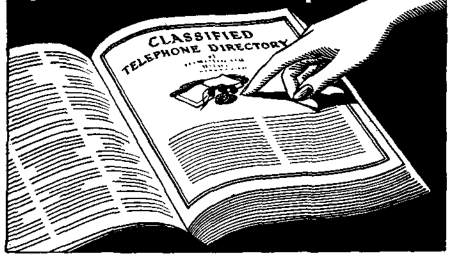
BUY *MORE* WAR BONDS

Could you use 10 Hands?

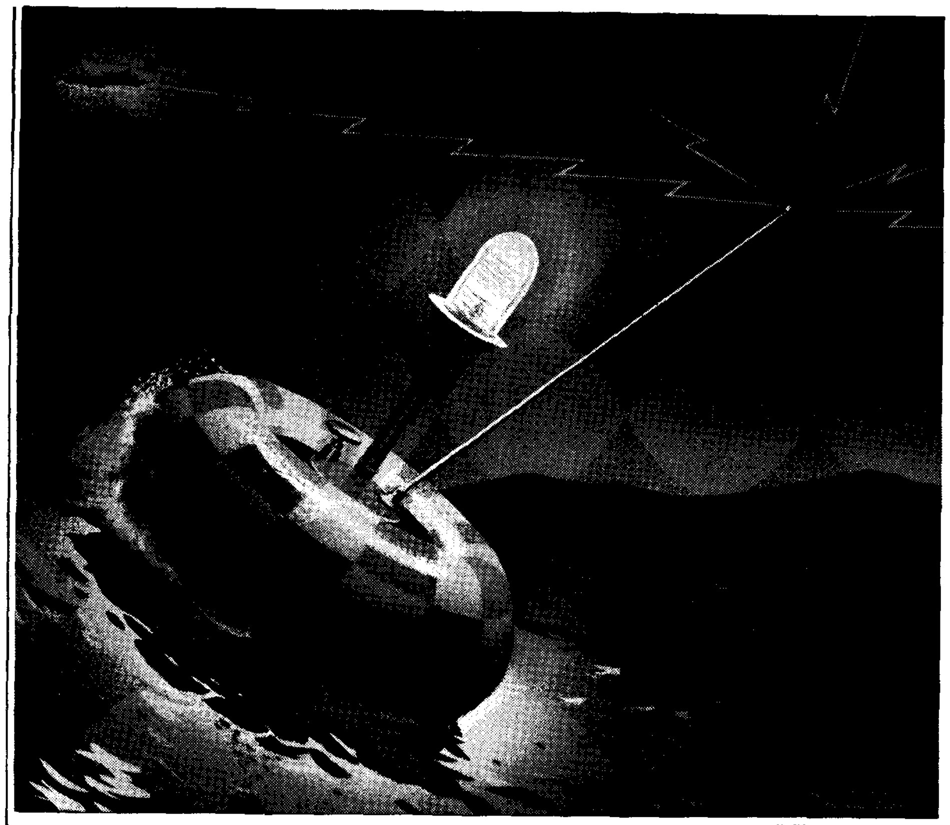
Wartime activities, on top of household duties, make many busy wives wish they had ten hands.

And, if your menfolk are away at war, you need more help than ever on questions like "Where can I buy it?" "Where can I get service?" "How late is that store open?" For quick answers turn to the Classified section of the telephone book.

The Classified can give you a lot of help



Appliance repairing to make things last; renovating and cleaning to get longer wear; ordering coal and oil—from house painters to beauty shops, all are found in the Classified.



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

By David O. Woodbury

Lights for Seaplane Landings

Floating rubber "doughnuts" supporting brilliant fluorescent lamps will mark the night-landing runways for seaplanes of the future. The lamps will operate on batteries and will be turned on by remote radio control.

Glass That Disappears

For countless centuries, technicians have tried to make glass as transparent as possible but have never succeeded in preventing its smooth surfaces from reflecting back part of the light that strikes them. This has cut down visibility of objects behind glass, notably in the case of store windows and spectacle lenses. In camera lenses, these reflections greatly reduce photographic speed and destroy sharp focus.

Lately, however, a process has been discovered for applying a cheap, durable layer of nonreflecting material which can be fixed permanently to glass surfaces of any size. Tomorrow there will be no more reflections where they are not wanted.

Postwar clock faces will be readable from any angle; stores will appear to have no window glass at all. House windowpanes of the treated material will let in appreciably more light and give crisp, clear views outdoors. Auto windshields will be free of dangerously confusing reflections; cameras and movie projectors will present sharper pictures.

So important is the new glass to military needs that the method of making it will remain a close war secret for the duration.

Home-Heating Utopia

One of the rosiest promises for postwar living is the realization of an old dream: the private home without a furnace, kept warm in the coldest climate by community steam heat. Central heating in stores and office buildings has long been practiced in large cities, but so far, only one small town in the United States—Virginia, Minnesota—has ventured to serve all its citizens by this means. Results have been amazing. The home-heating method is as automatic and trouble-free as the water or gas supply, but costs the householder just about half as much each winter as the privilege of shoveling his own coal or worrying about the oil supply.

Steam simply flows into the cellar through a meter from pipes in the street. A small converter utilizes the thermal units to make hot air, hot water or radiator steam, as the owner may prefer.

The great promise in the plan lies in the fact that whole towns and cities may be supplied entirely from large central stations. The huge savings in fuel bills will result from the high efficiency of large steam-generating plants manned by experts, contrasted with thousands of small home furnaces fired by amateurs.

Enterprising engineers who are organizing the central-heating scheme say that it will save a city of 100,000 people as much as fifteen million dollars a year in smoke elimination alone. Most of the "smog" that saturates America's winter air comes from half-burned soft coal in private homes. Big central stations, when properly designed, can burn any fuel without smoke.

Sponsors of the plan point out that many millions of jobs would be provided for homecoming servicemen if the whole country should decide to install this efficient modern system after the war.

Penicillin—and Then?

Greatest news in medical research today is that the wonder drug, penicillin, will probably be synthesized soon. This means that the exact chemical formula of the molecule will be discovered and a method found to "build" it artificially from common materials such as carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. The day of this achievement will mark one of the greatest milestones in medical science, for then the first powerful germ-killer ever found that is not dangerous to the human body will be available to all the world in abundance.

As soon as synthetic penicillin has been proved to have the same action as the precious mold derivative so scarce today, commercial laboratories will begin manufacturing it in huge quantities. The unlimited supply will come soon enough, it is hoped, to keep pace with the bloody battles expected in Europe.

But the goal of the chemists who are working around the clock to synthesize the drug is far beyond the mere increase of its supply. Scientists are certain that the penicillin molecule will provide a foundation from which many other similar germ killers can be evolved. This will bring to light a whole new family of drugs, not only more potent against infection than the sulfonamides but also far less risky to use.

Using the parent molecule, research men will search for descendants, each of which will be designed to combat a specific group of bacteria. Thus, before many tomorrows have gone, we may expect a completely harmless set of drugs that will destroy most if not all infectious diseases. Out of this may come medicine's great white hope—the all-purpose serum that protects against all germs at once.

Next—Metal-Plated Plastics

Fabulous new plastics crowd in so fast these days that few make headlines. But the discovery of a successful means of plating plastic objects with gold, silver, copper or other metals is very much news. The new process anchors the plated metal, by actual chemical penetration, so firmly that no ordinary use will peel it off.

Tomorrow there will be exotic costume jewelry, plated with gold or silver over light, inexpensive plastic shapes. Rings, clock faces, door handles, furniture can be molded by the magic of the plastic art, yet, to all appearances, be made of highly polished metal. Toilet articles, unbreakable plastic mirrors and the reflectors for auto head lamps and flashlights are other probabilities. Ornamental filigree designs can be plated onto any decorative surface by the use of proper masking patterns when the object is made.

The technical uses of plated plastics are almost without limit. Thin layers of metal can be plated onto insulating sheets to make electrical condensers or improve the lightness of scientific instruments. In the radio field, sheet-metal shielding can be replaced by plating directly on the panels, even on the tubes themselves. The complicated handwork of wiring connections can be replaced by copper channels which are an integral part of the chassis or cabinet.

Highways That Ice Can't Crack

Concrete roadways shattered by alternate freezing and thawing in cold climates will be forgotten tomorrow if experiments now under way continue to be successful. By adding a tablespoonful of a pine-wood resin to each bag of cement when the concrete is laid down, the road surface is so tightly bound together that water cannot seep in to make trouble.

Already experimental roadways have been built with resinous concrete in fifteen states and Canada, with untreated strips running beside them for comparison. The treated surfaces have shown no signs of cracking in five years, while the standard samples are fast going to pieces. State engineers everywhere are preparing to use the discovery in future highways construction.

Not only does resin-treated concrete resist frost. It is apparently unaffected by the chemicals used to melt ice and snow, which now roughen and destroy the smooth finish on the roads.

The resin used is so plentiful that the extra cost is small. The patents on it have been made public property by the inventors.

So important are the advantages of ice-resisting concrete that construction engineers are planning to use it in the huge landing strips for the airports of tomorrow. ★★★

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

"Reckon Oncle Rafe's run out of Brown Stamps Agin"

HERE'S HOW TO HELP STRETCH GAS RATIONS

Mules might substitute for horsepower, too, but most people prefer to use their cars. It's the order of the day to get the most from every gas coupon . . . to save precious gasoline.

One thing you can do is use "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service to help get top spark plug performance. In actual tests by the American Automobile Association use of this spark plug service resulted in changes which increased gas mileage as much as 12%.

You want to care for your car for your country. Your spark plugs are a good place to start. Ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service today.

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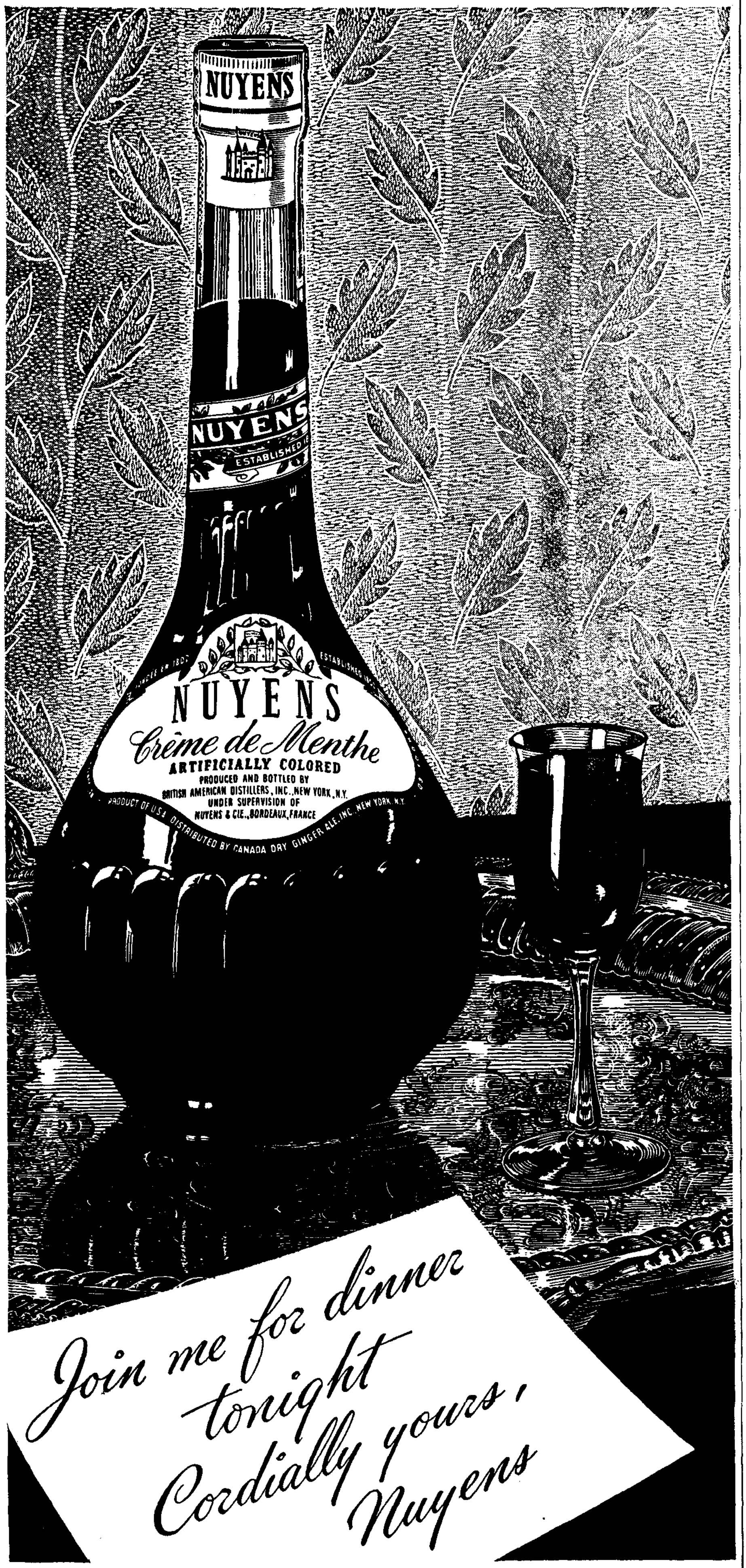
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NUYENS *Liqueurs*

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Creme de Cacao 60 proof	**Apricot** 60 proof

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Whistling in the Dark

Continued from page 29

to Stravinsky's Firebird, yet he was "just another whistler."

Only a stubborn vow never to return to Texas until he had succeeded kept him feeling his way around New York for whistling jobs. Blind schools specialize in fortifying pupils against self-pity and discouragement. Lowery was accustomed to overcoming handicaps.

When they had track meets at the blind school, he defeated all the sprinters. They ran in lanes, marked by wires, holding a trolleylike stick that was looped over the wire at each runner's right. The stick hampered speed, but Lowery was able to run 100 yards in $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. He defeated all contenders year after year in the rope-climbing event. When the school assembled the nation's blind athletes, Lowery won national honors by throwing a basketball more than 67 feet.

Training for Volume

The same fervor went into whistling. "I whistled everywhere and all the time," he says. "Even at meals between courses—between mouthfuls. And I whistled loud, because quality meant nothing. I was out strictly for volume and got it. Sometimes the fellows yelled so loud for me to shut up that I couldn't hear what I was whistling, but I kept on anyway.

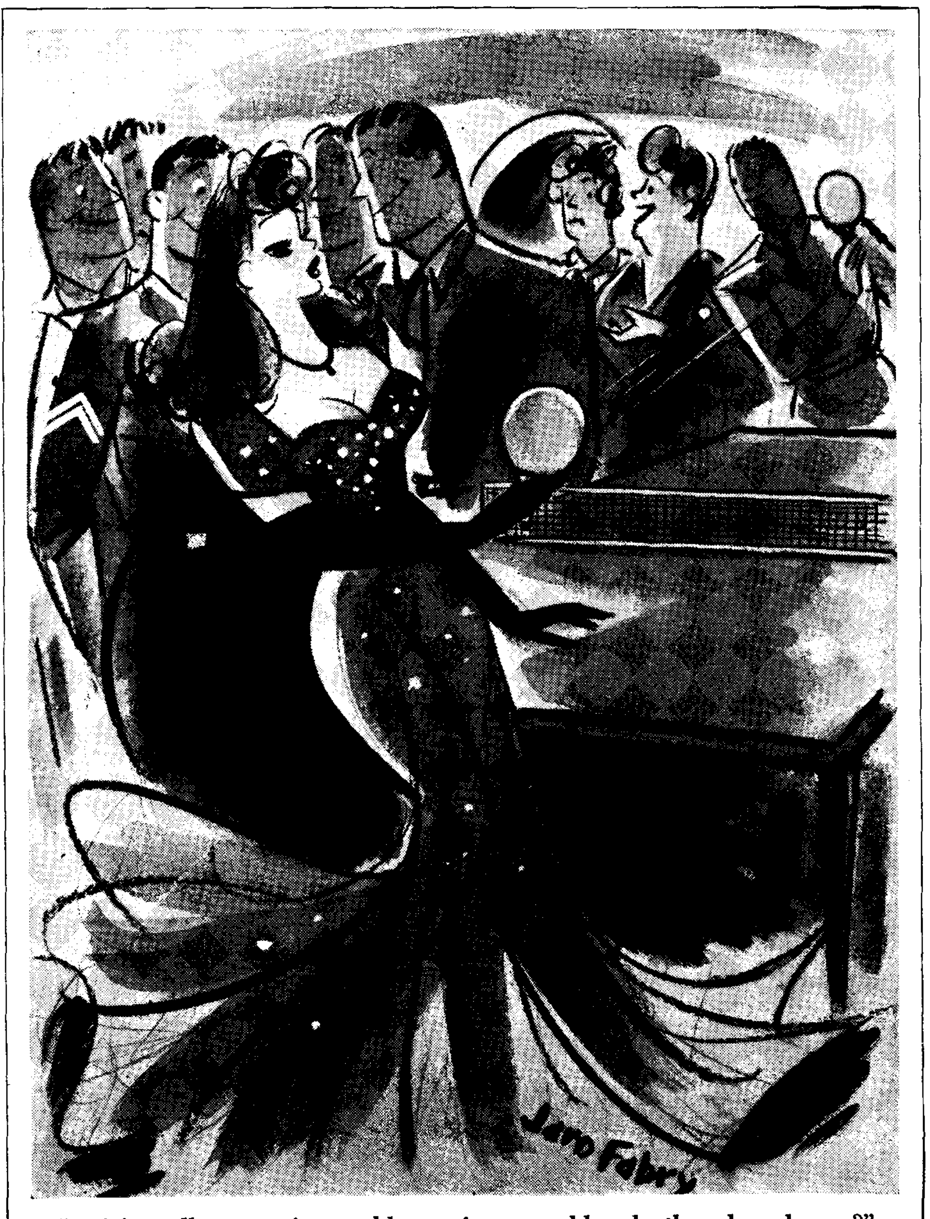
"This went on year after year, and I had no idea of progress until an entertainer, Ernest Nicholls, showed up with a program of whistling and imitations. At the end of his act, he asked if anybody could whistle, and every guy in the place yelled Lowery. They pushed me to my feet, and so I filled the place with shrill double notes, trills and double-pitch cadenzas—all loud.

"Nicholls later told me I could make a living whistling. He said all that practice had strengthened my lips, throat and tongue—made it possible for me to whistle with relaxed lips and no puckering."

Puckering, Lowery explained, minimizes the wind content of the mouth, creating a narrow rush of air and harsh tone. The lips should be held almost normally, but firmly. When you achieve good tone at any pitch, you can start double-noting. To do this, you place the tongue as if to make a T-sound as you whistle, and permit the air to flow under the tongue as well as over it. At first, it won't work, he says, but soon there will be notes, despite the oscillating tongue, and you'll have the effect of two notes following each other.

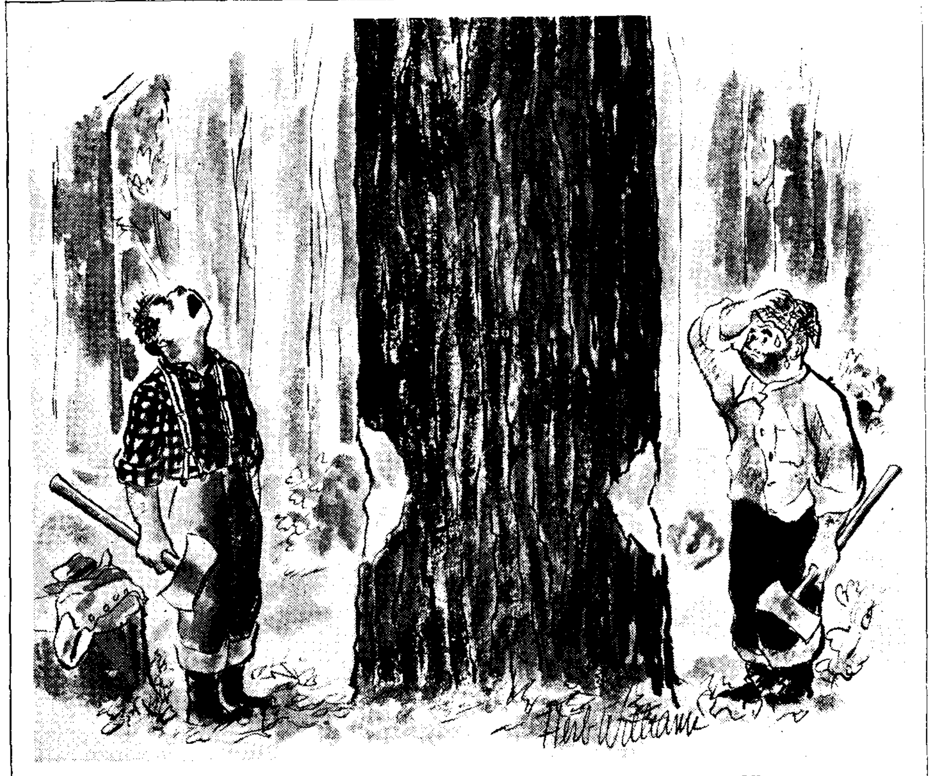
Two different tones are achieved simultaneously by curling the tongue back slightly and holding it there as the air flows over it and under it and out through the lips. By practicing up to five hours daily, Lowery has learned to raise or lower either or both tones for striking harmonic effect. The need of ample breath has given him a chest expansion of six and a half inches.

A year after the Nicholls encouragement, Lowery was known as the whistling page boy of the Texas Legislature, where he served in 1930 and 1931. Then he gained an audience on station WFAA in Dallas and booked his whistling talents



"Didn't I tell you getting a table-tennis set would make these boys happy?"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY



COLLIER'S "Isn't that the most majestic damn' tree you ever saw?" HERB WILLIAMS

for concerts, parties, vaudeville and anything that would return a dollar.

He reached New York City loaded with confidence and was almost killed on the busy streets. Not until a taxicab had knocked him spinning did he realize that he was following jaywalkers at crossings, because of his reluctance to let on about his eyes. He has learned how to move about in crowds, parties, hotel rooms and railroad stations without a suggestion of his handicap, and to catch names in groups in order to greet people as though he has seen them.

Ten years ago, one of the plagued officials at NBC finally rewarded his persistence with an audition and a few sustaining programs. Then came an appearance on Rudy Vallee's program, where he stopped the show with The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise. But his $120 fee didn't last long. Half of it went for overdue bills and the rest was stolen by a visitor as they talked in his room.

Soon he was back on the streets, hungry and hunting, and out came a battered traveler's check he had saved for a rainy day. But in duplicating the signature, he printed his name "Loowery" and the clerk at the bank refused to honor it. At that point, he was ready for the river, but a last-minute plea to the credit manager, Jerry Buckley, turned the tide of misfortune.

Buckley not only cashed the tattered check, but decided that the kid deserved a few breaks. Weeks later, he prevailed upon the social Clara Belle Walsh to hold a musicale at the Plaza and pack it with names. Lowery went before them with an ambitious program that began with a Chopin nocturne. A deep-voiced man was most enthusiastic, and when Buckley confided that it was John Charles Thomas, Lowery's mouth went dry.

"Mr. Buckley," he whispered, "I've hitchhiked all over East Texas to hear Mr. Thomas in concerts. He's been my idol ever since I first heard his records. But I can't whistle with him near me."

Lowery managed to finish, though, and eventually relaxed enough to whistle Home on the Range in a duet with his baritone idol.

"Aren't you thrilled?" Buckley exclaimed, as they reached the street. "Don't look scared. You should be hysterical with joy."

"But I can't," Lowery said. "Not while the hotel is hysterical over the bill for my room. I'm broke. I want to hitchhike back to Texas, but they won't give me my suitcase or my portable phonograph and my records. I . . . I haven't eaten in two days. . . ."

Buckley gulped and dug deep. "Take this," he said, pressing $150 into the boy's hand. "You can't go back to Texas now. You haven't convinced yourself and you'd always regret it. Pay your hotel bill and move to a small room uptown. I'll send you more money, and if nothing happens in three months, you can go home."

It wasn't too tough after that, because a job appeared within a month. The resourceful Clara Belle Walsh brought Lowery to Vincent Lopez, who hired him at fifty dollars a week. Lowery repaid Buckley to the penny, but that's about all the job was worth. After four and a half years with Lopez, he was still whistling choruses with the orchestra; then he was let out.

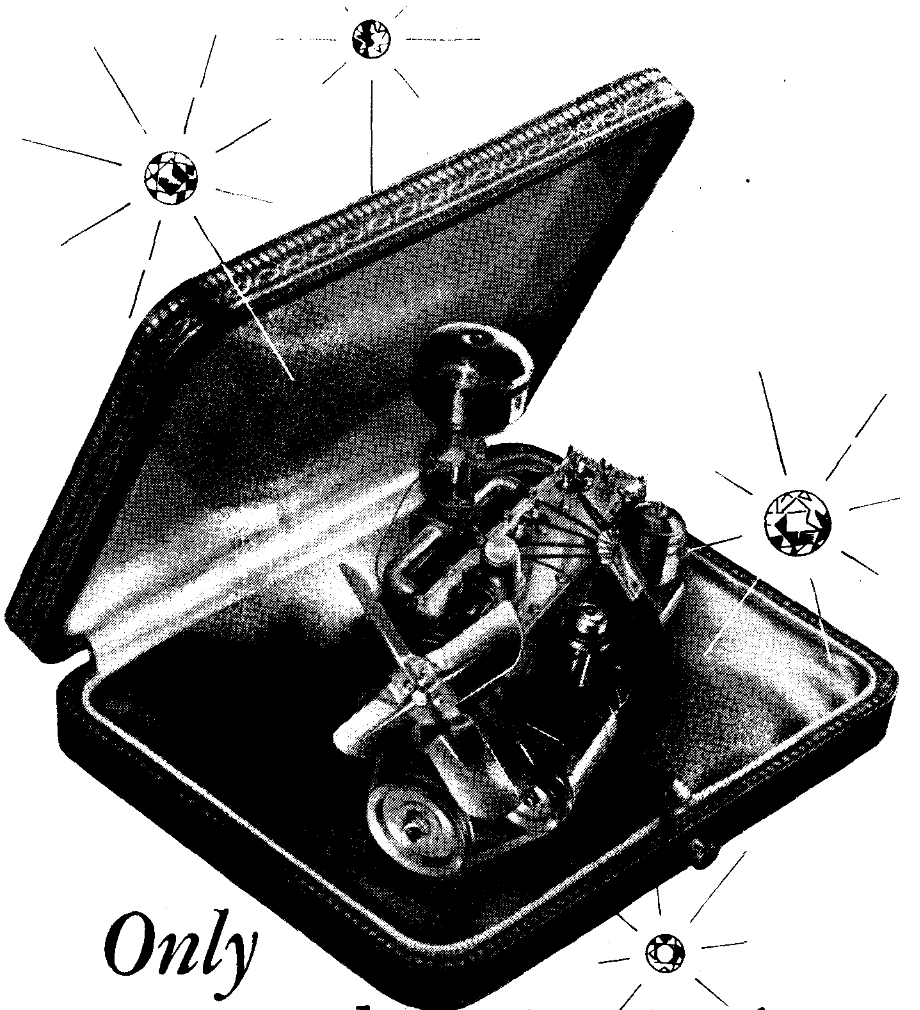
Success in One Night

Back to job-hunting he went, back to rebuff from music authorities who couldn't appreciate the beauties of his Caprice. He wrote letters to orchestra leaders and never got a reply until Horace Heidt summoned him to the Biltmore Hotel in 1938, for an audition during the supper show. Lowery rushed over, pulled out all the stops and let go with The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise. During the wild applause, Heidt shouted that he was hired. His rise to stardom began at that moment—thanks to Heidt, who recognized him as a musician everybody can understand.

"Because everybody whistles or has tried to," Heidt explains, "people envy Lowery. But everybody likes him and proof of his wide appeal is in the fact that he is the veteran of my present band. That appeal is unfailing, and so is his skill."

Heidt has been something of a Jerry Buckley to the whistler. The record companies failed to see the appeal in a whistling solo, but Heidt insisted, on an "or else" basis. Lowery's first disk carried the finale of the William Tell Overture and Listen to the Mocking Bird, and sold out. The second was rushed through with The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise and Whistle-itis. Then came a Western—Leaning on the Old Top Rail and Tumbling Tumbleweeds. These three records aggregated close to a half-million sales and astonished the hesitant record makers until the Indian Love Call disk appeared to panic the market. Fred Lowery's whistling has become big business to all concerned.

THE END



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If your motor is suffering from carbon (and many motors are)—start using Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil. It *removes carbon* while you drive! With RING-FREE you get a cleaner, more thoroughly lubricated, sweeter running motor. That results in better gasoline mileage. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil *today!* Keep on using RING-FREE to save gasoline, to lengthen motor life and to *constantly* combat the destructive effects of carbon.

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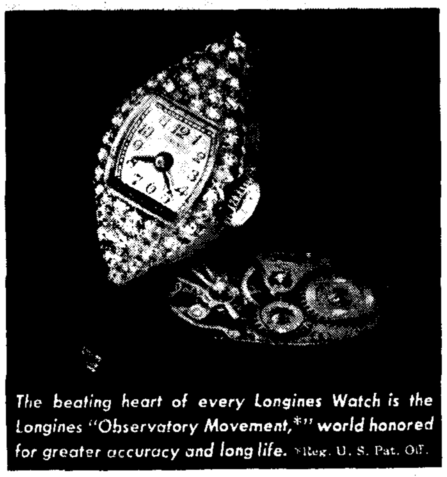


The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Romance in the First Degree

Continued from page 23

"This is the real surprise. Take a look at the return address on the package."

She showed it to me. It had been written by the same hand which penned the note to Linda. It started in the usual way. It said, "Return to . . ."

The name which followed slapped me silly. It was "John Mitchell."

I looked at Sandy. I looked at the scrapbook which was almost fancy enough to be a museum piece. I compared the handwriting on the note with the handwriting on the wrapping paper. I said, "First, put the book back where you found it. Second, grab your coat and hat. Third, get set for a nice, brisk walk."

She hesitated, and I knew she was thinking about my bum foot. I said, "I can walk any distance I want. Now, scram."

While she was gone, I tried not to think. I wanted to talk it over with Sandy, and to leave my mind blank until then. She reappeared finally, wearing a cute little hat and a warm, woolly sports coat. I said, "I like you in that thing. Let's go."

We walked uptown on Fifth Avenue and then cut across to the park. Fall was pretty far advanced and there was a nice zing in the air. A few leaves still clung to the trees, but they had lost their freshness and were just being stubborn about it.

I said, "About that scrapbook: I never saw anything like it."

"That's because there never was, Jerry. It's a custom-built job."

"Why?"

She answered carefully. "Whoever had that scrapbook made was very fond of Holly Hamilton. I'm surprised the covers weren't cornered in gold and set with precious stones."

I nodded. "You see things, Sandy. I got the same impression. But, first of all, tell me something about the young lady."

"You've seen her in pictures, haven't you?"

"Of course. I know about that side. Started as a sixteen-year-old wonder with a nifty personality and an amazing voice. Clicked with her first picture and had the ability to follow it through. I've seen her play virginal, ingénue stuff . . . high-neck dresses and all that sort of thing. I knew in a vague way that she was knocking 'em dead on Broadway, but I never paid any attention to the details."

SANDY said, "You've got it pretty straight. Nowadays Hollywood stars aren't as keen about fabulous salaries as they were. Government takes most of it. So they're investing in prestige. That was probably the idea behind Holly Hamilton accepting this Broadway show. It's called Aurora and it's a must. The show is superb, and Holly Hamilton is even better. New York has gone crazy about her—as an actress and as a person."

"Tell me more," I prompted. "And try to figure how much is fact and how much is press-agent malarkey."

"That's difficult. Except, Jerry—that when a person is a phony, the truth usually creeps out, even in their publicity. There's always some smart columnist who won't ride the band wagon and who takes a delight in debunking. That hasn't happened with Holly Hamilton. She's generally regarded as being simple, friendly, unspoiled, unaffected and lovable."

"Lady, you're killing me."

"I'm telling you what I know." She stopped near a bench. She did it casually, as though she were tired. I was glad enough to sit down. Walk on a foot like mine long enough and it begins to bother. She went on, "And there's no sense being skeptical, Jerry. Until we know better, we'd be smart to accept her for what everybody says she is."

I said, "It doesn't make any difference anyway. The chances are that John Mitchell was merely an admirer who liked to keep scrapbooks."

"How old do you figure him?"

"In the early thirties, from the quick look I got."

"She is nineteen. That, I really believe. But let's concede a year. We know she's still under twenty-one. Her contract's signed by a guardian under court order."

"Where are her parents?"

"Dead. Father died when she was a baby. Her mother died when she was about eight. A man named Rufus Stirling handles her affairs."

I said, "You sure know a lot about her."

Sandy laughed apologetically. "I'm one of her fans."

I said, "John Mitchell was a relatively young man. He could have been in love with her. He might have been collecting those clippings in the beautiful binding as a future present to the young lady."

Sandy said, "How about Zora Sherman?"

"Girl friend," I explained. "She never even claimed to be anything else. But you're too young to understand such things."

"I'm not. I know all about the birds and the bees."

"Fishes are interesting, too," I said. "But it still could be the way I figure . . . or am I wrong?"

"Probably."

"You're very discouraging. Why?"

"Because of that note I snitched. I've memorized it. It doesn't check in with the picture of a sentimental, lovelorn gentleman. Clippings about Holly Hamilton—would not mean anything to anybody else in the world. So why did Mitchell say it was 'terribly important'?"

I said, "I'm going to see Zora Sherman. I'm going to try to find out what she knows about whatever connection there may have been between John Mitchell and Holly Hamilton."

Sandy thought that over for a while. "Maybe you've got something," she conceded. She got up and I followed suit. We started for home. We cut across to Madison Avenue and I stopped at a little stationery store. I bought an early edition of an afternoon paper, just in case.

THE first few pages were filled with war news. But on the fourth page I found what I was looking for. I read it once and then a second time. I whistled. I said. "It's in. They found John Mitchell's body, Sandy."

"Who found it?"

"The state police. But that isn't half."

She waited, knowing it would be good. I got hammy and built it up.

"He was killed in the Palmtree Inn," I said. "They found his body in the woods about twelve miles away from there."

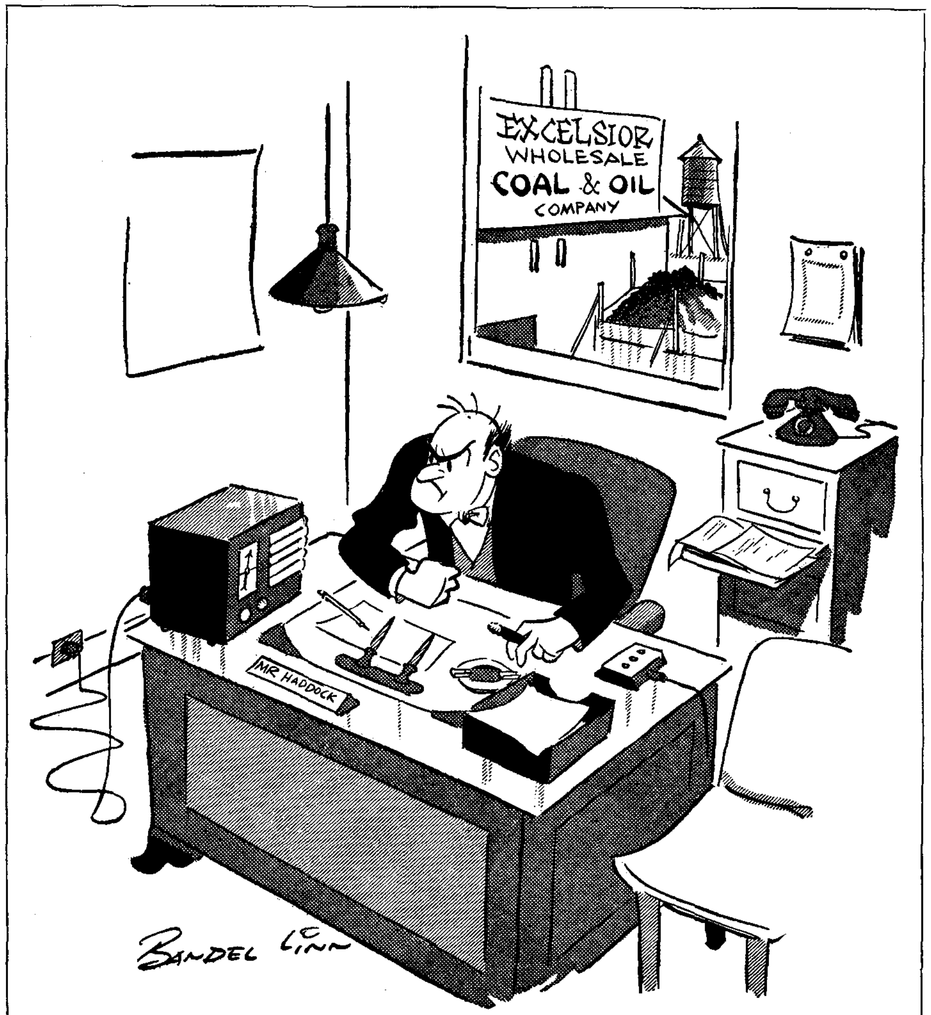
Her brain was clicking. She said, "That's a good sign for Linda."

"Meaning what?"

"Linda and Alan had left there before you arrived. They were home soon enough afterward so that they couldn't have moved the body. It looks as though somebody else was in on this."

I said, "I think everybody was, except maybe Hitler and Hirohito."

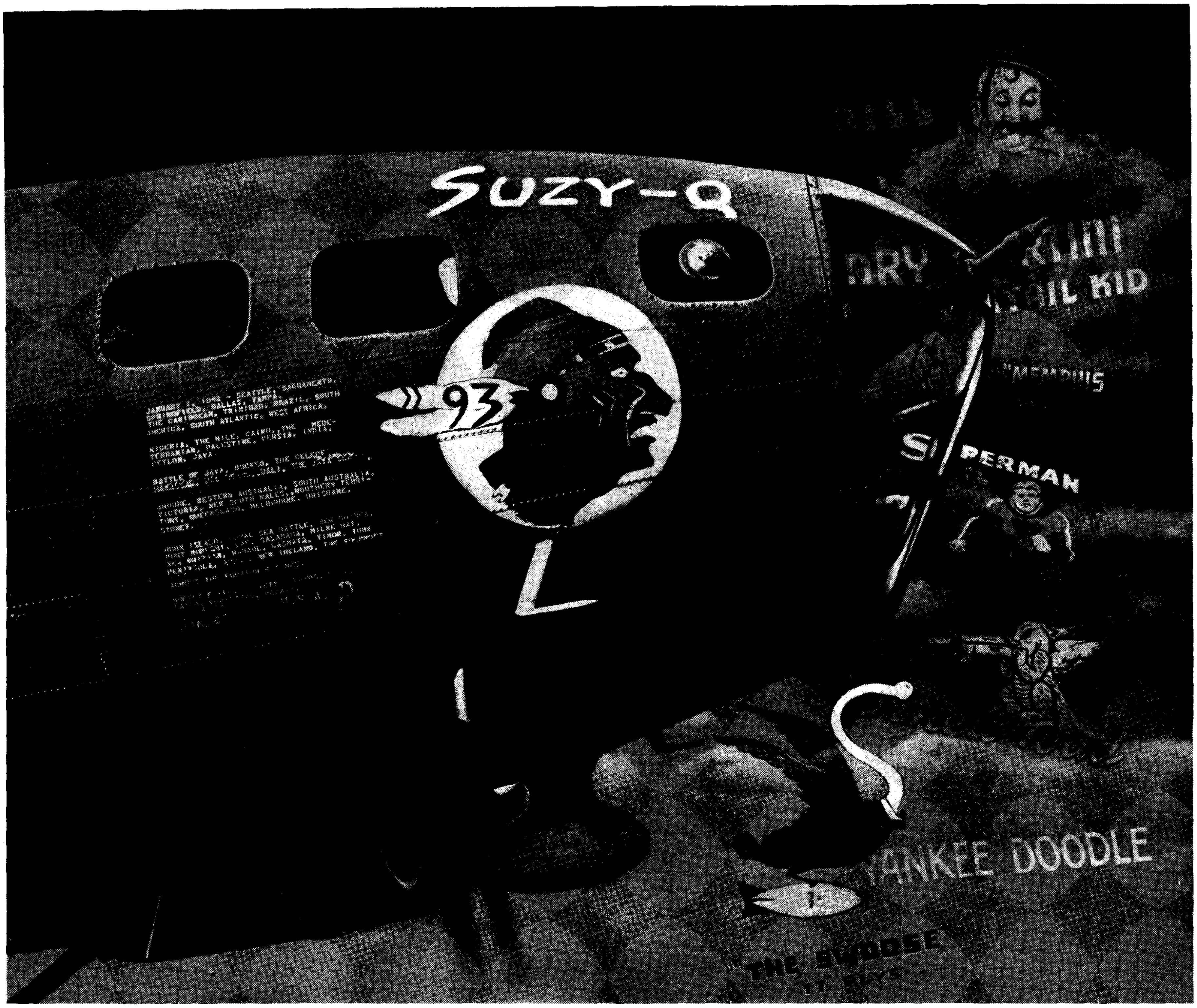
"It was somebody," she said, "who



NEWS

". . . and, as public-spirited businessmen, coal and fuel-oil dealers urged the public to convert heating plants from fuel oil to coal. This is as it should be. However, they cannot deliver a full supply of this winter's hard coal to retail customers at this time. OPA has ordered deliveries restricted to 50 per cent of the amount of coal used last year. I, for one, believe it might be a good idea if dealers now urged coal users to convert back to fuel oil . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



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Or this, by another pilot: "We were traveling between 400 and 450 miles an hour. According to the slide rules, there was no chance of our pulling out of the dive. But we were goners if we didn't try. There were tearing noises; the bombs were crashing through the bottom. Then the Fortress came up level, and the wings were still with us! She's a great ship, and you know what I mean when I say GREAT!"

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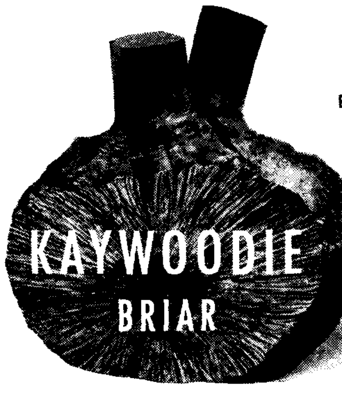


BUY
WAR
BONDS

didn't want the body found at the Palmtree Inn."

"It had already been found," I reminded her. "I found it."

"This person might not have known that."

"Zora found it, too. And Nick Alto."

"Maybe *they* moved the body after you passed out."

"I don't believe it."

Lunch was ready when we got to the apartment. It was a nice lunch. Linda was there, looking a little better, but still on the seamy side. Mr. Cameron and Alan were at the office. Rita made a calculated entrance. She looked like something off a magazine cover. She was very sweet to me all through the meal—so sweet it hurt. She asked me a lot of questions about the Army and listened patiently to my answers. She worked on me with her eyes. Before the meal ended, I had built up a lovely case of jealousy directed against one Ronnie Halliday.

I walked out after lunch. I grinned at Sandy and waved at Rita and Linda. I went to a drugstore telephone booth. I dialed Zora Sherman's number.

Her voice sounded tired. Not sleepy; tired. I said, "This is Jerry Franklin."

The voice livened up. "Yes . . . ?"

"I want to see you."

"When?"

"Right now. Your apartment, if it's convenient."

"Come along. I'll be waiting."

I called a taxi and gave the number. I sat in a corner of the cab and smoked. I was excited.

At last I was taking some sort of affirmative action. I was going to ask some important questions.

And I hoped I was going to get important answers.

THERE is a word which describes a woman who looks like Zora Sherman: *seductive*. I thought of it the minute she let me in the front door.

The living room was pretty much as I had remembered it, even to the little upright piano, the big radio-phonograph and the picture of the undressed young lady. In the bright afternoon sunlight the place looked cheerful and feminine.

Zora sat me down in a chair opposite a coffee table and snapped open a humidor which had plenty of cigarettes in it.

After a while I said, "I want to ask you a couple of questions."

"Go ahead. I don't have to answer."

"You certainly don't. But maybe you'll want to."

Again she hid behind complete silence. Quite a dame. So I hit straight.

I said, "What connection was there between John Mitchell and Holly Hamilton?"

I was watching her, determined not to miss a bet. The effect of my question was far, far away from anything I could have anticipated.

First, last and all the time, she showed surprise. Surprise plus bewilderment. She said, "You mean Holly Hamilton, the actress?"

"Yes. Holly Hamilton, the picture star; Holly Hamilton, the nineteen-year-old sensation of Aurora."

She was still bewildered, but I had scored a point. She was interested. She said, "What makes you ask such a dopey question?"

"I have my reasons. And it isn't dopey."

She gave a harsh little laugh. "You've been seeing things, soldier. John never met Holly Hamilton in his life."

"So-o . . . ?" I didn't know whether or not she had her facts straight, but I was willing to lay six, two and even that she thought she was telling the truth.

I said, "Maybe he was a Holly Hamilton fan."

That seemed to amuse her. "He wasn't the type. And, besides, he hated movies. Once in a while he'd go with me—as a concession."

"Okay; then tell me this. When he conceded, did he usually select a Holly Hamilton picture?"

"We saw one. He hated it. We walked out in the middle."

"You're not kidding me?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Get this, soldier: when I talk about John Mitchell, I'm not kidding—ever."

I said, "How old was Mitchell?"

"About thirty-two."

"'About'?"

"That's what he told me. I wasn't around when he was born."

"Hamilton is supposed to be nineteen . . ." I was turning that over in my mind, getting ideas and discarding them. She leaned forward and asked, "What's all this about?"

I said, "I don't have to answer questions, either. This afternoon, I'm asking them. I happen to know there was some sort of tie-up between Mitchell and this girl."

She said positively, "There wasn't any."

"That's what you believe. But you can't be sure. Maybe it was something he wouldn't tell you about."

That hit home. I saw her tighten up. She said, "Tell me more."

"There isn't anything more. If I knew, I wouldn't be trying to pump you."

She said, "Why are you so sure there was some connection?"

"I'm keeping that to myself."

"I wouldn't advise that," she said harshly. "You're not in a very healthy spot."

I said, "Don't try to threaten me, Zora. It won't get you anywhere."

She tried another angle. "If the police knew about last night . . ."

"You won't tell them. If you had intended to do that, it would have been done hours ago. Besides, you know now that I didn't kill him."

"How do I know?"

"Have you seen the afternoon papers?"

"Yes."

"Did you read about the finding of Mitchell's body?"

"Yes."

"A long, long way from the Palmtree. I didn't do that."

"You could have."

"Nope. I've got a cast-iron alibi. Whole family. Pick up the phone and check."

"Okay. So you didn't move the body."

"Who did?" I asked. "Who knew he was dead, and who was sufficiently interested to take him away from where he was?"

She said, "That's easy. Leo North owns the Palmtree. One of his men must have gone there this morning, found the body and reported it to North. Leo wouldn't like the cops snooping around, especially since John worked for him."

"*For* him?" I asked, "or *with* him?"

"For. John supplied the brains, but he was still small fry in the outfit. Only Leo North knew how valuable he really was."

"Why would North not want to be connected with a dead body?"

"Because he prefers to keep out of trouble. He doesn't like cops. They all know where he stands in this black-market racket, and they'd be glad to hang something on him."

I made a stab in the dark. "Have you heard from North today?"

She said calmly, "He's been here."

"Why?"

"To question me. He was sore as hell. I wouldn't like to be the guy that killed John Mitchell."

"Did you tell him about me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"There are too many things I want to get straight in my own mind. Leo was fond of John . . . as fond as he could ever be about any person. But he takes things in his stride. If John's dead, he's dead. Leo would just go on from there."

"And you?"

"I don't give a hoot what happens to anybody. I'm only interested in finding out who killed John."

I COULD see plenty of trouble ahead. This woman was implacable. I could begin to figure how much she must have loved the dead man. I started worrying all over again about Alan and Linda.

She said, "About this Holly Hamilton thing . . ."

"Skip it, Zora. I'm telling you there *was* a tie-up. I'm not telling you what I know or how I came to know it. I believe you are giving it to me straight when you say you don't know anything about it. Let's drop it."

"All right." Her easy acceptance of my suggestion surprised me.

I went off on another tangent. "This question probably isn't important," I said, "but I'm asking it anyway. Do you know that Nick Alto is in love with you?"

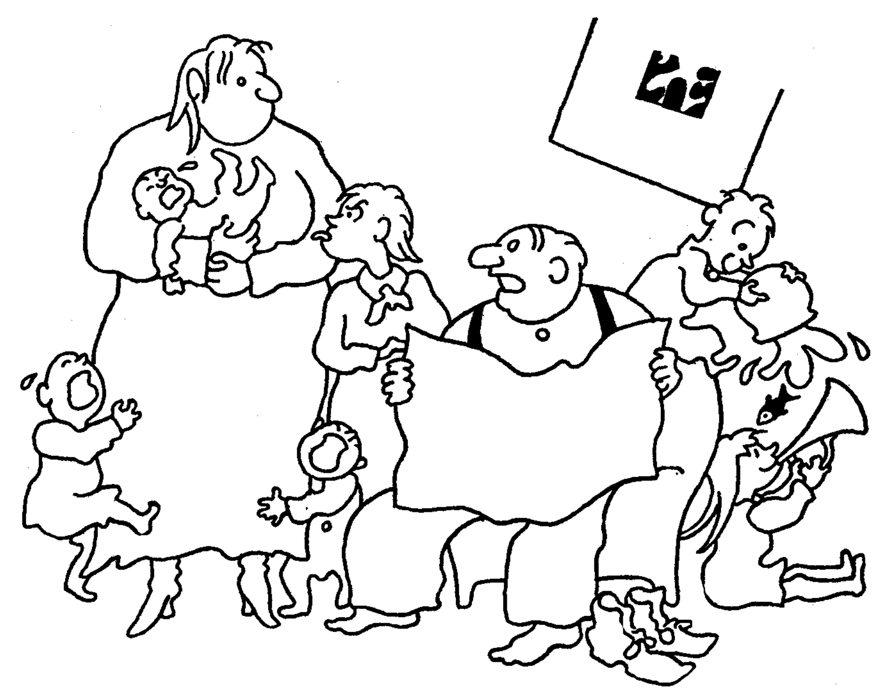
The faintest suggestion of a smile touched the corners of her mouth. She said, "You don't miss a bet, do you?"

I stuck to it. "Isn't he?"

"Sure."

"What gives?"

"I don't. And he doesn't ask. He's a



"The way this draft thing looks now, there isn't any point in being a father!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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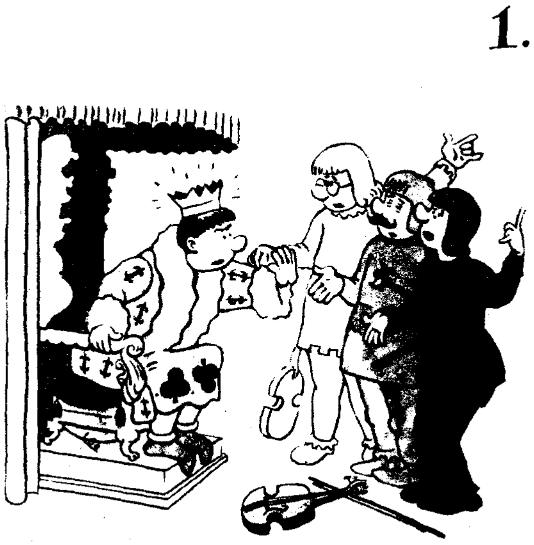
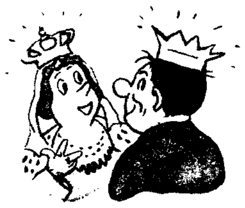


1. Old King Rainbolt
was fairly morose.
He called for his men
and he said,
"Stop your fiddling . . .
where's my bowl of coffee?"
And the men said, "Haven't
you heard, Boss Man?
The Crown Prince has lured
Cook away.
Ten dollars more a week,
Her Majesty, your frau,
Is doing the marketing
herself.
Sorry, Sire—no Cook,
no Queen, no coffee!"

2. So he popped off of his throne
and holding his crown behind
him so that he looked like a
subject and strictly nonroyal,
he snucked into line
with the King's Guard when
they lined up for breakfast.

3. He was moving right along and the Queen happened by
with her market basket over her arm . . . and saw him.
So she said, "Get out of that line right away. I've got
some Postum." And the King said, "What's Postum?"



4. So the Queen smiled and said,
"It isn't like coffee and it isn't like tea,
and it's one of America's great mealtime drinks."
And the King said, "Isn't she cute!"
and stepped out of line.

5. So they went into the kitchen and the Queen made him
a cup of Postum quick as a flash—and the King
smacked his lips over its rich, robust flavor.
"It's fit for a King" said he.
"It is different," the Queen said,
"and so economical.
It only costs less than half a cent a cup."

6. And the Queen, seeing that he was
in rare good humor, brought out a silly
and somewhat expensive hat she had
bought. And the King said, "You look
cute as a button in that new hat."
And he never asked her what she paid
for it. But he did ask for
another cup of Postum.

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poor dumb cluck who happens to be slightly subnormal."

"And dangerous."

"Yes . . . to anybody who threatens me or my happiness."

I said, "Did it ever occur to you that he might have killed John Mitchell? Jealousy?"

She shook her head. "He couldn't have. He was with me. I called him a few minutes after John left my apartment to go to the Palmtree. We talked things over, and then he drove me out there. I was with him when he went inside and found you. John was already dead."

That was another idea gone. My hunches were all cute and healthy, but they didn't get me anywhere. In spite of everything, I kept coming back to Alan. It was lots of no fun.

I LEFT Zora and took a taxi to the office. The gang there had seen me a few times, and were beginning to take me for granted. In civilian clothes, I was just another guy named Elmer. I spoke briefly and cheerfully to Mr. Cameron, and then drifted over to Alan's desk.

He looked terrible. I kidded him about it, and he tried to smile. He and I had once been awfully close, but that had changed. We could make the same gestures and use the same words as in the old days, but it was different. Anyway, I pretended not to notice, and suggested that he and I walk home together. He hesitated, and then said he would. I stuck around until closing time, wondering how a civilian grind would seem after two years of army routine. Then Alan got his hat and coat and we started out.

It wasn't a long walk, and I didn't have any time to waste. Besides, I was too worried to spar. I said, "Look, kid, I'm butting in, and if you don't like it you can slap me down."

He smiled, but I could feel his defenses going up.

"It's this way," I said. "I've been around your home a bit now, and I'm not blind. Something's off the beam. It's worrying you. Why not deal me in for half?"

He put his hand on my arm, briefly. "You're trying to help, Jerry. I appreciate that. But let's play it different."

"You're in some sort of a jam."

"No." He looked at me levelly. "Maybe I was. But I'm not now."

I blinked. Maybe he was . . . but not now! That one was hot off the griddle. He'd been in some sort of a jam involving John Mitchell, and now John Mitchell was dead. I said, "I wonder whether you really know where you stand, Alan?"

He stopped short and faced me. His face was haggard, and his eyes too bright. He said, "We've been friends a long time, Jerry. If you want things to remain that way, you won't ask any more questions."

His words were gentle enough, but the meaning was as rigid as rock. He was telling me off in no uncertain terms.

I said, "If you change your mind . . ."

"I'm not going to change my mind. And it would be healthier all around if you didn't change yours, either."

I was licked and I knew it. He wasn't going to tell me anything, and all I could do by being persistent was to mess things up worse than they already were.

I started thinking what a nice safe place Tunisia had been.

Lots of things happened there.

But at least I understood them.

I DIDN'T sleep well that night. One line of an outmoded song kept running through my mind: "The merry-go-round broke down; the merry-go-round broke down. . ." Just that one line, over and over again. It seemed to fit.

I was on a merry-go-round all right. I was trying to find out things from people who either didn't know or wouldn't tell me, and they in turn were trying to pump me. I knew a lot, for instance, that Zora wanted to know, but she wasn't sure that I knew it. I felt like a dope.

One idea stuck out above all the others. I was willing to gamble that Holly Hamilton was the answer to this puzzle. It therefore seemed up to me to find out something about her. Not just simple biography, but something more than that. Obviously there had been some connection between her and the deceased John Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell's girl friend knew nothing about it (I was sure she had leveled with me on that), and it seemed that the only course left was to get Miss Hamilton's viewpoint.

That was a simple idea and it should have satisfied me. But it didn't. It had one weakness. I didn't know Holly Hamilton.

I did a lot of thinking. About two o'clock in the morning I got the suggestion of an answer. I remembered a lad I had known in college: a chap named Rex Cooper. We had been friendly without being intimate. We had knocked around some together in New York, and for a while had run with the same crowd. He had gotten a job on Variety, and when I remembered that, something clicked.

Maybe Rex still worked on Variety. I knew that he was married and that he had a kid or two. So he might have missed the Army. I remembered him as a genial, generous screwball whose idea of a good time was to get a Thank You from someone for whom he had done a favor. It was a chance, but it might work. Variety was the bible of the show world. The mugs of its staff had a real entree into the circles I wanted to crash.

AT TEN o'clock the next morning I telephoned the Variety office. I said I wanted to speak to Rex Cooper. The telephone girl took that in stride and said that Mr. Cooper would be in at about eleven. That was all I needed to know.

I started out a little after ten-thirty. The Variety office wasn't as easy to find as the barbershop bearing the same name. I went into a narrow door and looked down two steps at the business office. That wasn't what I wanted, so I walked up a narrow stairway to a room just as long, just as narrow and just as crowded.

Men and women were clicking typewriters, shoving papers around on their desks and conducting telephone conversations in a language that sounded like English but wasn't. I looked for Rex and saw him at a desk near the other end of the room. He had shed his coat and hat and was adjusting himself in front of a typewriter. In all important respects he looked just as I had remembered him: a blondish, boyish young man with eyes that could be shrewd and hard, but which were usually as wide-open and friendly as those of a cocker spaniel. As I walked toward him, he looked up, saw me, and leaped out of his chair. You'd have thought that I was the great moment in his life.

"Jerry Franklin!" He almost squeezed my hand off. "Why, you old so-and-so! Gee, it's good to see you!"

He shoved a stack of newspapers off a chair to the floor. He practically pushed me into the chair. His hazel eyes were shining with enthusiasm and welcome.

He asked about me. He wanted to know all about the Army, the war, my present setup and whether I'd ever gotten married. Then he told me about his wife, Ellen, and his two kids. He was as naïve as though he were in the real-estate business. And he kept interrupting his own conversation to tell me how swell he felt because I'd bothered to look him up. I said, "You're giving me a break I don't deserve, Rex. What I'm really wanting is a favor."

That delighted him. I don't know why, except he was that kind of a goof. He gave me a fresh Variety to ponder over while he did some telephoning. He out a few sticks of something on his machine, trotted them up to the unhappy-looking editor, and came prancing back to me. He grabbed his coat and hat and stated that we were going downstairs for a bite of lunch.

We went to a nice, noisy drugstore across the street. By the conversation of the patrons I judged that I was in the company of *all* the best actors in the world. My ears were assailed by stories of theatrical triumphs—past, present and future. Everybody talked at once, and didn't seem to mind that nobody listened.

We ordered sandwiches and coffee and carried them into a corner of the place where the jargon was less jarring. Rex was still talking about how glad he was to see me, how happy it made him to know that I was in New York for keeps . . . and letting me know that I'd be crazy about Ellen and the kids. He wrote his address and telephone number on a piece of paper and gave it to me. He explained that he lived in the Village because he and Ellen liked it, and that living was cheap there provided you were in the know and didn't make like a tourist. His enthusiasm amazed me, but it was genuine, and I warmed up to it. He still shaped up as the sort of guy I'd like to keep in touch with.

And finally we talked ourselves out and settled down to the business in hand. I said, "It's silly, Rex—because I'm going to ask you something, and I can't tell you why I'm asking."

He laughed—a nice, boyish laugh—and assured me that he'd play it my way, whatever my way was.

I said, "Do you know Holly Hamilton?"

He looked at me and blinked. He said, "I was set for anything, but not that."

"Why?"

"You asking about Holly Hamilton. It doesn't fit."

"I think you're right. Anyway, just a couple of questions. Is she really nineteen?"

"Yes. We've checked on her guardianship papers. Guy named Stirling looks after her affairs: Rufus Stirling."

"If there was anything really important in her life . . . it couldn't very well be kept hidden, could it?"

"Not a chance. We'd know it, even if it was something we didn't care to publish."

"That's what I thought."

He waited for me to go on. He had always been that way in brief flashes: losing his naïveté when something important was cooking . . . knowing just how to handle things. I could see why he had stuck with Variety all these years.

I said, "Do you know Miss Hamilton personally?"

"Nope. She's pictures and legit. I handle radio mostly."

"Have you ever heard her name mentioned in connection with a man named John Mitchell?"

He took his time answering. "No-o," he said finally. "I haven't."

"Did you ever hear of John Mitchell?"

"No." He smiled. "You look disappointed."

"I am. I thought maybe . . . Oh, forget it."

"What stews, Jerry? Maybe I'm still the lad you want."

I said, "What I want is so simple that it doesn't make sense. I want someone who knows Miss Hamilton . . . that is, someone who has a natural social contact with her, to ask her what she knows about John Mitchell and then to watch her reaction."

"What's the gimmick?"

"That's what I can't explain. But you can believe me when I tell you it's important."

HE SAID, "Wait a minute." I saw him walk into a telephone booth, drop a nickel in the slot, dial and talk. Then he chatted with the editor. When he came back to me he was beaming. He made a circle with his right thumb and forefinger. "For you," he said, "miracles."

"Meaning . . . ?"

"The producer of the Hamilton show, Aurora, is throwing a party for her tonight. Around midnight. I just asked the boss whether I could cover it and he said yes. He also wanted to know whether I was crazy."

"You are," I said. "To take all this trouble for me."

"The rest will be easy, Jerry. I go there. I'm not Rex Cooper: I'm Variety. That spells something in show business. If I want a few words with Holly, I'll get 'em. As I understand it, I'm to ask her what she knows about John Mitchell, and watch her reaction. Is that all?"

"That's all. But I repeat, it's important. Maybe she knows the man; maybe she doesn't. Maybe he means a lot to her; maybe not. I just want to know how she looks when you ask her, and what she says."

"Suppose she says yes: what do I ask then?"

"Nothing. Just keep the conversation going as long as she's willing to talk. Then drop it."

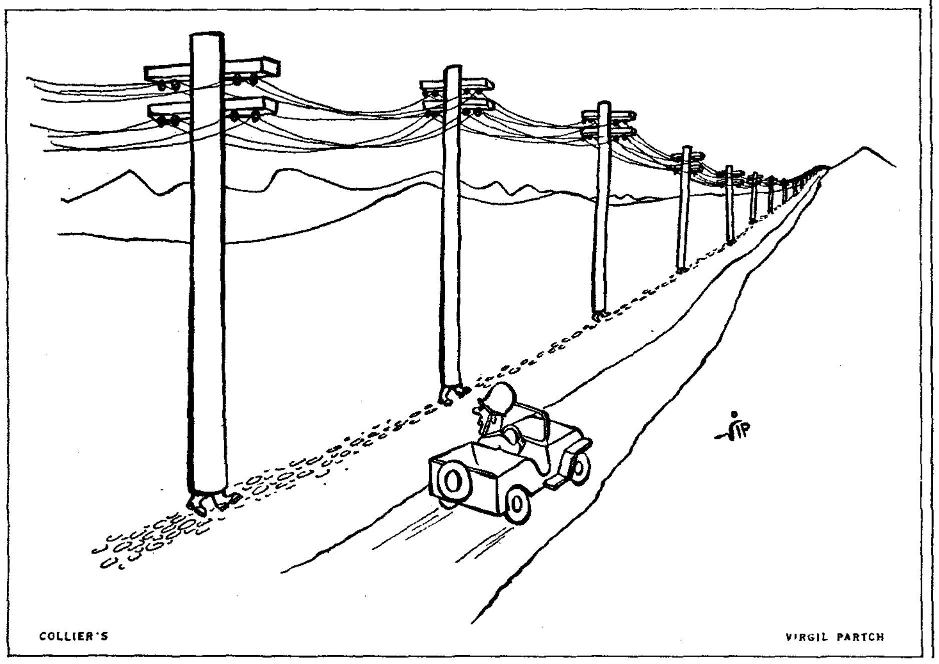
"Very mysterious."

"I suppose it sounds stupid . . . but that's how it is. And just one more thing: If she wants to know why you're asking, I'd rather you forget."

"Not mention you, you mean?"

"That's it."

"Done." He grabbed for the check, put



Look! Here's news about Murray...Booth...Mowbray!

ARTHUR'S DANCING PUPILS number millions, but he's taking lessons himself these days—on the harmonica and the drums! Mr. Murray is highly enthusiastic over art treasures, with which his house is filled—and Regents! "Their King Size," points out the King of Dance Teachers, "gives you a smoke that's 20% longer!"

BROADWAY STAR SHIRLEY, famed lead in "Tomorrow the World" and other stage and radio productions, goes over big with service men, with whom she jitterbugs almost daily at New York's Stage Door Canteen. And Regents go over big with sprightly Shirley! "Regent's crushproof box," she says, "assures a firm, fresh cigarette at all times."

EX-ARMY AVIATOR ALAN, actor and playwright, when not acting for Hollywood, puts in spare hours writing another play for Broadway! Decorated for bravery in the last war, Mr. Mowbray pins on Regent his own special decoration. "Regent", he says, "is better tasting—and I think it's milder."

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Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make REGENT *The milder, better tasting cigarette!*

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Someday soon the Yuletide bells will ring again,
  And once more there'll be laughter, joy and mirth,
Someday Christmas carolers will sing again,
  Those songs we love that tell of "Peace on Earth!"

❧

Someday hearts will beat as they return again,
  The husband, father, son . . . the neighbor's boy,
Someday Christmas lights will brightly burn again,
  Illuminating faces filled with joy.

❧

Someday we will fill the flowing bowl again,
  And celebrate the season — and be gay,
Someday soon the Yuletide bells will toll again,
  For VICTORY, at last, is on the way!

❧

AMERICANS will observe this wartime "Holiday Season" with but a single thought and purpose . . . the determination to focus all our energies and efforts on final Victory. To speed that glorious day, the House of Seagram urges you to make your most important Christmas gifts—U. S. War Bonds. For, as we have said these many years . . .

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FOR CHRISTMAS"**

The House of

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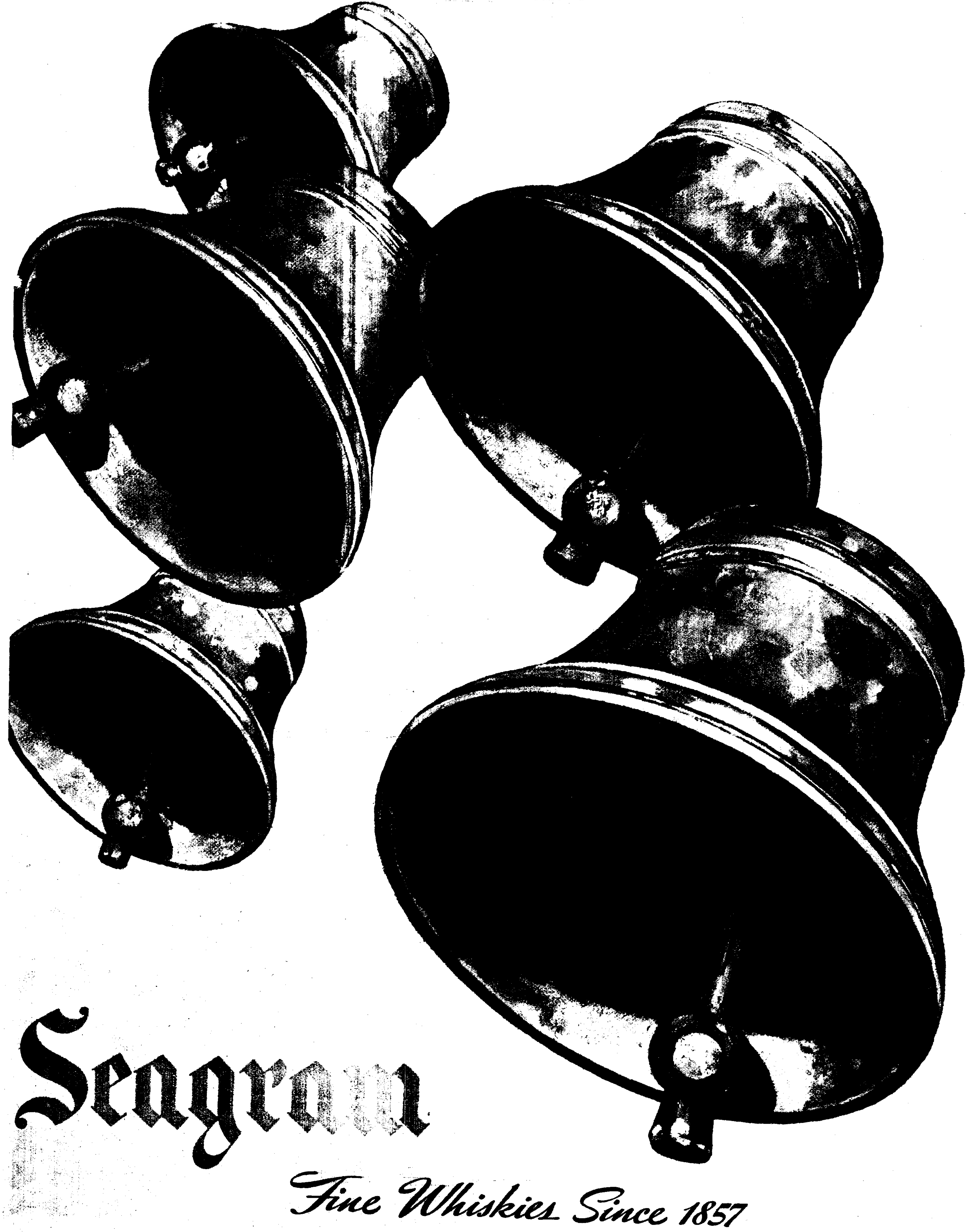
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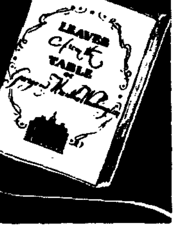

a tip on the table and got up. "For you, it's a pleasure. But you owe me a dinner . . . at my house.". . .

That night after dinner Rita challenged me to a two-handed gin-rummy game. She had on a pale green dress that didn't do her figure any injustice. Mr. Cameron read the paper, Alan and Linda shoved some chessmen around, and Sandy carried a book into a corner. It must have been an absorbing book, because every time I glanced away from Rita, I saw Sandy looking at me. Twice she winked. She made me self-conscious.

I didn't know what was happening between Rita and me, but it definitely was something. She wasn't the same girl that I had been engaged to. She seemed to have been around considerably since the good old days, and if she hadn't kicked my teeth in once and made me sore, I'd have laid down on the floor and yelled Uncle right then and there.

At midnight everybody had turned in except Sandy, Rita and myself. Rita and I had forgotten the pretense of gin-rummy, and were talking. It was exciting and disturbing. Sandy still seemed to be getting a big kick out of it.

I decided to end things. I totaled the score, paid Rita twenty-eight cents, and said I was going for a walk. It looked like a sudden decision, but it wasn't. I had decided long ago that I'd be waiting outside Rex Cooper's house when he came in from the Holly Hamilton party. It was important for me to get his impressions while they were fresh.

I went downtown on the Fifth Avenue bus. It was a nice ride in spite of the dimout. I got off at Washington Square and went hunting for the address Rex had scribbled on the piece of paper.

It was a dark, narrow, old-fashioned street. The dimout there was plenty dim. There was a shaded lamp at each corner, and at this hour . . . nothing else. Just a silence that was almost ghostly.

I didn't know which direction Rex would be coming from, so I went to the building in which he lived. It had a stoop out in front with five steps leading down to the sidewalk. I sat on the top step and propped my back against the stone balustrade. I didn't know how long I'd have to wait, but it didn't matter. Patience is one of the things you learn in the Army.

I tried not to do any thinking. I'd been thinking too much recently. I tried to keep my thoughts away from Alan, and found myself concentrating on Rita.

I DON'T know for sure how long I sat there. I was chilly, but not cold. I heard a sound and looked toward the corner.

An automobile turned into the street. It was a long, sleek limousine, and only its parking lights were on. At first I had hoped it was a taxi bringing Rex home, and when I saw it wasn't, I lost interest.

This was a one-way street, and the limousine veered toward the curb on my side. I watched it only because there was nothing else to watch. But it didn't mean a thing in my life—I thought.

Suddenly something happened. One of those incredible things that come from nowhere and are over in a second, leaving you to wonder afterward just what it was you really saw.

The rear door of the limousine opened. The figure of a man pitched out of the car and crashed into the gutter. It seemed to twitch, and then it was still.

At the same instant, the door slammed and the big black limousine leaped ahead. It moved fast. It reached the corner in no seconds flat and whirled northward.

It was all over before I could remind myself that I ought to think. I didn't look closely at the car. I didn't catch the license number. I couldn't see anything except that horrible thing sprawled grotesquely at the edge of the sidewalk.

I ran down the stone steps. I bent over the figure. The face stared up at the somber sky.

I felt frightened and sick.

The man who had been pitched out of the car was Rex Cooper.

He was very, very dead.

I stood staring down at Rex Cooper's body. I stood there for a long time. Perhaps a minute.

One of my first thoughts was, "I've never even met Ellen, and now I've got to tell her that her husband has been murdered." That wasn't so good. Especially when I felt as though I'd killed him. Well, not killed him exactly; but I certainly had started the ball rolling.

There wasn't a doubt in my mind that Rex's death was mixed up with this whole crazy pattern. As a favor to me he had gone to Holly Hamilton's party. Some time during that party he unquestionably had asked the nineteen-year-old star what she knew about John Mitchell, who was also a murder victim. A little later—perhaps an hour—Rex's dead body had been pitched out into the gutter in front of his home.

I WALKED three doors down the street to a building which looked more like an apartment house than the others. I went down four steps to a basement and saw a little sign, badly printed in ink, which said, "Janitor—Ring." I rang.

A sleepy, unpleasant man who looked as though he hadn't shaved for a couple of days came to the door. I told him I wanted to use his phone and he told me to get the hell out of there. I said, "I've got to telephone. A man has been killed."

That stopped him. He got sort of green and let me come inside. There was a long, dreary hallway with a pay phone on the wall. I dropped a nickel in the slot and asked for the police. A gruff voice answered. I gave my name and told where I was, checking the address of the house with the janitor. I said that a dead man was lying in the gutter a few feet away from me, and would they please do something about it.

They did. By the time I thanked the janitor and walked to where Rex was lying, a prowl car came careening around the corner. It jerked to a halt in front of me and two cops got out. They looked exactly like cops.

One of them walked over to Rex and the other one started talking to me. The janitor had put on a robe and some slippers and was shivering in front of his house. A woman—probably his wife—was standing next to him. She was too excited to be cold. This was going to make her the life of the party for the next six months and she didn't propose to miss any of it.

The cop asked me what had happened, and I told him. The second cop straightened up and said calmly, "It's murder all right. The guy's been plugged." I felt a wave of nausea sweeping over me. I was perspiring like midsummer.

The cop by the body asked me where I had phoned from, and when I told him he started toward the same place. Before going, he said to the other cop, "Leave him lay where he was flung."

I braced myself for questions, but didn't get any. The only thing that happened was that my cop ran his hands over me expertly. I said, "I haven't got a gun," and he seemed satisfied.

Shortly after that, things started to happen. A police car rolled up and two men in plain clothes got out. A few minutes later another car came and disgorged two more men. One of them had a camera, and the other carried a Boston bag. Both of them looked sleepy and bored. A few seconds later an ambulance appeared, its red head lamps blinking. It was then that the houses in the neighborhood began to give out. People appeared from nowhere and clustered about, chattering foolishly.

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The doc gave a quick look and a positive verdict. The photographer commenced taking pictures, his flash bulbs lighting up the area weirdly. One of the men in plain clothes walked over to me. He was a broad, powerful man, a little under six feet in height, and he seemed only mildly interested.

"You the guy that found the body?" he asked.

I said I was.

"I'm Detective Sergeant Fanning, homicide squad." He cupped a badge in the palm of his hand and let me look at it once. He moved his head toward the body. "You know him?"

"Yes."

"What's his name?"

"Rex Cooper."

"Where does he live?"

"Right there." I pointed to the house. "He's got a wife and two children."

Detective Sergeant Fanning looked at me and made a clucking sound. "That's lousy," he said. "She know yet?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so. But I'm not sure. I've never seen her."

He glanced at me with greater interest. He said, "Where do you live?"

I gave him the Camerons' address.

"What you doing down here?"

"I was waiting to see Cooper."

"Why?"

"I knew he was due home, and I wanted to chat with him."

"About what?"

"Nothing important." I had my guard up. I wasn't going to mention Holly Hamilton yet. There were two many things I didn't understand; too many lines which might lead back to the people I was trying to protect.

"You been waitin' long?" asked Fanning.

"Just a few minutes. I was taking a walk, and I thought it'd be fun to be here when he got home."

"Sounds screwy enough to be true." His manner was calm enough, but he made me feel uncomfortable. "Tell me about how he got here."

I told him what I knew. It wasn't much. And it sounded like even less. I hadn't noticed the make of the car or the license number or how many people were inside. I knew it had turned into the street and turned out again, headed north. Fanning said, "You ain't very observant, are you?"

"Evidently not. I just wasn't paying any attention."

He said, "You sure you never met Mrs. Cooper?"

"I'm sure."

He took me by the arm. He said, "Let's find out."

We walked up the stairs. I protested, but he wasn't interested. The other plainclothes man followed, walking lightly and saying nothing. Fanning said, "You don't have to tell her anything. Just ring the bell. I want to see if she knows you."

That seemed fair enough, so I rang the bell. After a while I heard somebody moving around and then heard the click of a light switch. A pleasant feminine voice said, "Who is it?" and I said, "I'd like to speak to you a moment."

THE door opened. A woman who had thrown a plain, worn, flannel robe over her nightgown stood looking at me. She had nut-brown hair and sherry-colored eyes. Her features were delicate. She must have been very pretty once. Now she was merely sweet-looking. I stared at her and felt awful. I knew what was coming, and I wished there was something I could do about it.

She said, "What is it?"

I didn't say anything. I tried a couple of times. She repeated her question, and I said, "You're Mrs. Cooper?" and she looked surprised and said yes, she was.

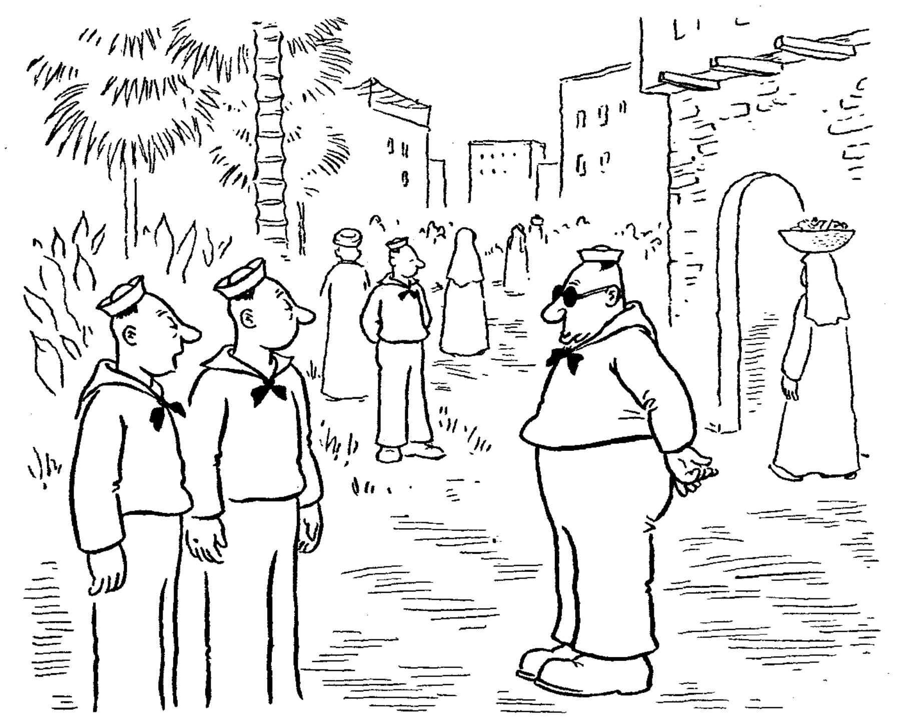
Detective Sergeant Fanning butted in. He said to me, "Okay, buddy," and shoved into the Cooper apartment. The little, wiry detective got hold of my arm and gave me a gentle push in the same direction. I didn't want to go in, but there was nothing I could do about it. We got inside, closed the door, and stood with our backs against it.

It was a simple, homey little apartment—what I could see of it. Just the sort of a place Rex Cooper would love. The living room was furnished with old, cheap, pleasant stuff. It was neat, but there were a couple of toys on the floor where the kids had left them when they turned in. There was one deep club chair and a reading table and smoking stand beside it. A few books and a copy of Variety were on the smoking stand.

I didn't hear what Fanning said to Ellen Cooper. His voice was soft and careful. I was afraid of what might happen, but it didn't.

She was a real gal, that Ellen Cooper. What he told her was reflected in her eyes and in the tightness of her mouth. Her

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



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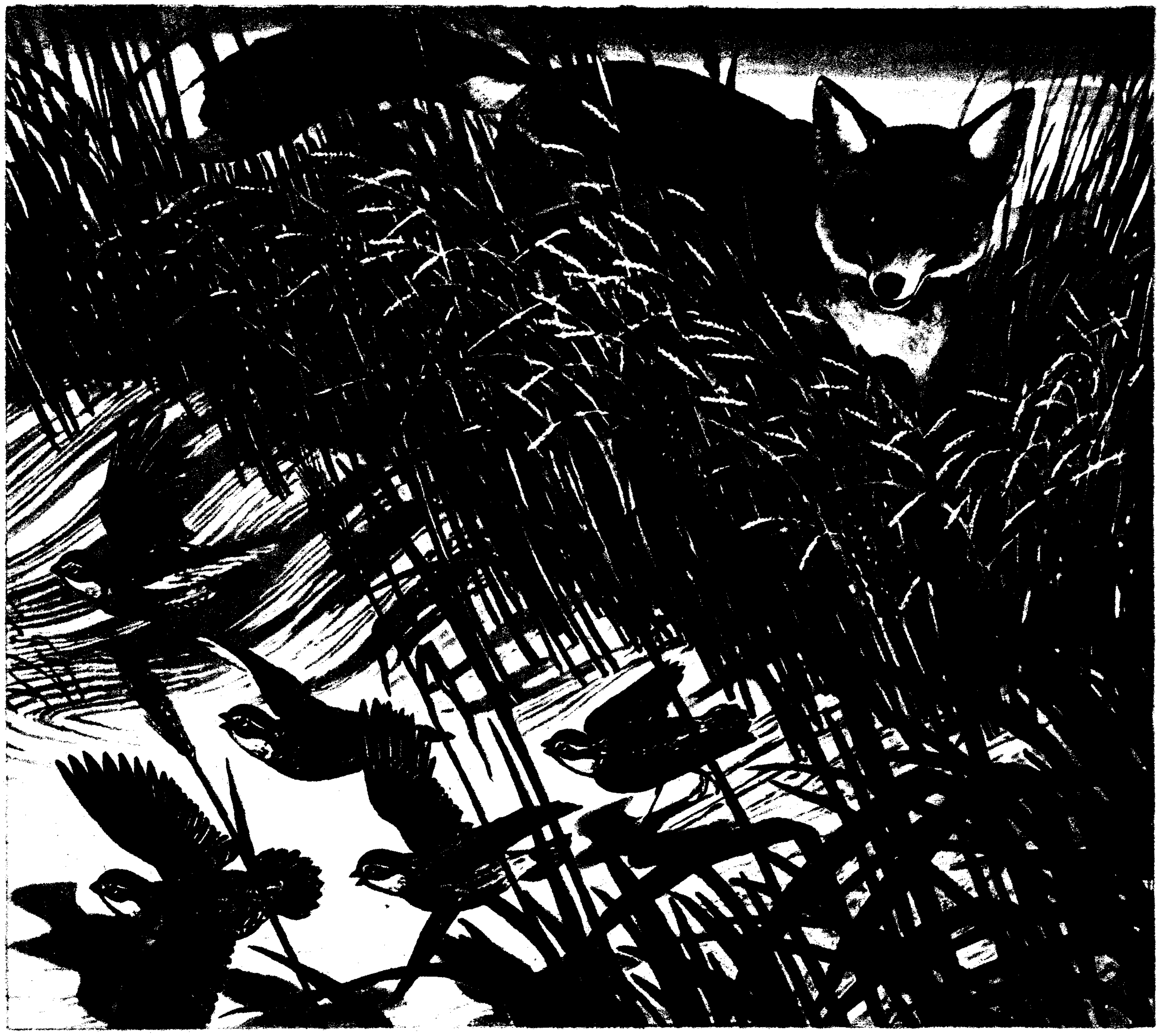

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face twitched, but there were no tears. Hers was a quiet, ghastly grief. There wasn't anything corny about it. I stood against the door and loathed myself. I said something in a whisper, something bitterly profane, and the little cop next to me said, "Keep your shirt on, pal. I know how you feel."

Fanning and the girl kept on talking. She was superb. He was doing pretty well, too. None of this hard-boiled stuff. I handed him plenty. I tried not to listen, because her grief was naked. After a while I didn't mind because he started reaching out for things that interested me.

SHE told him that her husband worked on Variety and that he had worked there a long time. He said, "Where did he go tonight?"

"To a party at Holly Hamilton's apartment."

"Holly Hamilton!" Fanning stopped being a cop and became a goggle-eyed movie fan. "Right at her place?"

"Yes. He went as a reporter."

Fanning shook his head and said in awestruck tones, "Holly Hamilton! Well, whaddaya know."

Then he got back to business. "Just went as a reporter, huh?"

I hung on her answer. What she said was, "Yes." She said it simply, without adornment, and I knew that Rex had played square with me. He hadn't even told his wife what he was really going for.

Fanning went on. "You got any ideas about what might have happened?"

She shook her head.

"Did he have any enemies?"

"No . . ."

"Look . . ." The detective was being considerate, "I hate to ask questions, but I got to."

"I understand."

"Was he in any sort of a jam? Gambling maybe, or owing money he couldn't pay? Anything like that?"

"No . . ."

Fanning pointed toward me and kept on speaking to Ellen.

"You know this guy?" he inquired.

Again the negative movement of her head.

"He says his name is Jerry Franklin."

Her eyes brightened and tears formed in them. She said, "Oh, *you're* Jerry . . ."

I said, "Yes."

She turned to Fanning. "He's an old friend of my husband's. They were in college together. They met today for the first time in years."

"How do you know?"

"Rex told me. At dinner."

"Did he tell it funny?"

"He was delighted. He said Mr. Franklin had just gotten out of the Army. He was wounded in Africa . . ."

Fanning's attitude changed. He said to me, "That on the level?"

"Yes." I took my C.D.D. out of my pocket and showed it to him. He gave it a double take and said, "Wounded, huh? You all right now?"

"Yes . . ."

I made the most of the moment. If I could have saved Rex, I would have told everything and let Alan take his chances. But I couldn't save him. I said, "It's not easy getting accustomed to civilian life again. That's why I was walking alone. That's why I thought it might be fun to be here when Rex got back from the Hamilton party."

It was all so neat and so logical and Fanning accepted it. I edged into the conversation. I tried to make Ellen understand how lousy I felt. I wanted to know whether there wasn't something I could do. She thanked me and said she'd call her unmarried sister who lived with another girl just a couple of blocks away. Her courage was something for the books.

I felt awful. I couldn't get it through my head that Rex was dead, and that he probably wouldn't be dead if I hadn't sent him to the Hamilton party. I wanted to tell about that, but I didn't dare. It wasn't going to do any good, and it might do a lot of harm. Two men had been murdered so far. I was in the middle of something which was inexplicable and dangerous. I wanted time to think.

After a while Ellen's sister came. She was young and fresh and pretty. She looked as Ellen must have looked before she became the mother of two children. They put their arms around each other and cried for a few seconds. Ellen wanted to go downstairs with Fanning, but he said gently, "Don't you think you better not?" and so the sister went instead.

There was a big crowd now. There was an engineer from the police department taking measurements. The photographer had finished his job. The medico's cursory examination was over, and his report was simple. "Looks like a bullet through the heart," he said. "I won't know exactly until I get him on the table. But my guess is that he was shot in the car by someone sitting next to him. It entered from the left side. Powder burns. You figure it."

Some more police had shown up. Fanning told one of them to keep an eye on the house. The ambulance carted the body away. It was impersonal and awful. I said, "Is it all right for me to go?" and he said yes.

I wanted to go back upstairs and see whether there was anything I could do; any way I could help. But that didn't seem like a very smart move, the way I was feeling. So I drifted off with the crowd. I walked toward the corner from which the black limousine had come. My head was buzzing and I didn't like what it was buzzing with. I got to the corner and turned north. Not until then did I notice that a man was following me. Once on the avenue, he came alongside. I was annoyed, but that didn't stop him from speaking.

He said, "Mr. Franklin . . . ?"

I said, uncordially, "Yes."

"I'd like to talk to you."

I STOPPED and faced him. He was of medium height and not too neat. He looked like a wiry person, perhaps thirty-five years old. His clothes needed pressing and his tie didn't hang right. He wore an old blue suit and an old felt hat. No overcoat. His eyes were sharp, and his voice rasping.

I said, "What do you want?"

"It'll only take a few minutes."

"That's too many."

"No, it isn't." He smiled, and I didn't like his smile any better than I liked him. "You'll be interested. I want to ask you a few questions—about your visit to the Palmtree Inn night before last."

I looked at him, saying nothing. I started walking again, and he fell into step alongside of me. My head was buzzing. I'd been through too much too fast. But there was one thing I had to know. I said, without looking at him. "Are you a cop?"

He said, "Sort of."

That annoyed me. "You're either a cop or you're not," I snapped. "I don't get this 'sort-of' business."

"There's a lot of things you don't get, sonny. Just between you and me, you ain't right bright."

I couldn't think of a good argument to put up against that one, so I stuck to the other thing. "Where do you fit in?" I asked.

He said, "Let's take the weight off the dogs. How's about a beer?"

I sized him up again. I still didn't like this, but he sounded like somebody I'd better listen to. That crack about the Palmtree was still sitting heavy on what was left of my mind. His timing had been flawless. Sloppy clothes or not, this lad obviously had dealt himself in.

We found a saloon. A few drunks were

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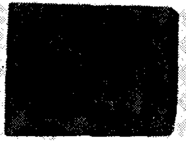

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Fine Leather Goods

standing at the bar arguing with the tired bartender. We went down to the far end and climbed up on a couple of stools. He ordered beer and I asked for a drink of good brandy. Not a pony, a drink. I was nice and jittery.

The bartender served the drinks and went back to his other customers. I looked at my companion and waited. He fished around in a tattered alligator wallet and pulled out a card. It wasn't too clean. In the middle was printed DAVE LARRIC, and down in the lower left-hand corner the words "Confidential Investigations" and then his address and telephone number. I said, "Private detective?"

"Yes."

"Working for whom?"

He pointed to the card. "It says 'confidential,' buddy. That's what it means. You want to see my license?"

"No. And I don't want to see you any more, either."

He wasn't at all disturbed. He said, "I think different."

"Why?"

"Because you're all surrounded by a lot of bad boys. If you're clean, maybe I can help you."

"I don't need any help."

"Now you're really kidding yourself. You play this alone and you get your ears pinned back." He kept his shrewd eyes focused on mine. "Look at that guy back yonder," he said, jerking his head in the general direction of the street on which Rex Cooper had lived.

I couldn't figure this Dave Larric. He either knew a lot or he was an unusually good guesser. I stalled. I said, "What about him?"

"He's dead."

"What has that got to do with me?"

"The cops would like to know," he said calmly. "They'd like to know a lot of things you been doing."

"You won't tell them," I bluffed. "You're a private detective, working for somebody."

He said, "You don't know a lot about my business, Franklin. There's a couple of guys been rubbed out: John Mitchell and this lad around the corner. They spell murder in any language. If I happen to pick up a red-hot murderer, I turn him over to the law. I'm supposed to, for one thing; and for another, it doesn't do me any harm to stand in with the boys downtown."

"You've got me all wrong, Larric."

"You didn't even know Cooper, huh?"

"I didn't say so."

"That's good. Because then I might ask you why you was with him this afternoon, and also why you was hangin' out on his doorstep tonight. Of course, I'm not interested so I won't ask. But there's some sort of an answer, and I don't believe the cops got it."

I WAS still taking a beating. Dave Larric's knowledge was uncomfortable. He annoyed me, but I didn't dare check him out, certainly not until I found out precisely what he did and didn't know.

He said, "You answer a few questions straight, and I won't bother you no more. I got a hunch that'd be okay with you, because you don't like me."

"Why do you say that?"

"Nobody does."

I said, "You're wasting your time. When I'm ready to talk, I'll go to the police."

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"You're covering someone."

"Who?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out. Who—and maybe, why."

I said, "Are you working for Leo North?"

He didn't change expression. "Why should I be working for him?"

"You look like the type."

"Thanks. But tonight I'm the guy who makes with the questions. One thing I want to learn is where you knew John Mitchell?"

"I never heard of him before the other night."

He took a sip of his beer. Then he bit the end off a cigar and lighted it. I was sorry I didn't have a gas mask handy. "How come you was out to the Palmtree night before last?"

"I didn't say I was."

"Maybe I should've told you instead of asking." He went on deliberately, checking things off on his fingers. "You was there with a dame named Zora Sherman and a tough little mug named Nick Alto. Right?"

"That's what you say." My brain started clicking. This was the first thing he'd called wrong. From the way he stated it, he thought I had gone there with Zora and Nick. It suited me fine for him to keep on thinking that way.

HE SAID, "You went home with them—to Zora's house. You went to see Zora again the next day." A smile I didn't like twisted his mouth. "You and her ain't playing, are you?"

I didn't say anything. He said, "She's a nice dish." I let that one alone, too. "Trouble with Zora," he went on, "is that the boys she knows don't play sweet. They're on the tough side."

"Too bad," I said. "She's old enough to know better."

He said, "Why would somebody want to kill this Cooper guy?"

I shook my head. "I don't know."

"Doesn't matter. I'll find out."

He wasn't fooling. He wasn't the sort of man I wanted as a personal friend, but I realized he was smart. His next question was just another in a long list of surprises.

"You know Holly Hamilton?" he asked.

There wasn't any use pretending that he hadn't struck home. My face was a give-away. So I said, "You sure have got a head full of ideas."

"That's how I make a living. Do you know her?"

"No."

"Would you like to?"

"Who wouldn't? She's famous."

"I mean on account it's her, not on account she's famous."

I shook my head. "It wouldn't do me any good, Larric. I'm shy with women."

He said suddenly, "Who else is in this?"

"Who else besides who?"

"Besides you and Zora and Nick Alto and this Cooper? They're part of the picture. They ain't all."

"That time," I said, "you're wrong."

He said, "I could like you. You shape up like a right gee."

"Thanks. What comes after that?"

"You're young. You got a future. You been doing your duty in Africa. . . ." There wasn't anything he didn't know or couldn't guess. "It'd be a hell of a note if you was liquidated by some hoods that got mad because you kept your lip buttoned."

"Who, for instance?"

"John Mitchell worked for Leo North. Maybe Leo don't like it when some of his best friends get murdered."

"He's considerate," I commented. "Maybe he thought John Mitchell's body would enjoy a twelve-mile ride."

He laughed. "What I like about you, Jerry—you got a sense of humor. Even if you are a crazy fool."

"So-o-o . . . ?"

"Nobody but a crazy fool sticks his neck out when he doesn't have to."

"If mine's out, it's out."

"Maybe you have to," he said shrewdly.

"Think any way you like. It doesn't bother me."

He finished his glass of beer, ordered another. I said no to a second brandy. I also refused one of his cigars, which seemed to amuse him. I said, "I want to ask you a few things."

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"Go right ahead, Jerry. I got all night."

"Why are you quizzing me?"

"Because you know things I need to find out."

"For whom?"

"Naughty, naughty! Papa ain't telling."

"How did you happen to be in this neighborhood tonight?"

"You was here, wasn't you?"

"You've been trailing me?"

"We leave the 'R' out. We call it 'tailing.'"

"How long does this go on?"

"Until I get what I want. Or until you happen to an accident."

"Is that a threat?"

"From me, no. It's a warning that you ain't playing safe. You're thinking only in terms of Leo North. You forget there's a lot of guys work with him. They ain't no violets."

I said, "I thought that stuff ended with prohibition."

"It did. But it come back. It always will come back when there's a lot of crooked money to be made. It's lads like Leo North who get the big gravy. They're businessmen. They know how to organize things. Black market is a profession. There's more dough in it than there ever was in booze."

"Who knows all this about North?"

"Everybody. Including the cops."

"Why don't they arrest him?"

"Because they can't pin nothing on him. Also because OPA ain't very efficient collecting the kind of evidence that'll cause him trouble. Put some teeth in that law, let F.B.I. handle it, and black markets wouldn't last six weeks. Until then it's a picnic for lads like North."

I said, "Why is he so important to me?"

"Because John Mitchell supplied a lot of the brains North needed. He wouldn't like the person who knocked Mitchell off."

"I didn't."

"Maybe not. But you've got a good idea who did."

He was closer than he knew, so I changed the tune. I said, "What about Zora Sherman and Mitchell?"

He held up two fingers, close together. "Like that," he said.

I lighted a cigarette. "What do you make of Nick Alto?"

"Moron," he said briefly. "And gun-crazy."

"A killer?"

"That's the polite word for it. Anyway, for you he's dangerous."

I climbed down from the bar stool. I said, "I need sleep."

"You won't get it," he said dryly. "All night long you'll lie awake wondering how much I really know."

"Most likely. . . . You know a lot, but not enough."

"I know this much," he said. "I know that you're in a bad spot."

"Suppose I were protecting someone," I said cautiously. "What would the police do to them?"

"Nothing." Again he flashed that smile I didn't like. "The police wouldn't ever get a chance. Take my word for it, the matter would be attended to informal."

Larric walked halfway home with me. I got rid of him by taking a taxi. I let myself into the apartment as quietly as I could. I closed the door of my room, and then I heard something.

Across the hall the baby was crying. Linda's baby. Alan's baby.

"Jerry," I said to myself, "you've got a job on your hands that's seven times as big as you are."

I TOSSED around on the mattress for two hours, wishing I could sleep. Then, suddenly, I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes and looked at the clock, I couldn't believe it. Almost noon. I stepped under a cold shower and got dressed in a hurry. I was beginning to feel better. Not good, but better. One cup of coffee and I'd be even better than that.

There was a knock on the door and I opened it. Sandy was there, holding out a tray with a cup of coffee on it. It was like a trick: I thought of it, and there it was. She brought the tray into the room and put it on the dresser. I put some sugar in and took a lovely, scalding sip of it. I fired up a cigarette, swallowed another mouthful of brown nectar and said, "Sandy, I love you. Nothing ever looked better or tasted better than this coffee."

She said, "I wanted to talk to you, but I know your eccentricities."

"You know everything."

"Practically. But that's only because you've always been the great moment in my life." She was looking at me steadily and she went right on without change of voice or expression. "I'm sorry about your friend, Cooper."

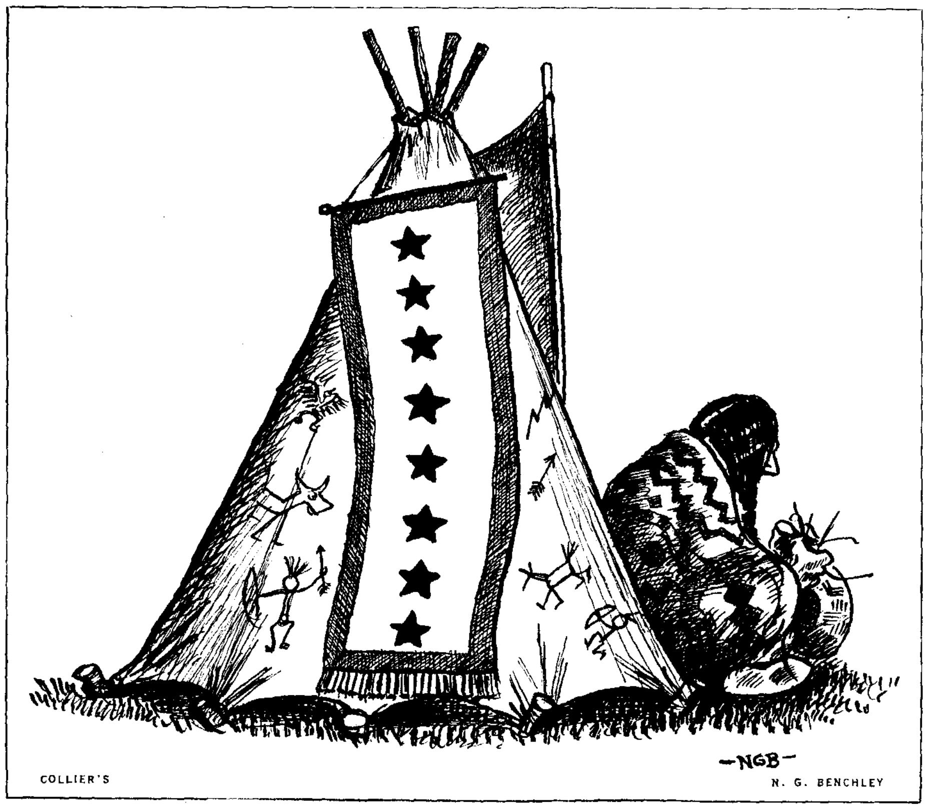
I blinked. "How did you know?"

"Morning papers. You were mentioned. The article also said that he had attended a party at Holly Hamilton's apartment." Her voice gentled. "Was it bad, Jerry?"

"Awful." It was coming back to me now. "I saw them throw him out of the car."

"Them?"

"I said that without thinking. As a mat-



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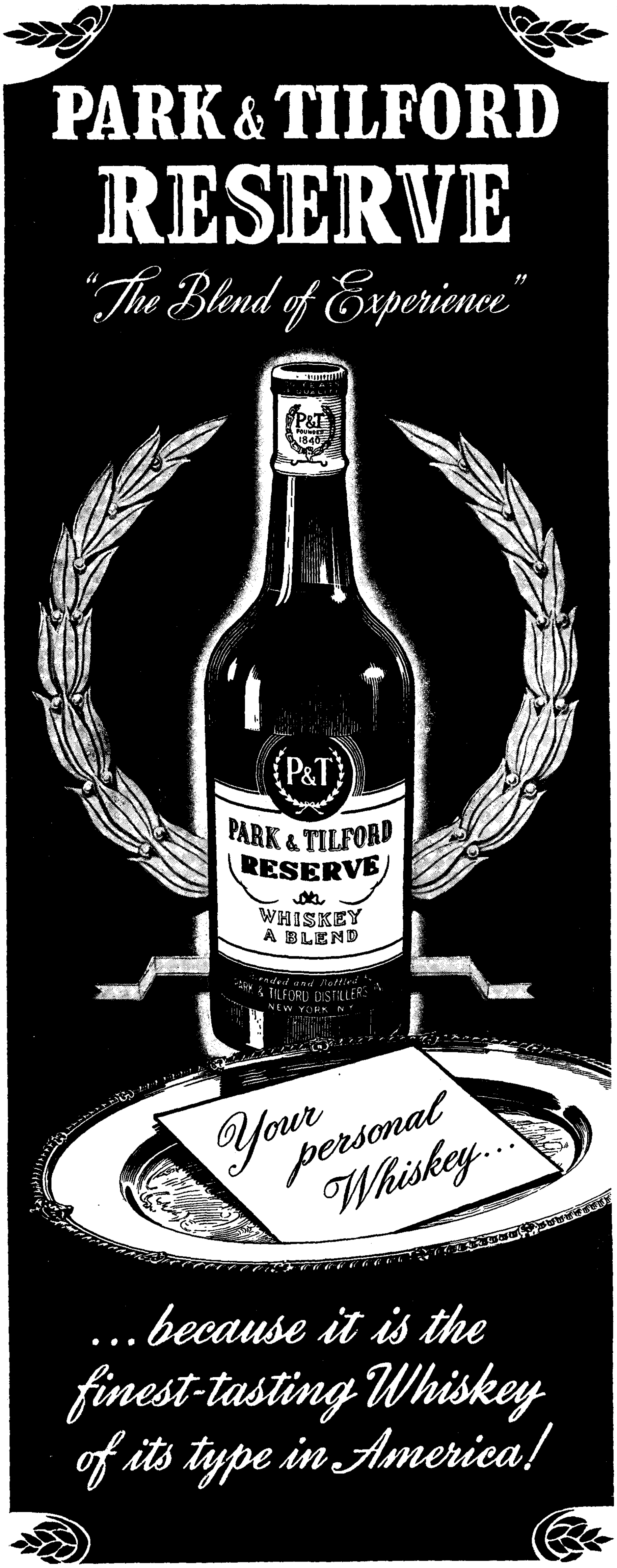

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ter of fact, I never even noticed the car until the door opened and Rex's body pitched out."

"You were waiting for him?"

"Yes." I told her all that I hadn't told her before about why I had wanted to see Rex when the Holly Hamilton interview was fresh in his mind. I told her about the police and about Ellen. I told her that I was feeling like hell about the whole miserable mess. She said, "That's natural, Jerry—but wrong."

"What's wrong about it? He wasn't going to that party. He went because I asked him to."

She said quietly, "Aren't you taking a lot for granted? Why are you so sure that his death was connected in any way with Holly Hamilton?"

"What else could it be?"

"A lot of things. Perhaps it was just in the cards, and it happened last night . . . unpleasant coincidence. No one knows—not even a man's wife—all the things in his life. Look at how little we really know about Alan."

"Thanks," I said. "But you're not very convincing. And you don't really think that way."

Sandy was plenty honest. "Maybe not," she said. "But if you've got your choice of two ways to think, why not think the way that hurts least?"

I said, "I've got to find out for sure."

SHE asked me whether I wanted breakfast, or whether I'd rather wait for the lunch which was almost ready. I decided to do that, and went into the living room with her while the maid straightened up my quarters. The place was quiet, the day was clear as crystal. I sat her down next to me on the sofa and told her about Dave Larric. She listened all the way through, with never a question or comment. Then she said, "Where does he fit in, Jerry?"

"I don't know. Maybe he works for Leo North. Maybe he was on some sort of a job for John Mitchell. He might have been at the Palmtree himself. He knows an awful lot."

"But not enough."

"Right. I don't like the guy, but he's keen. He knows I'm covering someone and he's determined to find out who."

Sandy said, "Would it be better to go to the police with everything—now?"

I shook my head. "That's the easy way, honey . . . but it's wrong. The way things shape up, Alan is in up to his neck. Maybe if it were only what the cops would do, I'd consider taking a chance. But I've got to believe Larric. The men behind this thing wouldn't wait for the slow process of law if they believed that Alan killed John Mitchell."

She said, "What are you going to do now?"

"Darned if I know. I still think the answer is in whatever connection there was between John Mitchell and Holly Hamilton. If there was any connection, somebody must know about it. Maybe Hamilton herself . . ."

Sandy said, "I know what you're thinking, Jerry—but it's too fantastic. The whole world can't be wrong about that kid. She couldn't possibly have had anything to do with Rex Cooper's murder."

"So she didn't," I said. "But somebody did."

She touched my hand. "Discouraged, aren't you?"

"Not a bit. In fact, I'm *proud* of my self. I'm a real smart feller. If I could kick myself in the teeth, I'd do it."

I got through lunch some way, and then killed half the afternoon getting up nerve enough to call on Ellen Cooper. When I did go, she wasn't there. They had done routine things to Rex, and she was with his body at a mortuary parlor. That's where I found her.

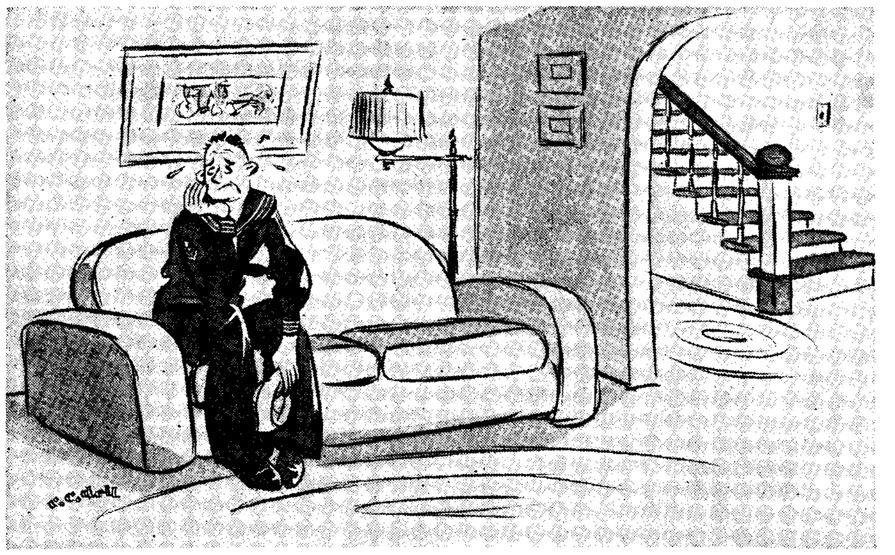
She was so sweet and gentle and brave that I wanted to cry. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done right then if it would have helped. I'd have thrown Alan to the wolves and jumped in after him. But I kept my lip buttoned because it seemed the best thing to do, and because nothing could change the fact that Rex Cooper was dead.

I wanted to know whether there wasn't something I could do. I asked whether she needed any financial help. She not only wouldn't let me do anything, but the way she acted, you'd have thought I was the greatest guy in the world for having looked in on her. When I left there it was with the firm determination of going out and getting plastered. I wanted to forget everything that had happened and to quit thinking about what could happen.

I called the house and said I wouldn't be home for dinner. I rambled around Broadway, wondering what to do with myself. I tried a movie and didn't like it. I went to a bowling alley and rolled three strings. I bowled hard and didn't care what happened, so that I made three of the best scores I'd ever made. I slipped into the house at about midnight and went to bed. Thank goodness, I slept.

The next day was more of the same. I was doing a lot of thinking, but not getting anywhere. Nothing new happened. Sandy was sweet to me, but I told her I didn't want to do any more talking just then. There were too many things I needed to get straight in my own mind. Alan and Linda, for instance.

They looked brighter and better. They



"Gosh, maybe she won't be good-lookin'. If she is, I'll be sap enough to try and kiss her. If she kicks up a fuss, her old man'll throw me out. If she don't, it's no fun—and if she kisses me back, it'll take six months to get rid of her. What the heck am I doing here?"

COLLIER'S R. C. DELL

"45,000 OF US HAVE HIT A RICH NEW VEIN
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Bill Neary, rugged deep-shaft driller in Anaconda's famous Badger Mine, says his family has struck it rich with point-thrifty Health-for-Victory meals.

More than a mile down under the Rockies the miners of Montana are really rolling up a score these days. In fact, they're digging out the vitally needed copper so fast that all America is cheering their performance.

But drilling and blasting the precious ore out of the rock takes strong men, brawn and staying power. And plenty of energy foods to keep workers fit.

Serving up and at 'em meals in spite of rationing and shortages is particularly tough in Butte. Practically all food must be brought in from the outside. Meat, especially, is scarce. So the patriotic homemakers of this important mining town banded together in a huge city-wide Health-for-Victory Club. As a result, every last person in Butte—45,000 in all—is learning how to make the most of the many foods that *are* available . . . how to make Food Fight for Freedom.

This all-important job is being done by the Silver Bow County War Council with the financial support of labor, industry and business. Each month, 1,300 Civilian Defense block leaders deliver to every home in Butte a wartime Meal Planning Guide prepared by the nutrition-wise Westinghouse home economists.

Point-thrifty menus and recipes for every meal in the month are featured in these Meal Planning Guides. Special emphasis is given to lunch boxes. Also included are a slew of tips on how to make fullest use of Uncle Sam's "Basic 7" food groups so essential to health.

Already over 1,700 H-for-V Clubs, sponsored by war plants and other organizations, are going full tilt all over the country. For those not yet enrolled in a Health-for-Victory Club the Westinghouse meal planning experts have prepared a timely booklet, "THE ABC's OF EATING FOR HEALTH". It tells you how to serve health-building meals to your family, even with rationing. Be sure to get your copy and make Food Fight for Freedom.

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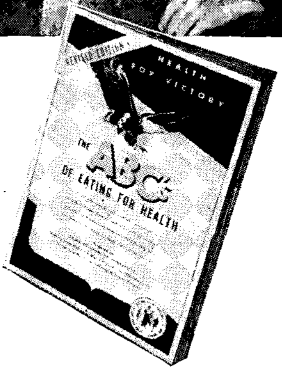

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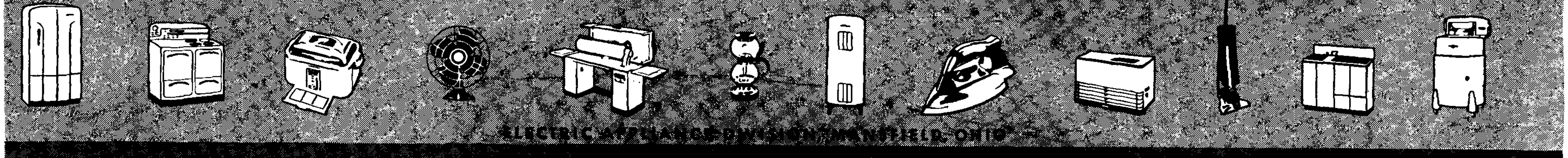

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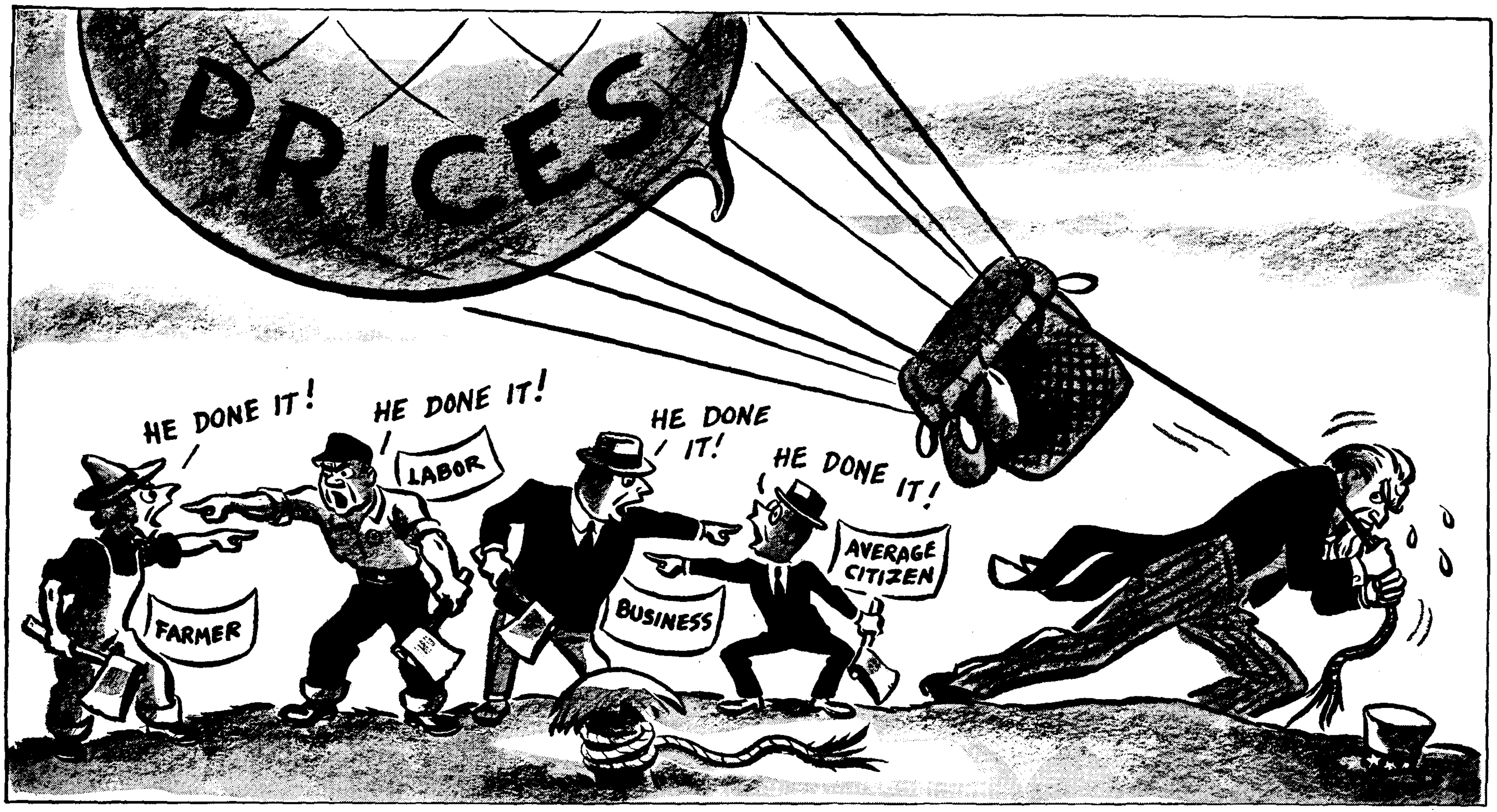

Never mind "who done it"—pitch in and help get it down!

THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SAM talking—but I'm going to talk to you like a DUTCH uncle, to keep all of us from going broke.

Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren't looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but RISING.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are BAD for them and BAD for the country. So there's been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the OTHER FELLOW to do something—QUICK.

The government's been yelled at, too. "DOGGONNIT," folks have said, "WHY doesn't the government keep prices down?"

Well, the government's done a lot. That's what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we're *never* going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for the OTHER FELLOW to mend his ways.

We've ALL got to help—EVERY LAST ONE OF US.

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It's because of the SAME cussed war that's killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he's in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that's hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he's a WAR PROFITEER. That's an ugly name—but there's just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we're not going to do that kind of thing, once we've got our FACTS straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we've got to follow as GOSPEL from now until this war is over. Not some of them—ALL of them. Not some of us—ALL OF US, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force YOUR prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for ANYTHING. Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war's got to be paid for and *taxes are the cheapest way to do it.*

Pay off your old debts. Don't make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it HURTS like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war . . . *and so will you.*

Uncle Sam

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

didn't seem worried. Most particularly, they didn't act like people who had killed a man in a deserted roadhouse.

The next morning I went for a walk. I got to the corner and somebody joined me. He was small, wiry, colorless and altogether negative in appearance. He wore a brown suit and red accessories. His name was Nick Alto. He said in a flat, toneless voice, "Come along."

I got sore. I told him I was sore. He didn't seem impressed. He said, "Zora wants to see you."

I said, "Suppose I won't go?"

That seemed to amuse him. "We can walk," he said. "It ain't far."

ZORA had on a housecoat. She looked better than the last time I'd seen her. And that made her a rather beautiful woman. She also looked like the kind of woman a sensible man would be afraid of.

She didn't waste any time. She and I sat down. Nick Alto stood by one of the windows. He was an unimpressive little punk. Zora came right out with it. She said, "Why were you waiting to see Rex Cooper the night he was killed?"

A couple of days of rest had steadied my nerves a little. I said, "He was a friend of mine."

"Sure. I know all that. But you had a reason. Was it because he had been to Holly Hamilton's party?"

I said, "I wanted to see him. That's all."

"You asked me about John and this Hamilton woman—"

"Girl," I corrected. "Nineteen."

"That's a woman. You figured a connection there. You tried to pump me."

"And got nowhere."

"I didn't know anything then," she said, and I believed her. "I still don't. But your friend Cooper went to a party at her house. He was killed that night. How do you peg it?"

I shook my head. "I don't. I'm on the level. It doesn't make any sense to me."

Our eyes met. We believed each other. It didn't help either of us, but that's how it was. After a while she said something else. She said it matter-of-factly.

"My apartment was cased yesterday afternoon. But good."

I said, "I didn't do it."

"Of course you didn't."

"Who did?"

"I'd like to know."

I asked, "Anything missing?"

"Nope. But it was a good job. You still haven't any ideas?"

I said, "No," but I was lying. I was thinking of my private detective friend, Dave Larric. He was interested in a lot of things and one of them might be Zora's apartment. I debated whether to mention Larric to Zora, and decided against it.

She said, "One more question, and you better answer it right."

Nick Alto turned toward me. He said, "Yeah—you better answer it, chum."

"Okay. Shoot."

Zora said, "What do you know about a scrapbook?"

Mentally, I said "Wow!" I tried to dummy up. I said, "A what?"

"A scrapbook."

"What sort of a scrapbook?"

"Just a scrapbook—that's all."

I was nervous. This was getting much too hot. Scrapbook could mean just one thing: The fancy volume which John Mitchell had sent by registered mail to Linda Cameron a few hours before his death.

I said, "That's double talk."

"I don't think so."

"Why should you be interested in a scrapbook?"

"I got reasons."

The more they talked about this, the less I liked it. I said, "Maybe the person who searched your apartment was looking for this scrapbook."

"Sure. But why?"

"That's another question that hasn't any answer."

She said, "The scrapbook is important. I don't know why, but it is. I've got an idea that you might know something."

I knew something, all right. The trouble was that I didn't understand what I knew.

I was being shoved around. I was trying to protect two nice young people without knowing what it was I was protecting them from. The thought kept hammering at me that Zora and I were on the same side of the fence: That all either of us wanted was to discover who had killed John Mitchell. She wanted it in any event. I wanted to know, provided it wasn't either Alan or Linda. And, in addition to that, I was interested in the circumstances of Rex Cooper's death.

Get yourself in a bad enough spot, and you'll take a chance. You'll take it on a hunch, or maybe because you're desperate. I went into a huddle with myself, and thought things over from every angle. It seemed that what I was planning couldn't do any harm, and it might do some good.

I said, "Look, Zora: Suppose I told you that there is a scrapbook, and that it contains absolutely nothing but clippings about Holly Hamilton . . . would that spell anything to you?"

She sat down. She didn't relax. Her black eyes seemed blacker than ever. Her body was tense.

She said, "A book full of clippings about Holly Hamilton?"

"Yes."

"Nothing else in it?"

"Nothing."

"John Mitchell had it?"

"Yes."

She said sharply, "How do you know all this?"

"Maybe I don't. Maybe I'm making it up."

Nick Alto's thin shadow fell across me. He said tonelessly, "You better not be."

Zora said, "Where's the scrapbook now?"

"Perhaps I don't know. But if I do, it's some place where you can't find it."

"Why did you tell me?"

"Because a little solid information won't hurt either of us. I know there was a tie-up between Mitchell and Holly Hamilton because Mitchell had that scrapbook. You never heard of any interest he might have had in the girl, which might mean simply that he was holding out on you. But now that you know definitely there was such a thing . . . perhaps it'll give you some new slants."

SHE said, "I want to know how you got this information."

"No soap, Zora. I'm not telling, and it won't do you any good to start pushing me around."

Nick said, "I can make him talk."

I didn't like that. I said, "You can't do a thing. I've told all I'm going to tell."

Zora flicked the little man with her eyes. "Lay off him, Nick. Maybe he's on our team." She turned back to me. "Are you?"

I said, "I'll be honest with you. I don't know. But I believe I am."

"All right, soldier. I'll play it that way until I know better. So grab this: I never heard about any scrapbook. I never knew of anything between John Mitchell and Holly Hamilton. I was John's girl friend only. He never asked me to marry him. So maybe something serious gave between him and Hamilton. And that's all I know. But I'm going to know more."

I laughed. It wasn't a very funny laugh. I said, "I wish you luck. I haven't had any."

I got up to go. She didn't try to stop me. I reached the street and started to walk. "One thing is sure," I told myself. "Things can't get any worse."

Which just goes to prove that a man can keep on being wrong indefinitely.

(To be continued next week)

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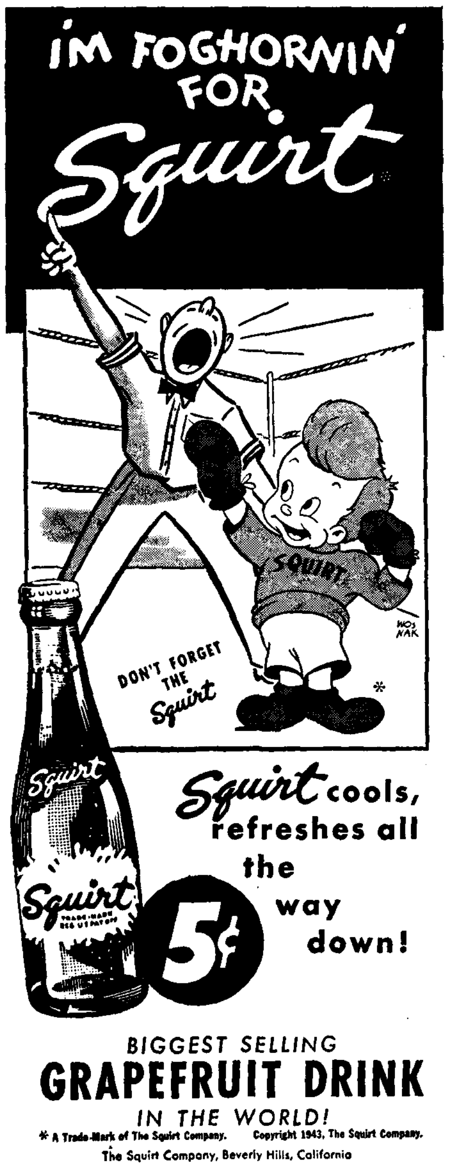
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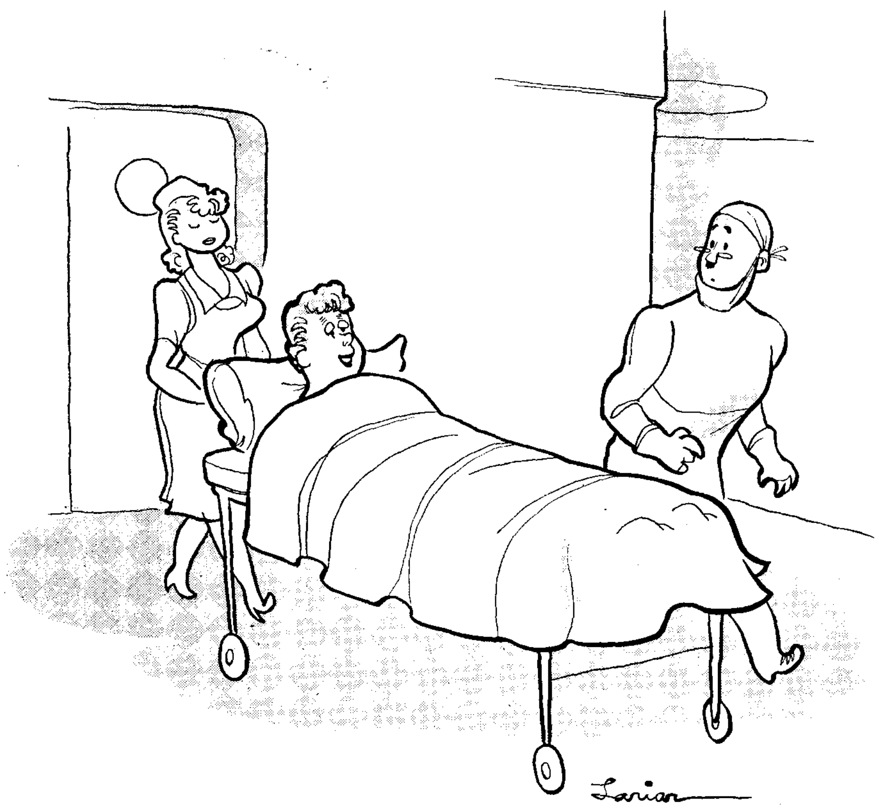


"Can you tell me some of the details of the operation while they're still fresh in your mind?"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

Any Week

Continued from page 4

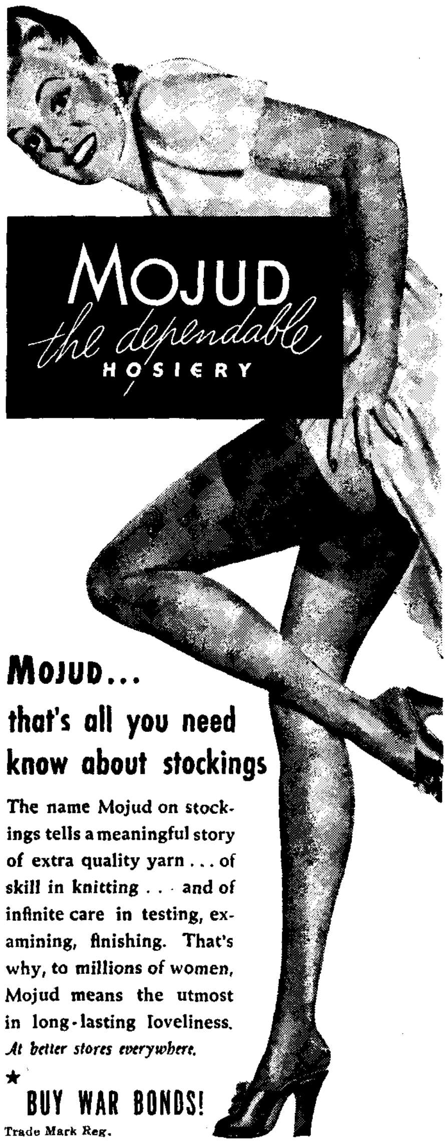
get in trouble with the F.B.I. The idea seems to be that incumbents can refuse to answer charges on the ground that their replies will reveal military secrets to the enemy. But the opposition will be running the danger of being pinched for revealing the errors of the defending job holders if such accusations give aid and comfort to the enemy. Mr. Arthur N. Fylier of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, sees a way out, however. "Let's," says he, "have all campaigning done in executive session. Let Mr. Roosevelt and his opponent get together behind closed and guarded doors and tell each other how unworthy he is to be President. And let candidates for lesser offices merely telephone, privately exchanging insults. Thus we can all go about prosecuting this war without unnecessary distractions and we can vote without being befuddled by Fancy Dan oratory. The chances are that if we vote by instinct and not by ear, we shall do about as well as we always have."

WE ATTENDED a beer session the other night with a few soldiers and we lost no time in plunging into a pretty stern analysis of things to come. Jobs, for example—jobs for demobilized armed forces. And all was going fine and constructive until one of the lads, a sergeant, yawned, rose and departed with this: "Well, settle it among you, pals. As for me I'm going to let the government worry it out. Before I got into this Army I was against all the old New Deal boondoggles and pap-feeding. But I've got so used to having the government take care of me that from now on I'm going to let them go right on clothing, housing and three-squaring me. I've hustled my last hustle."

WE'VE just been talking to a banker on the delicate matter of our balance. To cheer us up as we were leaving, he told us that the manager of a Virginia bank was visited recently by an important depositor who brought with him a young Negro. This colored man, he explained, was a fine citizen in whom he, the depositor, had complete faith. Furthermore Ben, the colored man, had six hundred dollars in a bank in Alabama. Also Ben would like to have three hundred dollars at once. "Please let him have the money," said Ben's sponsor, "and draw a draft on his bank in Alabama." This was done, and in due time the draft came back marked "Insufficient funds." Both Ben and his sponsor were distressed. But the sponsor demanded that the draft be sent back to Alabama with a demand for further information. In two weeks the draft came back, honored. And with it came a letter from the president of the Alabama institution—an all-Negro bank. It read merely: "Dear Sir: Sometimes when we mark a draft or check 'Insufficient funds,' it does not necessarily always mean the depositor."

WE PAUSE momentarily to give a few rousing cheers for Mrs. Aubrey C. Holland of Clovis, New Mexico. Our cheers include her three sons, aged 16, 14 and 12, and also her husband. We often wonder, too, just what we'd do without Hollands. We thought of them as we wandered through government bureaus in Washington. "My boys and I," Mrs. Holland writes, "have been talking about John L. Lewis and strikes. We get stirred up about things like that. We, the four of us, know what work is. We do all the work on a 320-acre farm. The boys also work for neighbors, driving a tractor. They put in twelve and fourteen hours a day but they don't fuss. The two big boys get three dollars a day and the little fellow gets two. Part of their money goes into War Stamps. Their father is on his way to somewhere on the other side. Lots of folks think my husband was foolish to join up when he didn't have to, but I don't, because he and I and the boys all think we have something worth fighting for. I just had to let off some steam and I picked on you."

KEEP on picking, lady. . . . W. D.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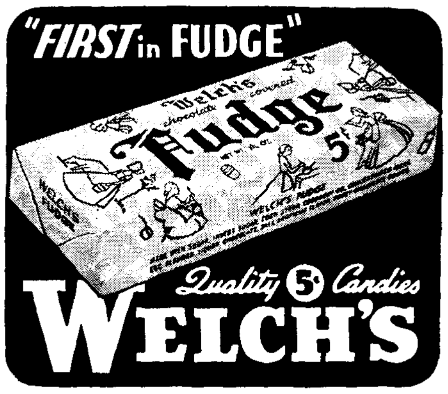
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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

rarely. When General Davison left North Africa, some five months later, we had more than a hundred usable airfields splattered all over the landscape.

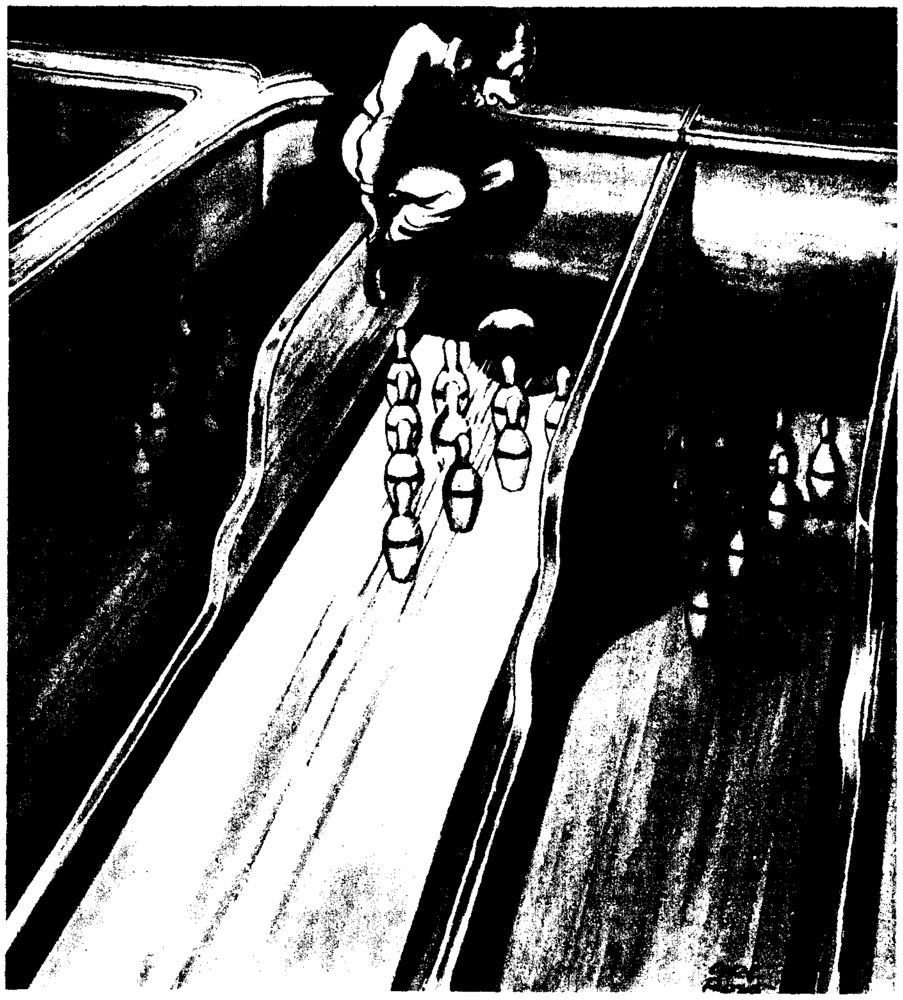
The permanent fields are mostly along the North African coast. They were perhaps harder to build than the quickies. They had to be solid, but they also had to be easy to supply, and the points that were easy to supply always seemed to be on the worst possible land. As a sample of what the boys were up against, take the case of the airfield at Bône. The mountains come right down to the sea at Bône, and the only flat area is the delta of a river called the Seybousse. General Davison's first inspection of the Bône site was discouraging. He saw a crater left by a thousand-pound bomb the Germans had thrown at his engineers. The crater was 18 feet deep—and from top to bottom, the sides of the hole were pure, thick, nasty mud. Davison says it must have taken nature thousands of years to make a mess so awful. And who are the Aviation Engineers to think they can make anything useful out of such well-planned gunk?

With fine old Yankee impudence, the engineers decided to try. Across the Seybousse River from this magnificent mudhole was a pile of sand dunes. Somehow, the engineers got their equipment across the river, to the dunes. Then they started building a road with the sand. The road wound down to the river, and then had to turn into a causeway to cross the river. Over this causeway, the engineers would haul enough sand to salt down the mud and make it usable. The catch was that the engineers had been allowed just two weeks to build the airport, and these two weeks had to be dry weather, or rains would swell up the river and wash out the causeways, and the mud would stop everything. This was in April, when the rains were still roaring away like a gymnasium shower bath. General Davison says, "I told the battalion commander to go ahead, and just leave the weather to me."

Yes, that's exactly what happened. The rains stopped. The Germans did their best to work out a substitute. They bombed the field several times, but mere bombs couldn't slow up the engineers. It took five days to build the road and the causeway, and in the next nine days before the dead line, the engineers hauled 68,000 yards of sand, spreading it out three or four feet deep over the mud—and producing a runway 6,000 feet long. Upon this went the steel matting. And, believe it or not, just as the last piece of steel plank was put down, on the fourteenth day, a cloudburst hit the airport.

That's what the Aviation Engineers are up against. Yet they conjured up airports so fast that the pilots never knew, from day to day, where they'd find one next. One happy example concerned a B-26 Marauder that had been taking pot shots at Axis ships over the Mediterranean. The plane was caught in a storm, got lost over the mountains, and everything was pretty hopeless. The pilot offered to let his crew bail out, but they didn't like the idea of bumping around on the peaks of the mountains they saw below, so they decided to stick with their ship. The pilot then turned north, intending to crash-land in the shallow water on the north beach of Africa. He got to the ocean, banked for his landing, closed his eyes and started down. Suddenly his copilot tapped him on the shoulder. He opened his eyes, looked where the copilot was pointing—and there below him stretched the longest runway he'd seen in North Africa. It was the brand-new runway at Bône It hadn't been there a few days before, and he didn't actually believe it was there now. But he took a chance, flipped his ship down, and rolled to a stop, without enough gasoline left even to taxi off the runway.

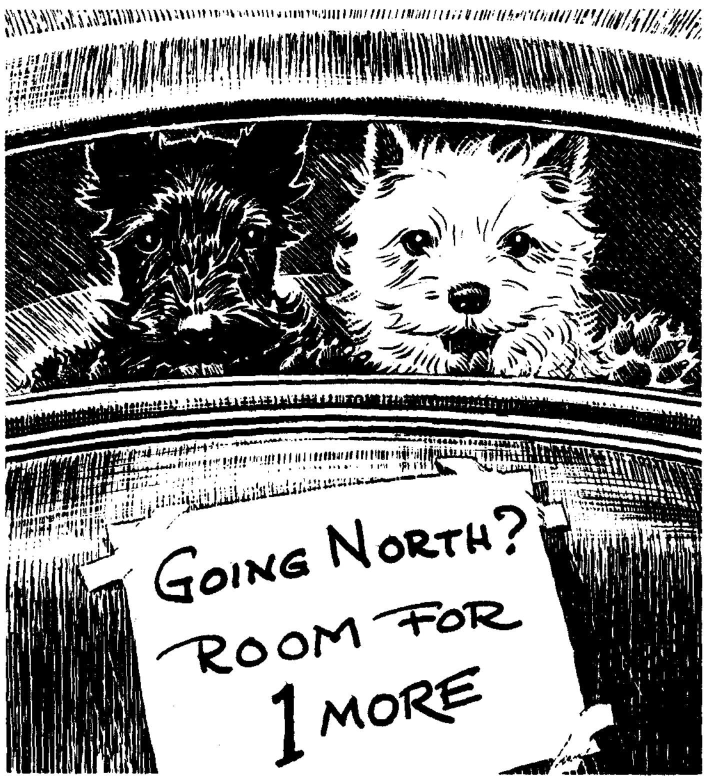
ROBERT McCORMICK



COLLIER'S

CARL ROSE

Share your Car



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A Name for Baby

Continued from page 21

been closed for the night; then, a block down, he pulled into the curb before a two-story-row house with a scrubbed white flagstone in front of it.

Miss Pulitzer sat in the car while he got out and rang the doorbell. He was admitted presently by a little girl with long black hair and enormous black eyes, who told him that Poppa had gone out but that Momma was upstairs. Momma was sick.

"That's too bad," Kilbane said, patting her head. "You're Angelica Therese. Your poppa told me all about you. Know who I am?"

"No," Angelica Therese said, incuriously. She was about eight years old. Behind her in the kitchen doorway a smaller-scale model began to emit wailing sobs without taking her eyes from Kilbane. Angelica Therese looked around at her unemotionally.

"She always cries," Angelica Therese said. "She's Christina Marie. She's only six, mister. I think she's crazy. I can tell you what my momma's got—'pendecitis. Poppa said so before he went for the doctor. It hurts her bad—awful bad. She—" Noise came from the second floor, and Angelica Therese looked up there with some interest. "You hear her now?"

"Yes," Kilbane said. It seemed to him that he'd have heard her over at headquarters. "Your poppa put an icebag on her before he left?"

"A what?" Angelica Therese said.

Kilbane dropped his hat on the hall table. She should get some ice cubes out of the refrigerator and bring them upstairs as fast as she could. And she mustn't cry. That would only make Momma feel a lot worse.

"All right," Angelica Therese said. "I won't cry."

She didn't. She was perfectly willing to be helpful. But when she went upstairs with the bowl of ice Kilbane erupted violently before her in the bedroom doorway. Did she know what was happening up here? Kilbane demanded in a shrill voice. Did she have any idea—he stopped, added something in a low whisper, glared helplessly at her and slammed the door.

Three or four minutes later S. Pasquariella and the doctor broke in from the street and ran upstairs. It was all over then. The baby, S. Pasquariella's first boy, weighed eight pounds and seven ounces, and Kilbane hadn't done a bad job for a first-class detective lacking any kind of previous experience.

The doctor complimented him highly; S. Pasquariella, liquid-eyed, crushed his hand in a grip of steel. But Kilbane got out of there as fast as he could, his coat slung over his arm, his face glistening with sweat. Miss Pulitzer, who had a nose for news, was in the hall by that time talking to Angelica Therese. Kilbane looked at her; after a moment he remembered who she was.

"Come on," he said, going by her blindly into the rain. He did not pick up his hat; he did not put on his coat. And on the way to the Tribune office, unobservant of everything, he did not notice that Miss Pulitzer kept on staring at him with bright and interested eyes.

NEXT morning he read all about it on the back page of the Tribune, where the city news usually appeared. It was a two-column spread, signed by one Janet S. Harrington, and the heading was cute and explicit: "Doctor Late, Baby Early; Detective Waylays Stork." Kilbane chanced upon those words after a late breakfast of ham and eggs, while he was sitting with his feet propped up on the table and a morning cigarette in the corner of his mouth. For a moment he did not move. Then he sat up slowly, spilling half a cup of coffee into his lap, and reading over the story itself as if it were—as if it had to be—some kind of horrible mistake.

It wasn't, of course. In the first paragraph Miss Pulitzer had done him off brown. There it was narrated that Detective Joseph J. Kilbane, at present attached to the headquarters squad, owned modestly to the principle that the finest was always prepared. Pay-roll bandits or traffic tickets, mad dogs, homicide or arson—Detective Kilbane took all those things in stride. Babies, too. What—and here Detective Kilbane was quoted directly—what was so exceptional about babies? A good police officer could turn his hand to a lot of things. Twins or triplets might have been considered extraordinary; but a single baby, even one of eight pounds and seven ounces—

"Nothing to it," Detective Kilbane was reported to have said. "Wouldn't any of the boys have done the same?"

THERE was more, much more. Further down he was described as the "rugged-looking, Fred MacMurray type," and after that it was asserted that he had borne himself throughout the ordeal with the most incomparable *sang-froid*. Some people might have thought it a fairly amusing story on a night when nothing very much had happened; but Kilbane, who did not agree with their opinion for several grimly personal reasons, walked into headquarters at four that afternoon prepared for anything.

In that he was wise. When he passed the desk, Sergeant Mulligan referred to him in a deferential way as young Dr. Kilbane; when he entered the locker room he found a statement pasted up on the bulletin board outlining the duties of the newly formed maternity squad, Joseph J. Kilbane, acting chief; when he went upstairs to the chief inspector's office two or three persons haw-wawed blithely after him from the crowd gathered outside police court.

He endured all that; he had to. But at half past five, as he came on Janet S. Harrington—Miss Pulitzer, Scoop, By-line—occupied with a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the basement cafeteria, he licked his lips gently and then touched her once on the tip of the left shoulder.

"Swell story," Detective Joseph J. Kilbane said; his dark blue eyes glittered down at her. "Nice going, I'd call it. There's the kind of stuff that's going to get you places fast, sister."

Janet S. Harrington thought it was pretty good herself. The Tribune's city editor had liked it. He—

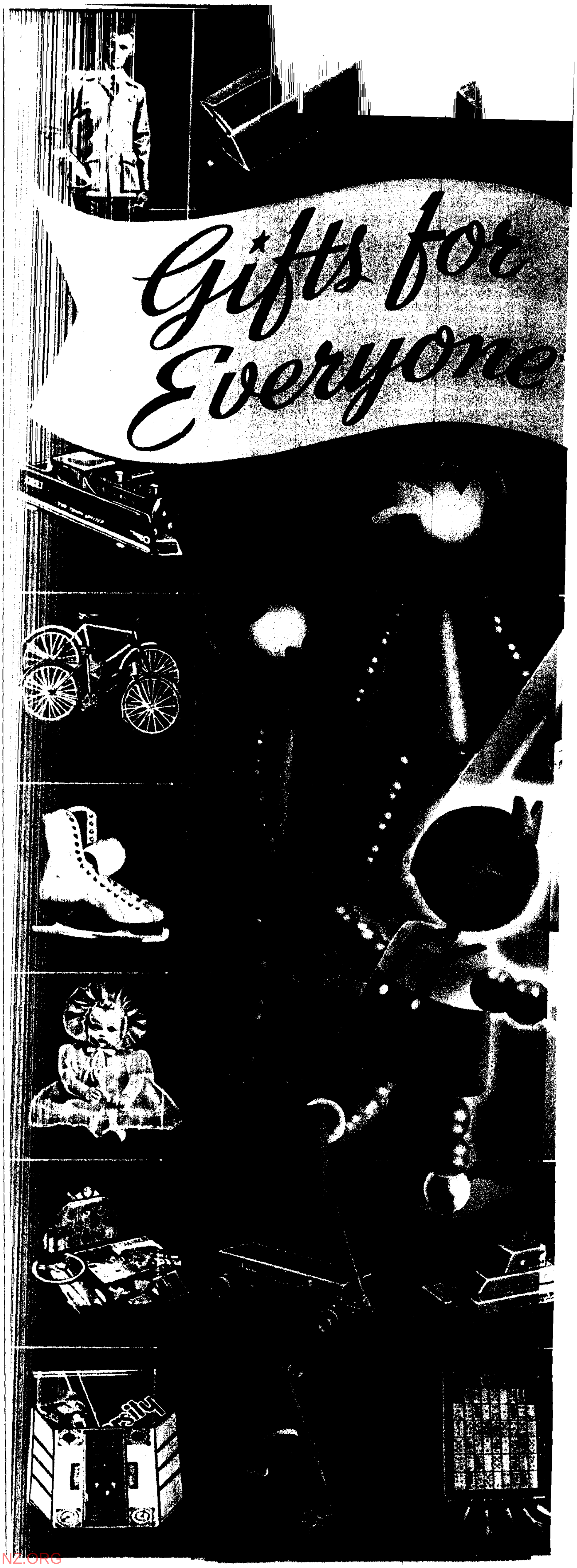
"Sure. He knows first-rate stuff," Kilbane told her, with a painful grin she seemed to accept as quite in order. "Suppose I buy you a drink on it tonight? Ten-thirty, say. At the ramp entrance, By-line."

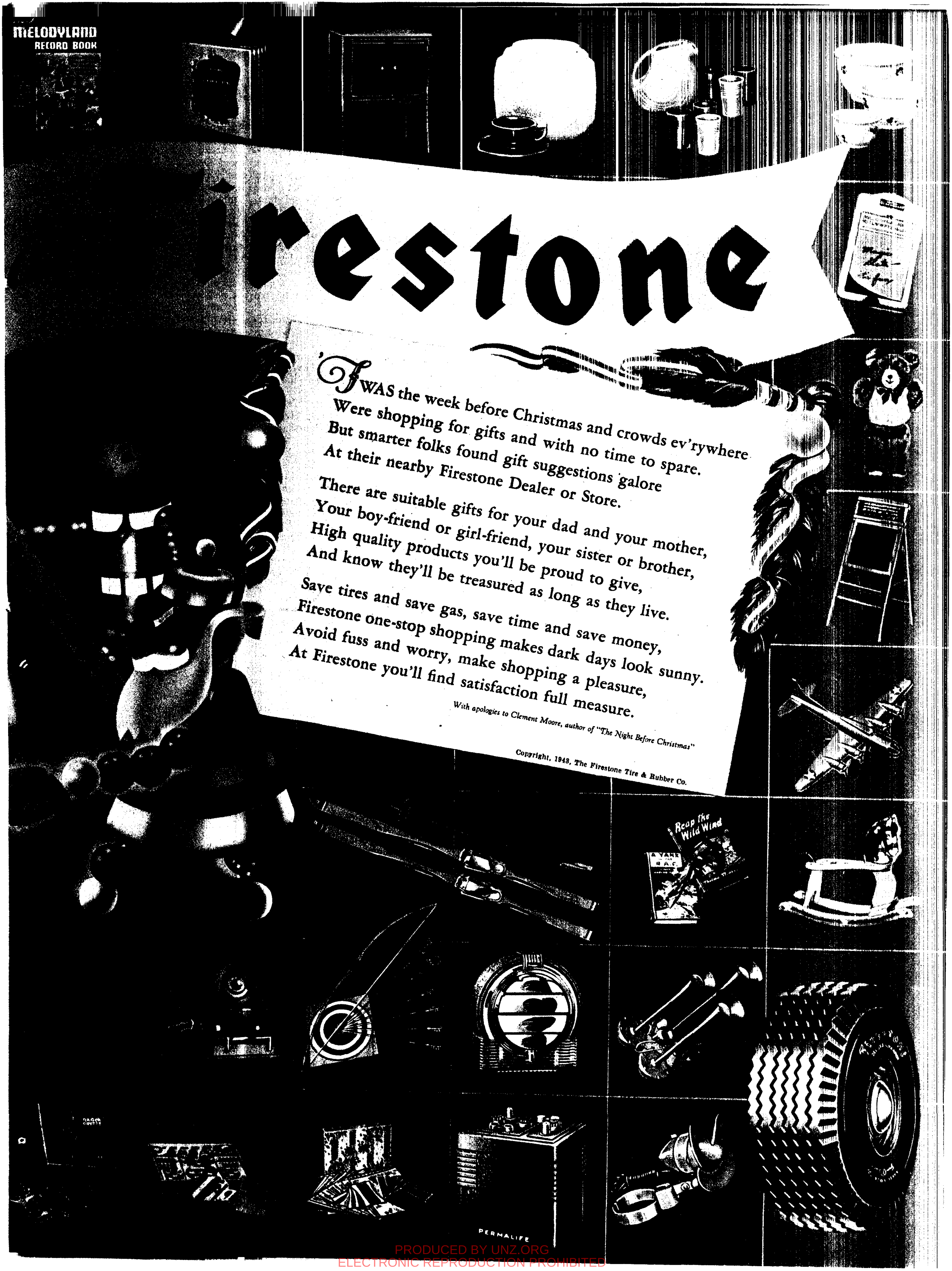
"By-line?" she said. "Oh! You're not angry about it, for heaven's sake?"

"Me?" Kilbane said. He went off, the grin clamped in place. It was later that night, when he had Miss Pulitzer secure from interruptions behind a table in the nearest cocktail lounge, that he drew up the points of arraignment over the one drink he ever intended to buy anyone like her.

"I wasn't anything much," he said, after a first few matters—common decency among them—had been made clear to her. "Just old Joe Stooge—Officer Pup waiting for the brick to hit him. You had a column to be funny in—that's what mattered. And if you had to crucify somebody in print, why that part was all right. It was nothing you—"

"Crucify?" Miss Pulitzer said. Now she





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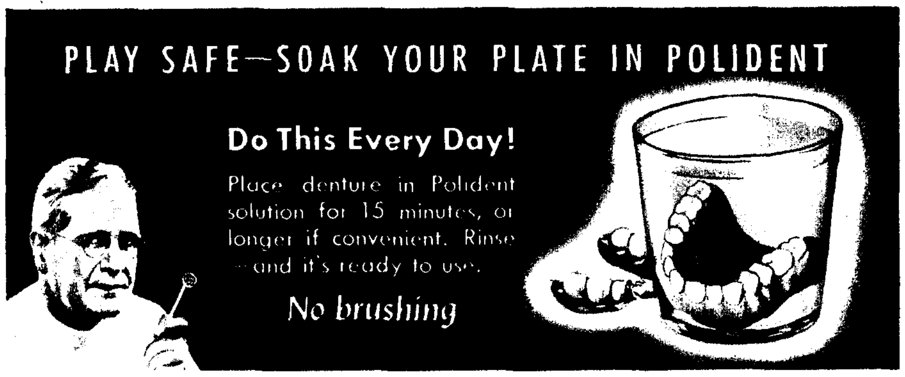

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seemed exasperated. "Of course that's ridiculous. I should think you'd be—"

"What?" Kilbane asked, his voice throbbing. "Pleased, maybe. Tickled to death. Because I got my name in a cheap rag, in a smart-aleck, smirking story—"

"Cheap what?" Miss Pulitzer demanded, with some excitement. "Let me tell you something. The Tribune—"

Kilbane thumped his chest. Afterward that seemed a lot too dramatic, but at the moment distinctions were beyond him. "I'm kind of proud of being a cop. I like it. It ain't funny to me and I'm the kind of guy that doesn't want it to be funny to other people. That's another laugh, I guess. That's not big stuff, like New York. You know it's a laugh because you're a couple of months off the Yaphank Gazette and you got everything and everybody figured out. But what you—"

There Miss Pulitzer, losing whatever remained of her self-control, pointed a trembling cigarette at him.

"You shut up," she said. "Shut up right now, do you hear? You don't even know what you're talking about. The—the Yaphank Gazette! I never saw—"

Kilbane reached for his hat. "There's a lot you never saw," he told her. His voice shook slightly, to his fury. "I guess there's a lot a girl like you is never going to see."

He stalked off without looking back, without stopping at the cashier's desk either; when he realized afterward that he must have saddled her with the check it provided him a moment of sullen satisfaction. From the cocktail lounge, still simmering inside, he visited S. Pasquariella for the regular nightly checkup, and there he asked the usual questions without wasting very much time over them: Had anyone, Kilbane wanted to know, been around today to talk to him? Had anyone tried to bother him?

S. Pasquariella, a wiry little man with bushy black hair and glowing black eyes, dismissed that matter with a Latin gesture richly expressive of contempt. Those fellas kept away from him; you betcha, kid. Something else was on his mind. Last night he had not thanked Kilbane. Last night—he gripped Kilbane's forearm, smiling sheepishly and jerking his head toward the bedroom upstairs. The boy—he was a fine boy, eh?

KILBANE put his hand on the knob. Unmatchable anywhere, Kilbane assured him.

"Bambino," S. Pasquariella murmured in a tender voice to himself. "We call him—" He paused, took a deep breath before the plunge, and then without looking at Kilbane punched him lightly and very self-consciously in the stomach. "We call him Salvatore Kilbane Pasquariella. For me—for you. This thing what I say I no say so good. But what I mean, Joe—"

He nodded, very earnestly and at the same time rather shyly; his eyes searched Kilbane's astounded face. Nice guy, this Joe—S. Pasquariella got that out with some effort. All right, you betcha. S. Pasquariella liked and admired him. That's why he had thought—he stopped, smiling painfully at Kilbane's chin. He waited.

"Admired who?" Kilbane asked him after a moment, his ears and the back of his neck slightly flushed. "You ain't got much sense, Salvatore."

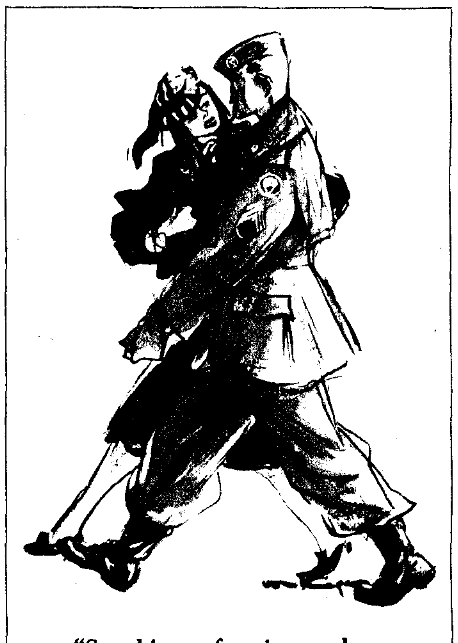
"No," S. Pasquariella said humbly. "But—you like it, Joe?"

"I don't know," Kilbane said. He was more in command of himself then. "Nobody ever wanted to name a kid after me before. It's okay, I guess. If you can stand it, I suppose I ought to be tickled to death."

He was, in a way, though he would never have admitted it to anyone. Still, when he thought of Miss Pulitzer eventually, and of the time Miss Pulitzer could have with something like this, he was not very much disturbed; but by that time, of course, after the third glass of wine in S. Pasquariella's kitchen, Miss Pulitzer was no one to worry about, no one to fret over, from there on in.

During the next ten days he ran into her occasionally at headquarters. Then the procedure never varied: Miss Pulitzer's cool stare would pierce all the way through Detective Kilbane, and at the same moment Detective Kilbane would gaze absently at a point in space some two or three inches above her head. There was nothing to be said any more. Miss Pulitzer understood that and so did he. Two Saturdays later, the afternoon before the christening, he bought a silver cup and spoon for Salvatore Kilbane Pasquariella at a downtown baby shop; and that night at ten o'clock, coming back to headquarters after a bit of excitement over by the water front, he picked up an early edition of the Sunday morning Tribune.

It appeared in there that Miss Pulitzer was doing all right for herself. Jack Garrity's weekly feature—"Over a Headquarters Desk"—had her name underneath it now, and Kilbane spared a moment to glance contemptuously through that pile of guff. The last paragraph, in italicized letters, was adorned by the picture of a crystal ball on the side. Inside stuff, Kilbane thought sourly. Right off the— His throat got very dry then, because in Miss Pulitzer's chattiest style he began to read that odds on the conviction of Samuel J. (Little Sammy) Gordon at his trial for murder next month were now five to one in favor of the prosecution.



"Speaking of using nylon in your parachutes, do you ever get runs in them?"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

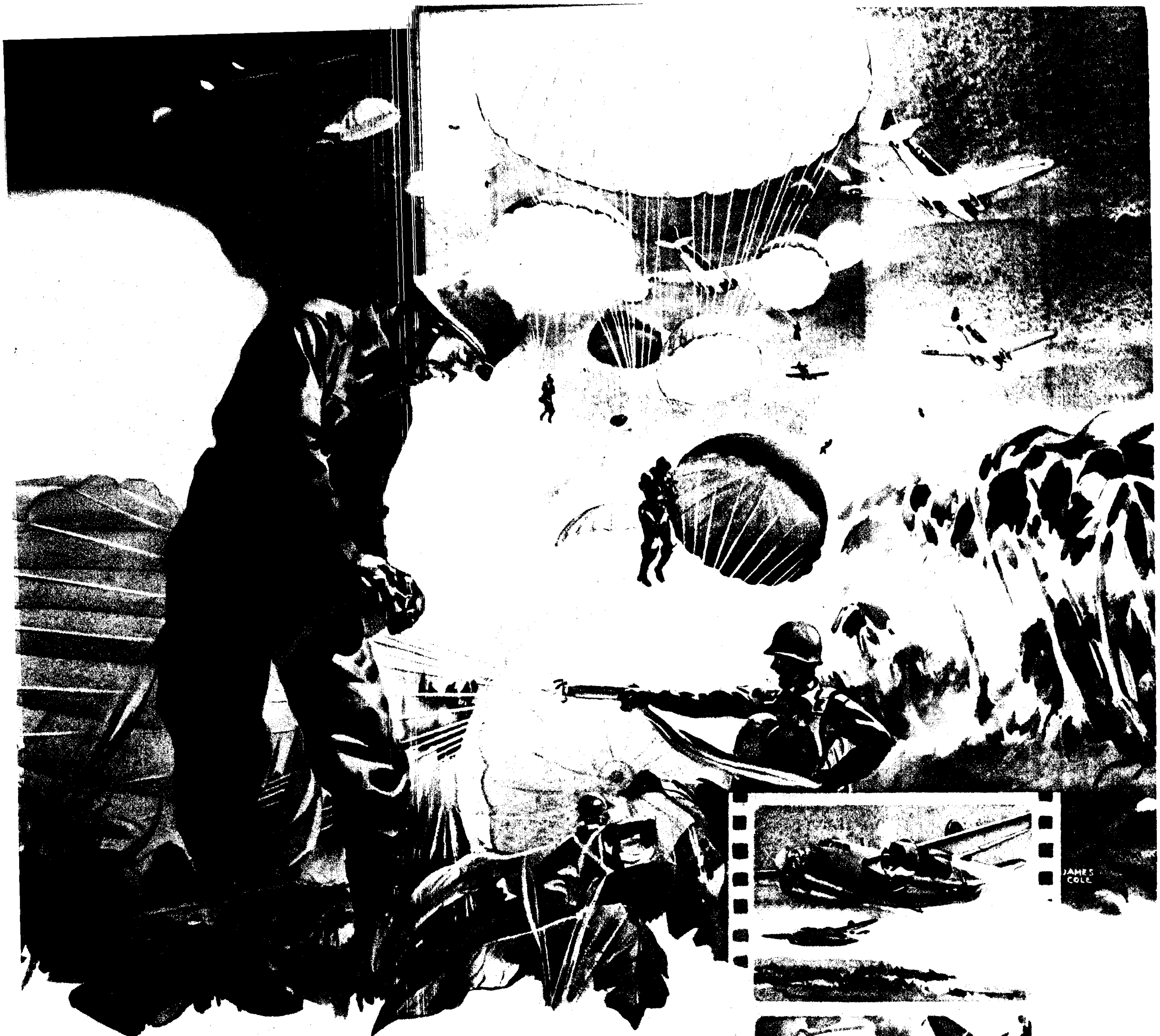
There was an eyewitness to the shooting, kept undercover and very hush-hush by the higher-ups, who would be the State's big surprise at the proper time. Miss Pulitzer advised her readers to watch for him. "Once over, but not too lightly," would be the D.A.'s watchword.

Kilbane read that part twice. No, he thought then, not even Miss Pulitzer would be dumb enough—he raced off to the chief inspector's office, clutching the paper, and about a minute and a half later, bursting out through the ramp entrance with Beatty and Tom Wilshaw, he rammed head-on into Miss Pulitzer.

"So you did it," he said thickly. "You went and—who told you about Salvatore?"

She blazed up at once. "Who told me?" She mimicked him. "Salvatore told me when I met him coming in here yesterday afternoon. Did you observe that I failed to mention his name? I'm not a fool, you know. And if you've got the faintest idea that you can bully me into ignoring legitimate news—"

"Legitimate news," Kilbane said. He could not seem to get enough breath into



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The first and most important interest of Mission and Mission Bottlers is winning the war. If in the meantime you are unable to obtain all of the Mission Orange you want, when and where you want it, remember that the requirements of our armed forces for concentrated orange juice must come first.

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Mission Dry Corporation, Los Angeles

him. "He told you because he'd seen you with me. Because he never thought you'd go ahead and plaster it all over the city."

His right fist pounded the air. Did she know where Charlton Street was? Right by Salvatore's barbershop. That's where Little Sammy knocked off his friend; that's where Salvatore practically watched him do it. He was closing up that night—had the lights off—when it happened. The department hadn't let that get out because there were some others mixed up in it who'd do their best to take care of an eyewitness. They were still running loose. Now they saw what they had to do to protect themselves.

"But that's absurd," Miss Pulitzer faltered. She was just a little breathless. "From what I wrote they could never—"

Kilbane put his face close to her. Maybe she forgot the phrase she used—once over, but not too lightly. They'd get it. Anyone with the brains of a fly would get it. A barber, sure. They'd look for a barber and they wouldn't have to look past the corner of Charlton Street, where the shooting came off. Salvatore was the only barber in the neighborhood. Did Miss Janet S. Harrington understand everything now?

Tom Wilshaw honked at him from the car. "Wait," Miss Pulitzer said. "Kilbane—" He did not wait. He swung onto the car as it circled around the guardrail, and three minutes later he swung off it before S. Pasquariella's barbershop. That was locked and dark now, and after a hurried consultation they split up in front of it. Tom Wilshaw and Beatty sought information in a couple of near-by stores; Kilbane went on down to the house in the next square.

He had pushed the door open, not waiting tonight to ring the bell, when Miss Pulitzer got out of a cab behind him. She followed him into the hall without a word; she did not look or act like Miss Pulitzer at all. In the parlor Angelica Therese put down an accordion and Christina Marie slid off the piano stool. A stout woman, coming out of the kitchen, blushed rosily and hid her mouth with her hand when she saw Kilbane.

SHE told him that Salvatore was not in yet; on Saturday after work he did the marketing. But soon, any minute now—

"We'll wait a while," Kilbane said. His heart was pounding. They sat down in the parlor and the two girl children, preparing a repertoire for the celebration tomorrow, played something or other when Mrs. S. Pasquariella nodded vigorously at them. Kilbane was given some wine and managed to touch his lips to it; later, with Miss Pulitzer, he went upstairs and admired Salvatore Kilbane Pasquariella, an infinitesimal peanut snoring placidly in an old-fashioned rocker crib.

Downstairs again they listened to Santa Lucia as interpreted on the accordion by Angelica Therese and on the piano by Christina Marie. In the middle of it Kilbane answered the doorbell and held a low-voiced conversation with Beatty and Tom Wilshaw on the white flagstone. He learned that at a quarter past nine, not long after the Tribune appeared on the streets, Salvatore had walked out of the barbershop with two strangers. No one had seen him since.

For a moment after closing the door Kilbane leaned his shoulders against it. Then, his face much the same as ever, he went back to the parlor. "We'll get in touch with Salvatore," he announced loudly, surprised that the words came out as well as they did. "Now I guess we'd better be pushing along."

He drove Miss Pulitzer home. "They got men out," he told her quietly, after she whispered her address to him. "Better men than me. You don't have to worry about Salvatore. You aren't, are you?"

She did not answer him; she did not bawl either; whatever was inside her—and Kilbane realized soberly that there must be pretty much—she was managing to keep inside her. But over on Appleton Street, when he pulled up behind a maroon roadster parked in front of her apartment house, she failed to get out after he walked around the car and opened the door for her.

He glanced down at her, at the side of her face and at the hands all knotted up in her lap; then, because it seemed best to leave her alone there for a minute or two, he went on up the stoop and into the vestibule. That was already occupied. A redheaded man, very broad through the shoulders, looked up at him without friendliness and then shifted position on a stone bench near the stairs.

Kilbane did not pay any attention to him. He walked past him to the row of bells and fussed around there momentarily; then, as if he had pressed one without receiving an answer, he went out mumbling to himself. He had seen the redheaded man before, standing sullenly beside Sammy Gordon in a morning lineup. But at that time the redheaded man had been on an illuminated stage, while Detective Kilbane sat half a dozen rows back in a darkened auditorium. That was why he knew the redheaded man, and why the redheaded man did not know him.

Before he reached the steps a good many details had dropped miraculously into place. They had Salvatore—they'd had him since nine-fifteen—but what Kilbane had forgotten was that Salvatore was nobody's fool. If he denied everything they'd be careful with him because they were in a spot where they had to be careful, and because Miss Pulitzer, as she said, had mentioned no names. They had a lead, but if they had not broken Salvatore they could not be positive that it was the right lead. So they got a phone book and looked up the Janet S. Harrington who had signed the column and after that they sent the redheaded man over here to talk to her.

It was not very complicated. By the time he reached the car Kilbane understood the main points well enough to shape them into eight or nine sentences directed at the top of Miss Pulitzer's round hat.

She looked up at him blindly. What was he trying to tell her? That—

"Keep it low," Kilbane warned her. He wanted to be very calm himself, but a couple of hundred pin points that were each as small and hard as the tip of an ice pick had drawn themselves up into a complete circle around his chest. "He won't want to bring you over where Salvatore is; you've got to make him. You've got to tell him that you don't know Salvatore's name, that you only saw him once when someone pointed him out to you at headquarters. You can't describe him very well, either, but you'd know him if you saw him again. Got that straight?"

He had pulled down ahead of the maroon roadster to the next corner. He parked there.

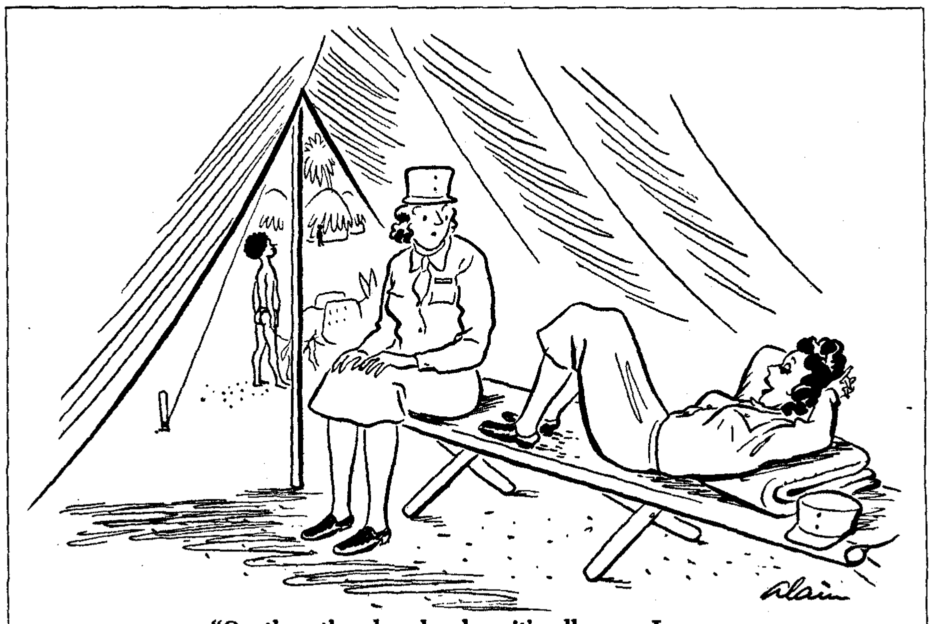
"Yes." Miss Pulitzer answered him very quietly and without a tremor. "I understand perfectly. I'll go with him and you'll follow us—"

Kilbane nodded. That was the ticket. She'd sit here for five minutes so that he'd have a chance to line things up. After that— He looked narrowly at her. She understood that this wasn't a picnic, didn't she? She understood that she didn't have to do it? It was a good way, but it wasn't the only way. They could—

Miss Pulitzer turned to him, her face blazing with cold excitement. If he tried to stop her now— "All right," Kilbane said. He patted her hand reassuringly, understanding that a girl like this was all right in fundamentals; she was a lot cooler now, for instance, than Joseph J. Kilbane. Before she left the car—a department car—he contacted headquarters by means of the two-way radio, and not very long after that several black sedans with no police insignia on them were cutting over to Appleton Street from City Hall Square.

THEY were all in place when Miss Pulitzer came down the stoop with the redheaded man and got into the maroon roadster with him. O'Hare and Conlon were two blocks ahead, near the park, and O'Hare and Conlon picked them up on the fly. That was the best arrangement, since there'd be no car swinging out right after him to make the redheaded man suspicious, but it was one that was very hard on Kilbane. On another avenue a block west, hunched forward over the wheel, he followed the directions relayed to him—east on Appleton, north on Chestnut. It was a long ride, and all the way he kept telling himself senselessly that he should never have let her go off alone. But in the end nothing went wrong; when the maroon roadster stopped outside an apartment house at Thirty-second and Greenwood he was only two blocks away on a parallel road.

O'Hare and Conlon were right behind him; Ed Patterson, who had taken over for the last part of the trip, met them at the corner; Beatty and Tom Wilshaw also appeared from somewhere, but despite the crowd Kilbane got first into the lobby. Arrangements were made there after they found out that the apartment was 4E, and that in addition to someone who almost certainly was S. Pasquariella it held a girl and three men. They started upstairs in a creaking elevator, Kilbane breathing slowly and deeply. They got off at four and



COLLIER'S "On the other hand, when it's all over, I may stay right here and become a white goddess" DANIEL ALAIN

BACK
THE ATTACK
WITH
WAR BONDS
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Free
ARMY
NAVY
E

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• • •

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NBC Network

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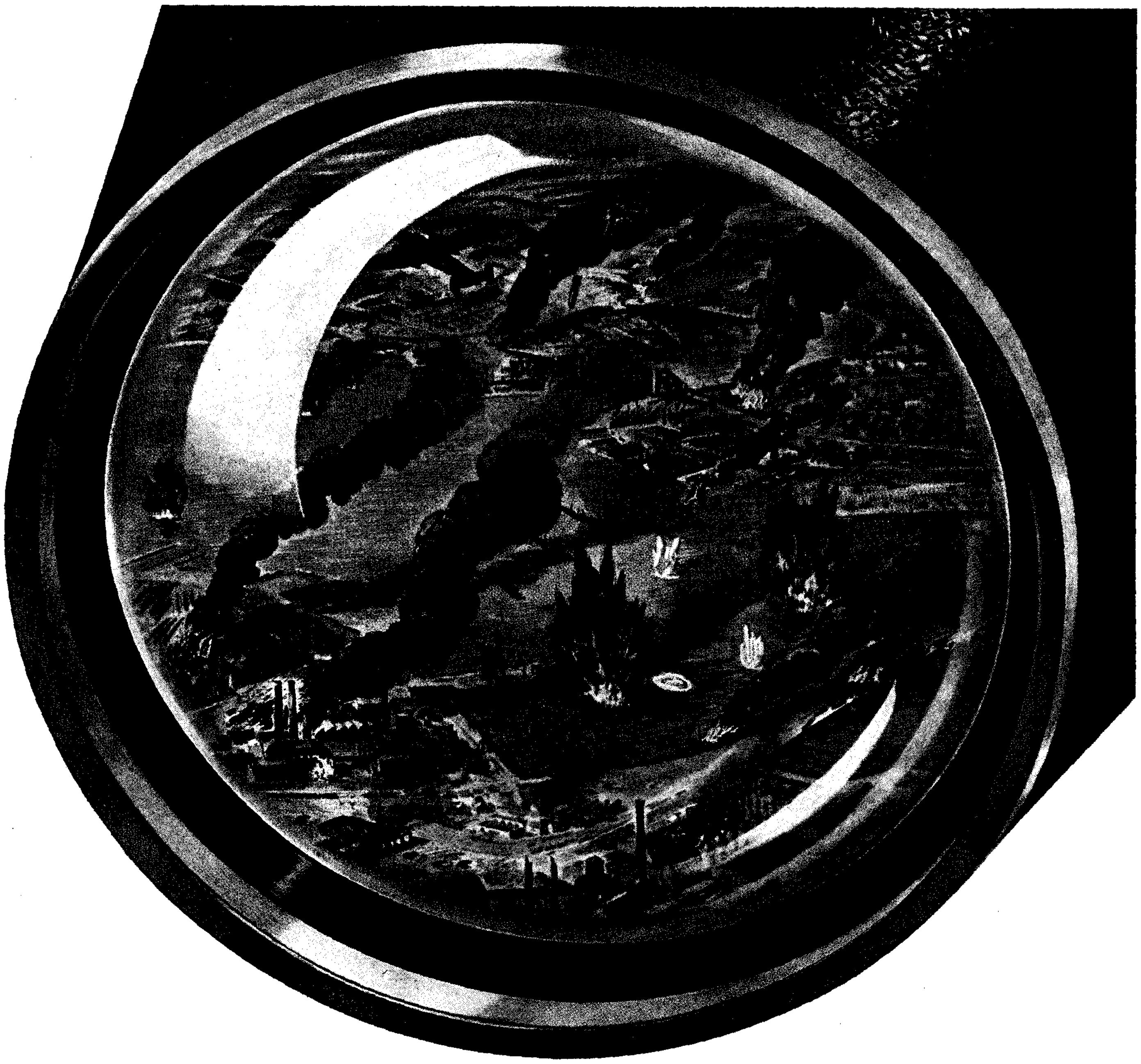

Look unpleasant, please...

THIS camera lens was built to take unpleasant pictures of Nazis and Japs . . . blasted enemy positions . . . sinking enemy ships.

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O'Hare stopped them all before a brass 4E glittering sleekly against dark wood.

"All right," O'Hare said. "We wait till we hear Beatty and Ed Patterson out back. Then!"

Kilbane looked at him. "To hell with that," Kilbane said, through his teeth. It was no time for waiting—not for Kilbane. He set his revolver almost flush with the lock, fired twice into it, rammed one heel viciously into what the bullets left and plunged far off balance into a long and empty living room.

The redheaded man appeared in a doorway across from him. He was shouting back at someone and trying frantically to get a gun out from under the left flap of his vest. After Kilbane shot him precisely through the chest without breaking stride, event seemed to move on into event without any intervening time lapse at all.

Later, much later—that was the way it came back to Kilbane, at any rate—he appeared to reach the inner doorway immediately after he burst through the outer one, and the very moment that he did reach it he sprawled forward over a little sallow-faced man crouched down just in front of him. He landed on a dining-room table that was eight feet long and as smooth as ice; he sped down it on his left arm and the side of his left leg.

IT MUST have been an impressive entrance. The tablecloth wrapped itself around him and a bowl of flowers in the center got all tangled up in his left armpit. On the far end he sailed off into a chair and carried that majestically with him against the wall. He had one swirling glimpse of the sallow-faced man running out of the dining room and into O'Hare. Then he landed.

A dapper young man with crisp blond hair raced out of the kitchen and fired down quickly at him with his left hand. Kilbane shot back from an impossible angle, wondering for a moment—he must have been badly dazed by the fall—why left-handed people always had such a smooth, deft way of handling themselves. O'Hare, Conlon, Beatty, Tom Wilshaw and the sallow-faced man poured into the room; S. Pasquariella stood over the blond young fellow and waved the remains of a kitchen chair venomously in the air. Everyone was there—everyone but Miss Pulitzer. Kilbane himself, moving only a pair of wild blue eyes, lay with his right shoulder piled into the wall, his knees drawn up under him and his nose dug inches deep into the carpet.

He breathed something when he could—he'd known it, he'd known it. Wobbling, the gun still in his hand, he got up and staggered out to the kitchen. Dark. Empty. And the incredible part lay in the fact that he was the only one worried about her. Back in the dining room O'Hare was lighting a cigar and stirring the left-handed man with a contemplative toe.

"Eh?" O'Hare said, when Kilbane croaked something. "What's the matter with you?"

Kilbane staggered by him into the bedroom. She was there, trying to light a cigarette and handle the phone at the one time—the same old Miss Pulitzer. He looked at her for a moment and then he attempted to help her. One sleeve was ripped away from his coat and his buttonless vest bore a fragment of tablecloth and a few crushed flower petals. His nose was bleeding. The moment she saw him Miss Pulitzer said, "St-st-st-st," with progressive disapproval.

"I fell," Kilbane said. "Over the table," he added, with a vague gesture toward the dining room. "I bet you were beginning to think you lost me."

"Oh, no," Miss Pulitzer said, sharp as ever. "I heard you come in." But after that, when her city editor's voice barked out of the earpiece, she took a moment to reach up one hand and brush a couple of the flower petals away from him. And she said, very softly for Miss Pulitzer, "I'm all right, you know. Were you afraid I wasn't?"

Was he? Kilbane couldn't figure anything out. He nodded though. She spoke something into the mouthpiece and then she opened her handbag and took her handkerchief out of it.

"As if you had to do it all," she said. "Now sit down some place where I can't see you and wipe your nose."

She went with him to the christening Sunday afternoon, and when they got out of his car before S. Pasquariella's house Kilbane showed her the silver cup and spoon and asked her what she thought of them.

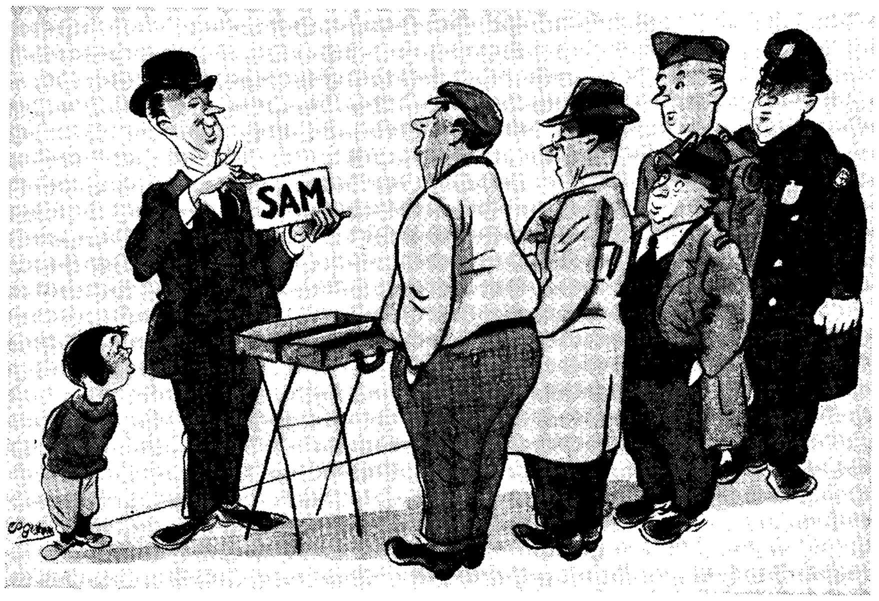
"They're very nice," Miss Pulitzer said. "Monogrammed, too."

"Well," Kilbane said, taking credit only where credit was due, "that was free. I think it looks pretty nice. S.K.P. You know what the K's for? Kilbane."

"Oh," she said, without adding anything smart about him and the presidents. There was no need for her to take his arm, either, but she did that, too, and Kilbane was not very much upset about it. Maybe it meant something; maybe it didn't. Kilbane intended to find out.

Inside, in a very busy parlor, the girl children of S. Pasquariella swung into something or other on a one-two-three piano and accordion duet. It sounded fine to Kilbane.

THE END



"I have nothing to sell, gentlemen. I'm just keeping my name before the public for the duration!"

COLLIER'S ED GRAHAM

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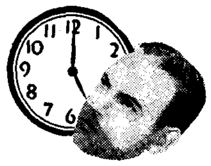

1. ***Ever see a gorgeous girl*** cuddle up to a bristly chin? No, sir—that's not in feminine nature. So if you want to rate high with the one girl who really matters, make sure that you avoid messy "5 o'clock Shadow"!

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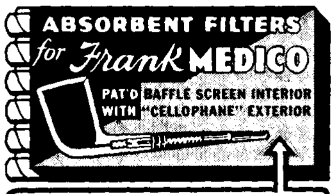

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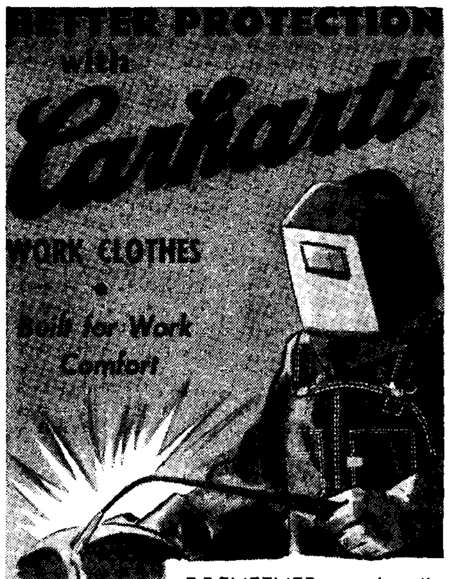

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Fixing It Up for Joe

Continued from page 13

the new dress draped carefully over her knees. "My boss has me doing all the work while he spends most of his time in Washington. And every Tuesday I'm up all night on aircraft-spotting duty. I'm lucky if I can get to see a movie once a week."

"Did you get your wings yet?" Molly started to ask, when Joe broke in. "Talking about movies," he said, "I always figured these movie stars didn't look anywhere near as good when you saw them face to face. But this Dotty Dill that came to the shop today—"

"I'm getting a little sick of you and your Dotty Dill," Molly said.

ON THE whole, it was that kind of evening; and on the whole it was hardly describable as a success. Not from Molly's point of view, at any rate. Joe, perhaps sensing a certain unpopularity, left first. He offered to drive Peggy home and did not appear to be mortally offended when she declined. She left a half hour or so later. Molly saw her to the door; when she returned to the living room she said, "I could kill him."

"Well," Al said, "it was a good try. Looks to me like Dotty Dill won all the honors, though."

"Why can't those movie stars stay in Hollywood where they belong," Molly demanded bitterly, "instead of traipsing all over the country making trouble?"

"I wouldn't have minded seeing her myself," Al said, stretching. "All they ever send us is admirals. And from what Joe said—"

"I don't want to hear another word about her."

Molly was disappointed but by no means defeated. When Al got home the following Friday he found Molly had company, a thin blonde with a timid air and a small voice. Her name was Alice and she had come to see the baby, Molly explained, and was staying for supper. Al said that was fine and thought no more about it until the bell rang four times, announcing Joe, and he realized that Molly's campaign was really getting under way.

As it turned out, it got off to a bad start, because Joe arrived sick as a pup with a bad head cold and completely indifferent to everything except his own consuming misery. He greeted them in an unearthly voice, rolled his bloodshot eyes at Alice, and departed immediately after supper. He wouldn't have come at all, he boomed hoarsely, but he wanted to borrow Al's electric soldering iron; he and his friend were putting up a new aerial. Fearful that the baby might catch his cold, Molly didn't try to keep him, and he came and went like a brief pestilence.

Alice left early too, quieter and timider than ever, and a somewhat unhappy silence settled over the Fifer living room.

From behind his paper Al heard Molly sigh. Feeling that he ought to say something he said, "It ain't as simple as you might think, is it? I mean there's more to it than just giving them a chance to meet each other."

"Well, who expected him to show up with a cold in the head? A person can't think of everything."

She sighed again. "That poor Alice has the darnedest luck. Every time she meets a new boy something happens. Remember the time the Gilday's ceiling fell down?"

"Maybe it's just as well," Al said comfortingly. "I don't think she's exactly the kind he'd go for anyway."

"She could have been Dotty Dill and he wouldn't have noticed her tonight," Molly said. She frowned at her husband. "What's the matter with her?"

"She's pretty skinny, for one thing."

"I never knew Joe had any preferences like that. Did he tell you he didn't like thin girls?"

"Well, not exactly."

"It's not her fault she's a little flat-chested."

"I didn't say it was her fault."

"For that matter, Joe's no Apollo himself."

"Listen," Al said, "don't try to pick any arguments with me. I'm just an innocent bystander." And he got up and turned on the radio, hoping to discourage Molly before she got well started.

She had the last word, however. "The way some men pick and choose you'd think they had the whole world at their feet, that all they had to do was crook their little finger. If you want my opinion, Joe will be lucky if the girl he gets turns out to be half as nice as Alice."

Nevertheless, the girl who dropped in after supper the following Friday—to see the baby—could not by any stretch of the imagination be described as flat-chested. She was, if anything, on the opulent side, a dark-haired, solidly built girl with a hearty manner and no measurable shyness.

By the time Molly went into the kitchen to put on coffee for a late snack, Joe and Ruthie were enthusiastically discussing movies. Sooner or later they would mention a picture neither had seen and which each would sooner die than miss. So Molly went into the kitchen beaming, first bestowing on her husband a triumphant and self-satisfied look.

It was while she was in the kitchen that Joe glanced at his wrist. "Get ABC, will you Al? I don't want to miss Sugarmouth."

"Sugarmouth!" Ruthie exclaimed. "Don't tell me you listen to him!"

"Certainly I listen to him," Joe said. "He's got the best band in the business."

"Sugarmouth!" Ruthie marveled incredulously. "Why I didn't think anybody listened to him any more!"

"What do you mean, you didn't think anybody listened to him any more? What's the matter with him?"

Molly, Al said to himself, you'd better get out here. But fast.

BUT Molly was happily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a chocolate layer cake, humming to herself the while, so she didn't hear Ruthie saying with withering scorn:

"Sugarmouth! That drip! I'll tell you what's the matter with him." And she did.

After Ruthie had gone—Joe had gone first, somewhat in the manner of a thundercloud late for a storm—and quiet had settled over the living room, Molly said in a flat voice, "I think they're both crazy."

"Don't let it get you down," Al said. "Figure you got a couple leads out of it anyway. All you have to do now is make sure the next girl ain't skinny and likes Sugarmouth."

"Who said there was going to be any next girl?"

"Oh, you don't want to give up now, just when I'm beginning to get the hang of it."

"After I baked a cake and took so much trouble with the supper, too," she said with a sigh. She glanced at her husband. "Did you like the way I made the fish tonight?"

"As much as I can like fish."

"I met Peggy in the supermarket and she gave me the recipe. Which reminds me. She said Helen wants you to look at her vacuum cleaner. She has to keep kicking it to make it go." Helen was Peggy's married sister.

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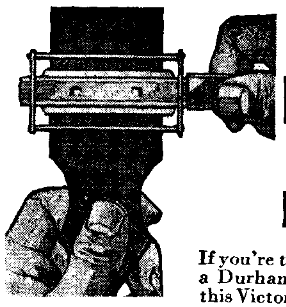
THIS STROP gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

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JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
RUN-DOWN SHOES ARE EXTRAVAGANT TODAY! PROTECT WEAR AND APPEARANCE WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

"That's what Helen gets for marrying a subway motorman," Al said. "Okay, tell her to bring it around and I'll look at it."

Molly tried again the following Friday. A pleasant brunette named Gracie Miller stopped in on her way home from work to see the baby, and of course stayed for supper. She exclaimed over the baby and filled the apartment with her chatter, but as soon as Joe arrived she shut up like a clam. Alone with Molly she was volubly at ease, but the presence of men, or possibly of a marriageable one, seemed to freeze her. All evening she sat at her end of the couch and played the part of the perfect listener, giving each speaker an almost painfully complete attention, smiling brightly when a bright smile seemed called for and limiting her own contributions to a yes or a no or a little shrug.

After she and Joe had gone their obviously separate ways Molly threw up her hands. "I give up," she said. "I'm through. I don't want any part of it any more."

"What's the matter?" Al said. "I thought things went along pretty good tonight."

"Of course you would, with you and Joe doing all the talking between yourselves. You could have included Gracie more, couldn't you?" she demanded, as a surprised look appeared on Al's face. "Or at least talked of something that wasn't connected with machine shops?"

"Well for Pete's sake," Al said, "nobody was stopping her from talking, were they? All she had to do was open her mouth."

"I told you she was the quiet kind with men and I wanted you to make some effort to draw her out. But no. Men seem to think you don't have to make any effort, you're perfect company just as you are."

"Listen, why pick on me? Why didn't you tell Joe to draw her out? He's the one that's supposed to make an impression, not me."

"Oh, both of you make me sick."

"For that matter, why did you have to pick on a girl that has to be drawn out? Don't you know *any* girls who don't have something the matter with them?"

"I don't want to talk about it any more. I'm through. Finished. I wash my hands."

And apparently she meant it, because there wasn't any strange girl gossiping in the kitchen when Al got home the following Friday; and none dropped in during the evening. Molly was wearing a good dress, however, and at supper she said they were going over to Helen's. Frank had brought the vacuum cleaner over during the week and Al had fixed it, and as long as Joe had his friend's car he could drive them over.

So after the dishes were washed Molly packed up the baby and they drove over to Helen's. They found her listening to the radio and her two small children doing their homework. Helen said Frank wouldn't be home until late, he'd gone to a union meeting, and bowling afterward. Peggy was in the kitchen pressing clothes. She came out when they arrived, gurgled over the baby and then sat down to watch while Helen tried out the rehabilitated cleaner. When she sat down her dress, which seemed a little too small for her, slid above her knees. She had nice legs.

In time she remembered she had more clothes to press, and started back to the kitchen. Her dress was even snugger aft than forward, and as she went it was, in a manner of speaking, nice to see her go. Joe looked vague, said he wanted a glass of water, and went into the kitchen to get it, though the bathroom was nearer.

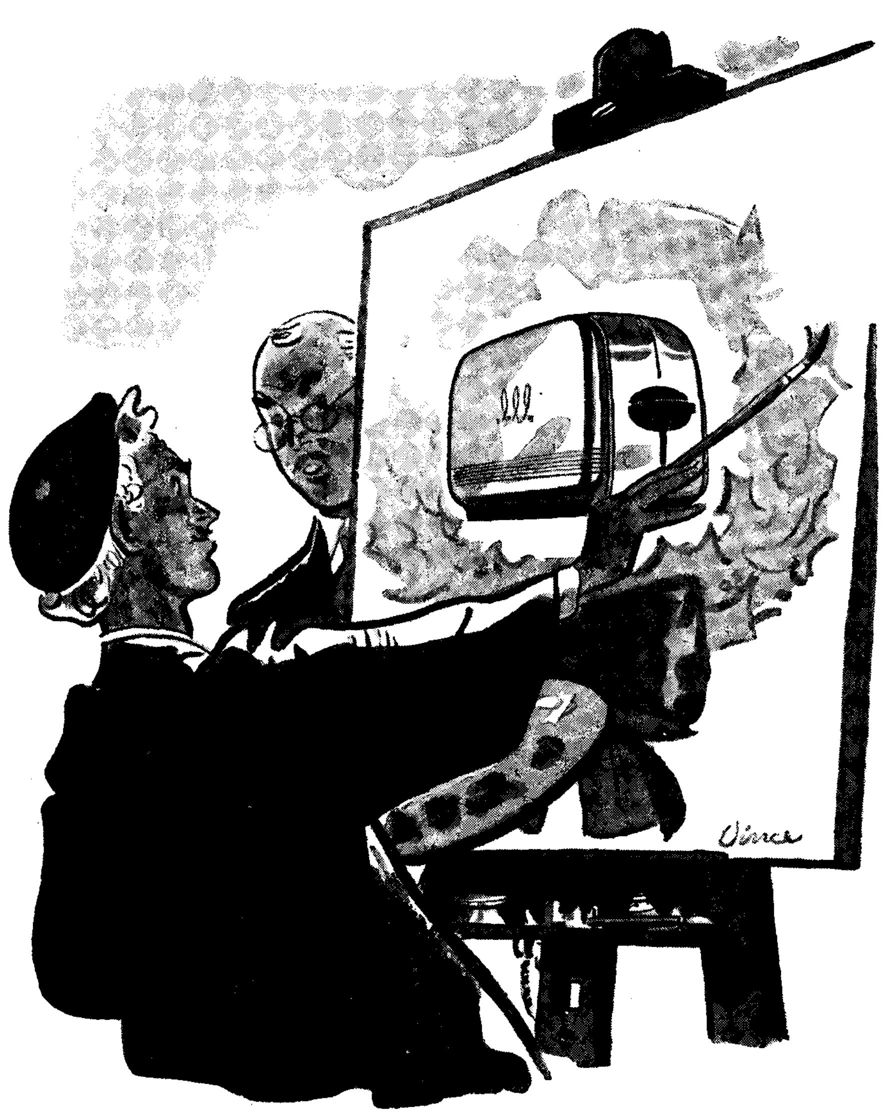
HE WAS still in the kitchen two hours later. He was describing an automatic screw machine and Peggy was listening with a rapt expression on her face, when Molly appeared in the doorway and said it was time to go. Joe seemed surprised. "What's the idea of leaving so soon?" he asked. "We just got here."

But he went with them, first impressing on Peggy that she wasn't to forget something. "Don't forget," he said. "Tomorrow night, eight o'clock." And Peggy, her face pink, stopped sliding a cold iron over one of the most thoroughly pressed slips in the history of lingerie and promised she wouldn't.

As they were getting into the car Joe said, "I'll be right back. I forgot to tell Peggy something."

Molly stared after him. Then she looked

SAILOR'S HANDBOOK
Merry Xmas
Mary Gibson
COLLIER'S
MARY GIBSON

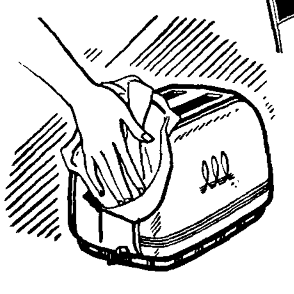


"IT'S GOT TO BE READY BY CHRISTMAS!"

A beautiful thought! And a world of credit to the devoted husband who lets his wife know that he would give her a *Toastmaster* toaster if he possibly could—and *will,* as soon as he can!

It's definitely something to look forward to . . . *Toastmaster* toast, popped up perfect every time, with no watching, turning, or burning. It's bread in its most appetizing and digestible form, to make wartime breakfasts heartier, and to "extend" scarce or rationed foods. One of these days you must have the toaster that makes it.

Not right now, of course. Our factory is devoted entirely to war work, and proud to be flying the Army-Navy "E." But you *could* buy another War Bond . . . and mark it "Reserved for *Toastmaster* toaster."



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at Al. "Do you see what I'm seeing?" she asked.

"Looks like he's dated her up."

"Of course he has."

"Kind of tough on you, ain't it? I mean after all the trouble you went to bringing those other gals around."

"I can't understand it," she said helplessly. "He's never looked at her before, and now all of a sudden he can't get enough of her, he spends the whole evening watching her press clothes. I ask you."

"Don't ask me."

Joe returned. Nothing was said during the ride home, but when the car stopped Molly said, "Come upstairs a minute."

"What for?" Joe asked.

"You come upstairs," Molly said, iron in her voice. "I want to talk to you."

SHE put the sleeping baby in his crib and rejoined the men in the living room. "Now," she said, taking off her hat, "I'd like you to tell me something. Did you date Peggy?"

"How did you find out?"

Molly waved a hand impatiently. "Never mind that. What I want to know is why you dated her now, when you've never paid any attention to her before?"

Joe glanced at Al, puzzled. Prudently, Al shrugged, as if he had no idea what this was all about.

"I don't know," Joe said. "I just felt like dating her up, that's all."

"She was no different than she's always been," Molly persisted.

Joe brightened. "Oh, sure she was," he said. "Didn't you notice that snazzy dress she had on? She looked a lot different."

Molly's eyes widened. "What snazzy dress? What on earth are you talking about?"

"I never realized what a swell looking girl she was," Joe said dreamily. "I guess it's because I never saw her really dressed up before."

Molly stared at him dumfounded. "Are you crazy? All she had on was an old red dress that she only wears around the house because it shrank so much when she had it cleaned. If that's your idea of—"

She stopped, speechless with dawning comprehension. For when Joe and Peggy married—and Molly had no doubt they would, it was as predictable as the end of a movie—they would owe their bliss to an old dress so shrunken in the cleaning that it left no curve of Peggy's nice figure unrevealed. That, Molly reflected wildly, was the kind of thing that drove girls crazy.

"I went back and told her to wear it tomorrow night," Joe was saying. "I remembered you told me once that girls like it when a man notices what they're wearing. She acted a little surprised," he added complacently.

Molly choked. She made vague gestures with her hands. Her mouth opened and closed several times. Finally she was able to speak. "You'd better get out of here," she said in an unnatural voice.

Joe looked startled.

"Get out!" Molly exclaimed. "Go on, get out!"

"Well for crying out loud—"

She fairly flew at him. "Get out of here before I murder you!" she cried, pushing and pummeling him toward the door. "And don't you dare show your silly face around here again for at least a year!"

Overwhelmed by her fury, convinced that she'd lost her wits, Joe fled.

Molly slammed the door after him and burst into tears.

Al took her in his arms. "Okay, baby, okay," he said soothingly.

Blubbering comfortably against his shoulder, Molly felt a brief pity for all the unmarried girls of the world, so many girls being careful about so many things, going to so much worry and trouble in the hope of making the right kind of impression on the right young man.

Being a girl, she reflected mistily, was no joke.

Shortly before Joe and Peggy celebrated their first wedding anniversary they came over to spend the evening, a Friday, naturally, and while the girls were putting the baby to bed, Joe and Al sat in the living room and discussed married life. Al happened to mention how Molly had worried about Joe marrying, and the girls she had paraded before him.

Joe looked blank. "What girls?"

"The girls Molly invited here every Friday night so you could take your pick."

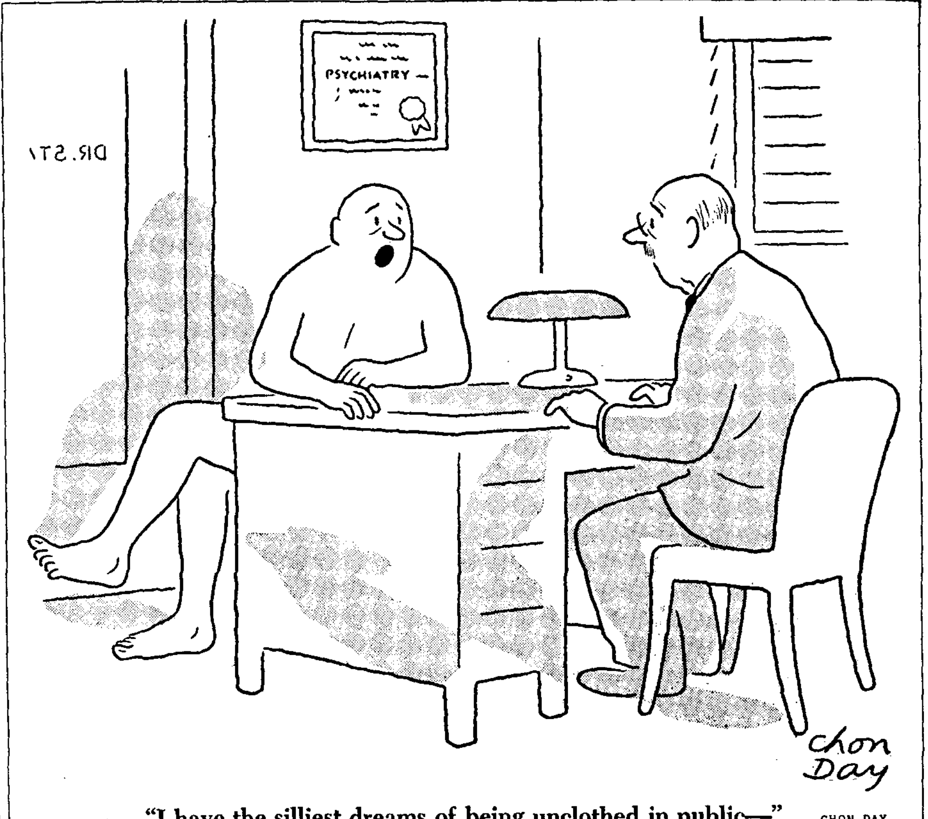
"You're crazy," Joe said. "I don't remember any girls."

In the bedroom Peggy stopped tickling the baby and said, "Listen to your husband laughing out there. He certainly sounds happy."

Molly listened, and looked smug. "Don't you think I deserve a little credit for that?" she asked.

She certainly did.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I have the silliest dreams of being unclothed in public—" CHON DAY

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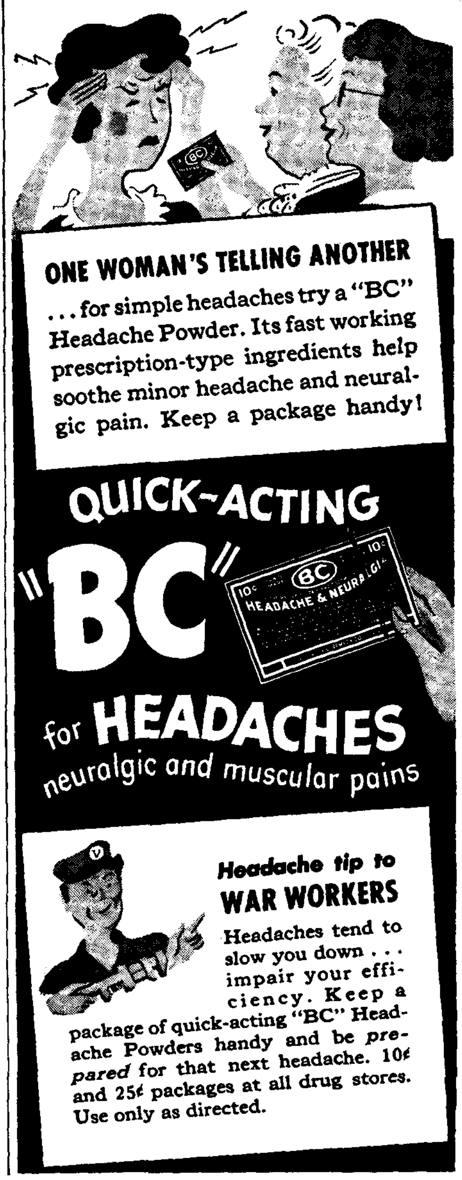

ONE WOMAN'S TELLING ANOTHER
. . . for simple headaches try a "BC" Headache Powder. Its fast working prescription-type ingredients help soothe the minor headache and neuralgic pain. Keep a package handy!

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Headaches tend to slow you down . . . impair your efficiency. Keep a package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders handy and be *prepared* for that next headache. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

The Week's Work

Toni Frissell climbs a fence for better camera angles

A WOMAN news photographer has to be a sort of superwoman. She needs the strength of a man for carrying around the cameras and heavy paraphernalia, the flash bulbs and tripods of her trade. She must be daring and agile for climbing trees and buildings. She must be able to talk her way into forbidden countries and places. Besides all this, she must have a reporter's eye, and, for choice, an artist's soul. In this issue, you see the work of two such women. Toni Frissell produced the photographs for The King Ranch (p. 18), and Thérèse Bonney those for Sweden Turns to Wood.

Miss Bonney is a woman of almost frightening strength and resourcefulness. She was the first foreign journalist on the Finnish scene during the war with Russia, the first again after the outbreak of the Finnish-German hostilities, and the only correspondent to be taken on a tour of the Karelian front. She shuttled back and forth between Sweden and Finland. She made the first behind-the-scenes photographs ever permitted in the Vatican, and a series of war photographs in Great Britain. The pictures in this issue are from the hundreds she made especially for Collier's on her last war tour. Her photographs of child war victims are assembled in the book, Europe's Children.

MISS FRISSELL'S career has been less grim, though she too has served her time dodging bombs during an assignment as official photographer for the American Red Cross in England. Miss Frissell built her name as a fashion photographer for Vogue magazine, but the war deflected her into photo-reporting.

Originally she pointed for a stage career, but after a discouraging role as a tree in Midsummer Night's Dream, she went magazine job-hunting. It was a happy day for her, she says, when Vogue fired her as a caption writer, because she immediately set out with a small camera and a bright idea—to photograph fashions against outdoors backgrounds.

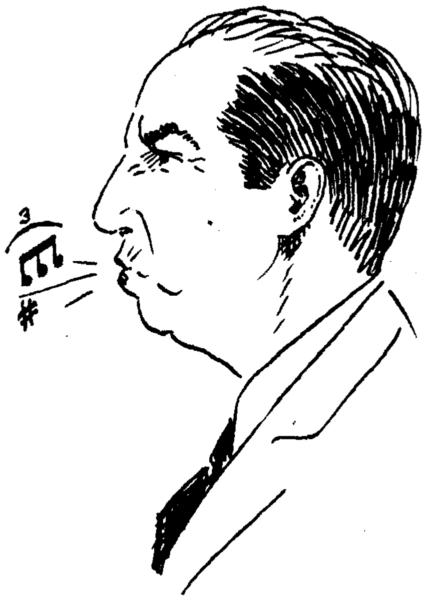
She and her husband, Francis McNeill Bacon, and their two children live in a farmhouse at St. James, Long Island, surrounded by an assortment of animals first acquired as photographic props and later promoted to pet status.

ARTHUR MANN tells us that his article, Whistling in the Dark (p. 29), was inevitable, because "I have been a rabid whistlian myself since first I heard Charlie Willis execute fascinating double notes in Port Jefferson, Long Island, where I spent my boyhood. The sound so excited my nine-year-old imagination that I worked in Charlie's grocery store for free until I had mastered the trick.

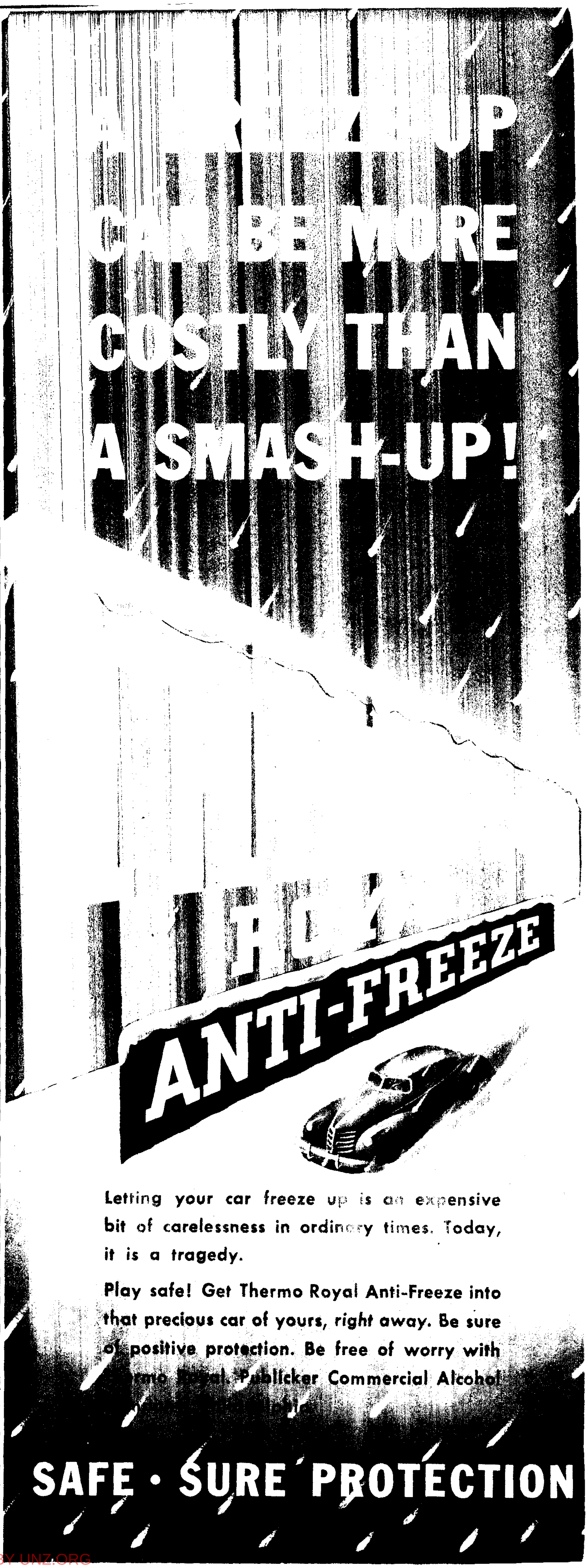
"After a lifetime of annoying friends, family and employers, I can produce two-tone harmonic effects, trilling double notes, difficult arpeggios, a cadenza now and then, and three distinct types of tremolo, much to the annoyance of Fred Lowery. I have never whistled professionally, but if Lowery's chagrin sinks any deeper, I might become the first person to be paid for not whistling professionally. You cannot believe this, of course, so I shall stop by late this week to prove it in the office."

Which he did, and he really can, including the feat depicted below in "the only portrait of a whistler caught in the act of executing a triple whistle."

Mann lives with his wife and their three children on a 200-acre farm, where for seven years they have canned and stored a 10-months supply of food, "to the expressed disgust of many city friends who refused to understand why anybody should sweat over the growth and preservation of a quart of tomatoes that costs four cents when you could buy the very same thing for twenty-three cents. Now the war has made a couple of naïve escapists look ridiculously smart." . . . A. P.



Arthur Mann executes a triple note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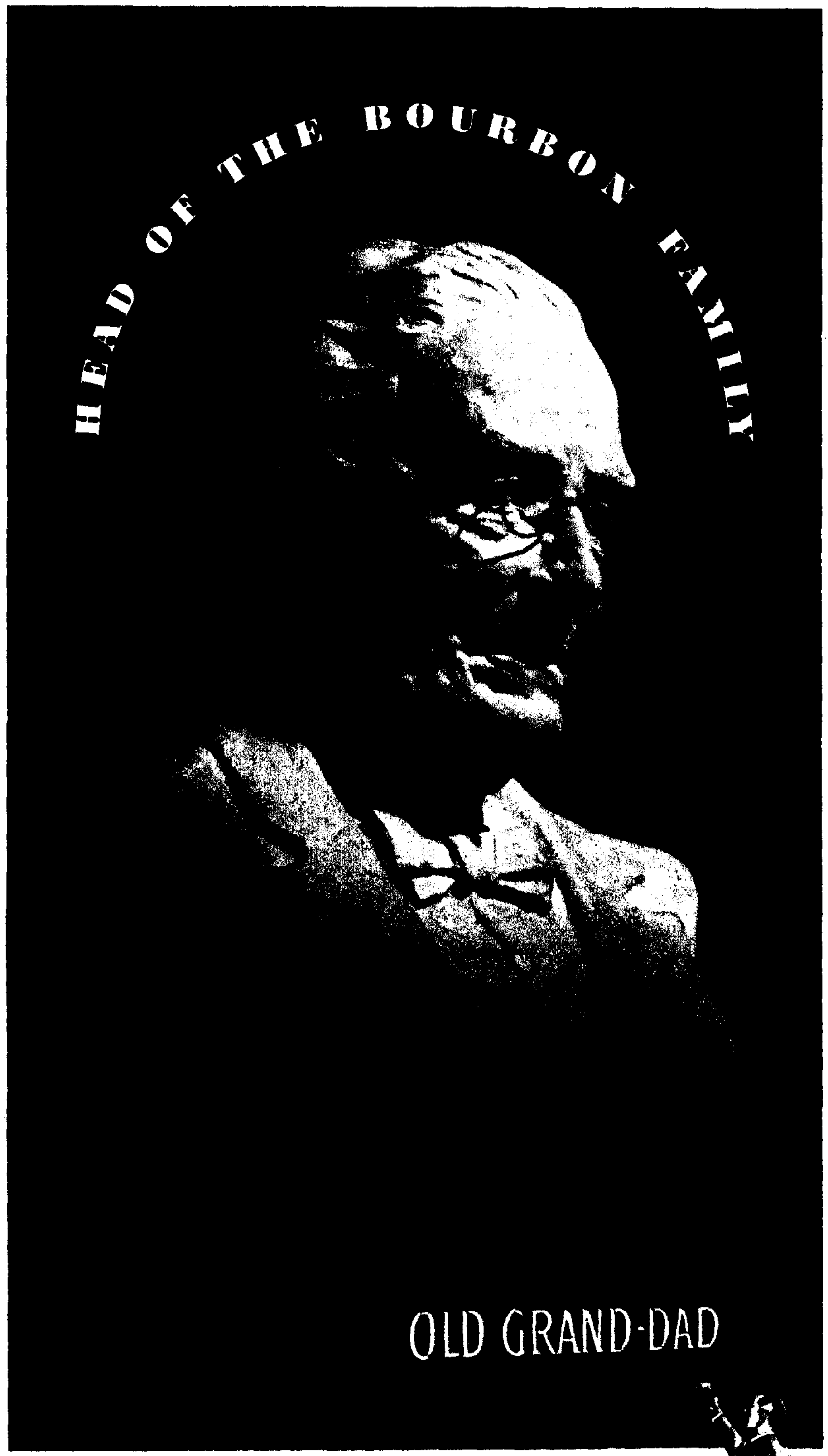

Please be patient

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol. Old Grand-Dad is Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey bottled in bond, 100 proof—4 years old.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Why We Need Subsidies

Continued from page 16

wartime government regulations, but some producers aren't able to keep all their *costs* from going up. When that happens in peacetime—when a farmer or manufacturer can't cover his costs and earn a reasonable profit—he stops producing, just goes out of business. Today, however, we are at war, and we can't afford to let production drop. We must produce more, not less. Take food, for instance. We need all the meat and butter, all the milk and eggs we can get.

The price a farmer or manufacturer gets for his product is made up of the total of all his production costs, plus his profit. In wartime some of these costs are bound to go up.

Why Production Costs Increase

Production costs go up because the war plays hob with practically everything involved. In factories and farms all over the country, machinery is wearing out, and new equipment can't be had. Old machinery must do the job. That means breakdowns and time lost for repairs, less efficient and more costly production. That's part of the war. Such casualties on the production front increase the cost of food production.

The same with manpower; many highly skilled workers have gone into the Armed Services. In both industry and agriculture, many of these workers are replaced with less experienced workers. That also makes it cost more to get the same output—another way war runs up the cost of production.

These are just a few of the many production costs that go up as a result of wartime conditions—and they will have to be paid for as long as the war lasts.

This problem begins to look like a puzzle. We've looked at the key pieces; now let's put them together!

We've been looking at these three key problems:

1. If we raise retail ceiling prices on cost-of-living items to cover higher production costs, we'll start the inflation race.
2. America can't afford to let higher costs force producers out of business. We need more and more production.
3. Some method must be found to meet these extra production costs without raising your cost of living.

Carefully controlled subsidies can help do this combination job for America, just as they are helping hold prices in check in every country at war. *A subsidy is a government grant of money to aid or encourage a private enterprise that serves the public.* There are as many definitions of subsidies as there are arguments for and against this issue. I don't ask you to accept this definition as your own, but I put it before you because it's a definition that helped me to understand this problem. It's also a definition you'll find in the dictionary.

You may ask: "If the use of limited subsidies will help save America from the disaster of inflation, why don't we go ahead and use them?"

Well, a good many sincere people are honestly opposed to them. Two years ago when I started to study this subject, I questioned the use of subsidies myself; but this is how it looks to me today after two years of hard, practical experience in the problems of wartime price controls.

Food subsidies are food-production payments paid to food producers. They're really a weapon of war, but when used carelessly, they're dangerous.

Subsidies are not a cure-all, but they can help us blast a strategic obstacle in the fight against inflation; they can help to bring peace on the feverish price-wage-and-production front. Without them, as a matter of fact, we cannot hope to hold prices in line.

But we can't continue to use subsidies to keep living costs from rising unless Congress gives us the green light to go ahead, and some members of Congress are strongly opposed.

I think many of their objections to subsidies arose because the problem of wartime price control has never been explained clearly.

Last spring, a friend of mine who runs a newspaper in a town in Connecticut, said to me: "You're taking your job too seriously. Factory workers are making a barrel of money these days. Suppose prices do go up? So what?"

Frankly, I was glad he understood that, without the use of subsidies, living costs will jump up. There are too many people who miss that important point. But I could hardly agree with his reasoning. Certainly many industrial workers are making good money—extremely good money in some plants. But how about the millions of people who haven't felt the war boom? There are hundreds of these in his home town.

The next time you hear someone say everyone is rolling in money these days, remember this: Altogether there are sixty million workers in the country, but only about twenty million are factory workers. Moreover, four million of the twenty million industrial workers are earning less than $30 a week. You can't buy silk shirts on that. Certainly, it will make a big difference to these people if butter goes up ten cents a pound and meat eight cents a pound, as they will a few weeks from now if we don't use protective subsidies.

A do-nothing policy will make all of our people pay higher prices for food, whether they can afford it or not. It wouldn't be long before even the best-paid war workers' wages couldn't cover the rapidly mounting prices that would follow America's failure to "hold the line."

The war has made the United States government the world's largest buyer of food and manufactured products, and the war has also made it the largest employer of labor. Now when prices and wages go up, our government will have to pay more for all the millions of things it buys for war and for the labor of the tens of thousands of people employed in government-operated armament plants and shipyards. These higher costs will come out of the United States Treasury, and your taxes will have to be raised to pay them.

What the War Costs Us

The war is now costing the government about ninety billion dollars a year. A ten per cent rise in all prices would add a solid nine billion to the government's war bill, to your tax bill, to the taxes of our servicemen in the years after the war. Furthermore, that first ten per cent would also help to speed up the inflation race. Before long, the rise would multiply until the extra inflationary costs of the war might go to almost any figure.

Compare this cost—a cost you'd pay out of heavier taxes—with the cost of a limited subsidy program and you see that subsidies are a pretty shrewd investment. It's not too much to say that the American people can invest a relatively small portion of their taxes in subsidies and make a huge saving in terms of the retail prices they pay and in their future taxes.

I recently received a letter from a farmer in the Middle West who wrote: "Looks to me that we're just building up trouble. If we tamper with things now, sure as shooting, when the war ends and the subsidies are cut off, we'll have a drop in prices that'll lay us out."

Now this objection rests on a genuine concern, but it just doesn't stand up when you know the facts. We'll have to go back to the reason for subsidies—the only reason—the fact that a moderate amount of subsidy money is needed to cover war-made increases in costs. When the war ends, those extra war costs will end; and as they disappear, subsidies will be eased out of existence.

To all those people who fear a too sudden drop in prices when the war is over, I want to say that subsidies offer solid protection against that danger, because they can keep prices from going so high that they have a long way to fall.

To the small businessman, runaway prices are a nightmare. Inflation raises the cost of everything he buys, brings labor unrest, and constant demands for wage increases. He knows that soaring prices will end in a crash, and that he'll have to unload his high-priced merchandise at depression prices.

Use of Subsidies Misunderstood

Yet many small businessmen are opposed to the use of subsidies because they have not quite understood how subsidies can help to stop rising prices. Knowing that the heavy expenditures of war have helped stimulate inflation, some businessmen say, "Subsidies mean spending additional millions of dollars on the war, and that extra spending will stimulate inflation. It will make things worse, not better."

Again, when you have all the facts, you know that subsidies can't possibly create inflation. It's true they do put some extra money into circulation, but we must remember that a limited amount of subsidy money removes the immediate *need* for constantly rising prices on a growing list of products and for higher and still higher wages. Limited subsidies, carefully used, are our best and most conservative insurance against inflation.

Some businessmen object to subsidies because they must be paid out of taxes. The cost of war is being paid, and will continue to be paid, out of taxes. If we fail to use subsidies now to check rising living costs, the cost of the war may increase by a staggering amount, and we'll all have to pay even heavier taxes for the rest of our lives.

Americans who live near the Canadian border know that prices are successfully controlled in Canada. We also know that England has done a good job in halting inflation.

Canada and England went through the same troubles we're having now. They found that there's only one successful way to fight inflation, and that is to "hold the line" against all retail price increases on cost-of-living items. And so, a year or two ago, Canada and England installed a system of subsidies. I've studied their experiences, and they're making a great success of keeping prices stable.

Like us, the Canadians and the British knew the dangers of subsidies and knew they could get out of hand if improperly or dishonestly administered; but they had the courage to go ahead and use them with outstanding success. Today every country at war, with the possible exception of China, uses subsidies to hold living costs in check. They've learned that there is no other way.

When anyone tells you that subsidies are dangerous, please remember that since spring, we have actually been using subsidies successfully to keep the prices of meat and butter from running away. Before this action was taken, meat and butter prices were getting out of hand, and your wife will tell you that the legal ceiling prices of these foods have been pretty steady for the last six months. In fact, thanks to the use of a limited amount of subsidy money, our cost of living, according to the Department of Labor, is now at the same levels as last April.

If present subsidies are taken off, a lot of prices are going to go up practically overnight. Meat prices and butter prices were put down last June through the use of subsidies. Take the subsidies off, and obviously the OPA is going to have to raise those ceiling prices again.

That means ten cents more a pound for butter, eight cents more for cheese and anywhere from two to six cents a pound more for meat, depending on the cut. Hamburger would rise by four cents a pound, pork chops by five cents, and a six-pound chuck roast would set you back about twenty-one cents more. There'll be other increases on canned goods, bread and milk. Price increases like that mean a prompt shrinkage in your pay envelope.

We can also look forward to other price rises as we find ourselves banned from using subsidies to deal with rising costs in other lines of consumer goods. And let's not forget that even a ten per cent rise in all prices means nine billion dollars added to the total cost of expenditures for rent, clothing, food and other expenses in a single year. The same ten per cent rise would put another nine billion on our war bill during 1944, and there we'd be—out eighteen billion dollars the first year, with more to come, provided we were able, without subsidies, to limit this rise in prices to only ten per cent in the first year.

If our present price-control program is thrown out the window and if subsidies are banned after December 31st, specific prices are going to rise almost on New Year's Day; and people are going to be hurt beginning in January. How badly they get hurt before the skyrocket ride ends, we can't say for sure.

The government must get its authorization from Congress to use subsidies. The food-subsidy system which has made our present price-control program possible will expire at midnight, December 31st. All of the present controversy about subsidies is due to this one big question: Will Congress outlaw the use of subsidies after that date? Will it dismantle this weapon against inflation in the thick of the battle, or will it direct the government to continue to keep prices down by this proved method.

Subsidies Now Will Prevent Inflation

Most of us who are actively engaged in controlling living costs feel that we will soon see a ten per cent increase in our entire cost of living if we find ourselves banned from using subsidies to deal with rising costs in other lines of consumer goods.

A little more than a billion dollars, carefully used for subsidy payments to encourage production without raising prices, could help stave off that eighteen-billion-dollar loss that even a ten per cent rise would cost us in 1944. And if we don't use this money to pay subsidies now, the inflation bill may be vastly larger in 1945.

Everyone will get hurt, once such an advance gets going. Let's make no mistake about that. Farmers, labor, small businessmen, fixed-income groups would all get pinched.

Congress took a step forward in home-front defense when it authorized the use of subsidy payments last June. This issue of subsidies is a policy issue, and Congress must make the decision. I'm hoping it's a wise one. If Congress tells us that subsidies are out, we here in the OPA will do our best. We won't quit the job. We'll do our best to fight inflation by what military men call a delaying action.

But we'll never forget that inflation starts and ends with the people—in your home and in mine.

THE END

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The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 17

Michigan; to 82,000 against Navy; to 78,000 against Army, and 47,000 against Northwestern. Army, Navy, Pennsylvania, Southern California, Duke, North Carolina, Texas, Texas A. and M., and Georgia Tech, among others, played before old-time crowds.

Certainly one of the double-star features of the year was the showing Amos Alonzo Stagg made in his 54th year of football with his College of the Pacific team, before it was dismantled under Navy regulations.

The football season of 1943 was a helter-skelter affair. It was full of action, color, massacre, raw courage, stars who came and left. Great teams in football history fell far back. Unknowns, with their Navy trainees, moved upward. Michigan wrecked Minnesota with Daley and other Minnesota and Wisconsin stars. Wisconsin had to face Badger players on Michigan's side—players who a year ago carried Wisconsin close to the front. Paul Brown, with his civilian Ohio State team, had the best season of his career when you consider all the depressing hurdles he had to take. Duke, Georgia Tech and North Carolina led the Southern march, while Texas, with Texas A. & M., was the conference star of the usually strong Southwest. Southern California and Washington were the Rose Bowl survivors on the West Coast, both well equipped with talent before the scattering began. This is Collier's 54th All-America team. It marks the twentieth year I have been on the job since Walter Camp died. Through these twenty years, I can give greatest credit to our Advisory Board of veteran football writers.

War-Broken Schedules

There were many complications to face in choosing this year's team. For example, a fine Washington team, coached by Ralph "Pest" Welch of Purdue, had almost its entire schedule canceled before the season opened. Other teams had only one or two hard games to play.

We tried to establish a rating on five or six games for those who were lucky enough to finish before they were called to a bigger and a much tougher job. The first move we made was to arrange an All-America squad. It was from this squad that the final selections were made from those teams or those players who had worked in as many as five or six games.

The All-America Squad

Centers: Myslinski, Army; Coleman, Notre Dame; Martin, Navy; Bill Gray, Southern California.

Guards: Pregulman, Michigan; Filley, Notre Dame; Barwegen, Purdue; Steber, Georgia Tech. (Ward of Washington would have belonged in this group with a better schedule.)

Tackles: White, Notre Dame; McCaffray, College of the Pacific; Connor, Holy Cross; Merritt, Army; Mitchell, Minnesota.

Ends: Pihos, Indiana; Hein, Northwestern; Parker, Texas; Yonakor, Notre Dame; Monahan, Dartmouth. (Gantt of Duke would certainly have been high in this list except for injuries.)

Backs: Bertelli, Notre Dame; Odell, Pennsylvania; Miller, Notre Dame; Daley, Michigan; Prokop, Georgia Tech; Graham, Northwestern; Butkovich, Purdue; McCardle, U.S.C.

We had to leave off such fine backs as Alan Dark of Southwestern Institute and Harrison of Washington because of schedule deficiencies. Dark is one of the star backs of the year. So is Van Buren of L.S.U. and McCardle and Podesto from the Pacific Coast.

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Members of the All-America team were finally selected not only through the advice of the Advisory Board but with the help of the opinions of coaches who played their teams against the leaders finally named.

Myslinski, Army's center, was practically a unanimous choice. Pregulman of Michigan was voted the best combination center, guard and tackle the Middle West had known in years. Each opponent called upon promptly chose Captain Filley of Notre Dame, one of the star men in a great line.

The tackle assignment was closer. White of Notre Dame, 210 pounds of dynamite and quick thinking, was far away in front. Then the argument opened. Stanley Woodward wanted Connor of Holy Cross, one of the best. But the West Coast labeled McCaffray as the best tackle the Pacific Coast had seen in years.

At end, we could locate no Hutsons, Oosterbaans, Pooles and such. But in Pihos of Indiana we dug up the greatest pass receiver of the year, who helped to set a season's offensive record, besides handling his job defensively. Gantt of Duke was injured and out of too many games. Monahan of Dartmouth was good. Hein of Northwestern was one of the best all-round wingmen of the season.

This season there was even more than the normal crop of great backs. They came along in droves: such fullbacks as Bill Daley of Michigan and Minnesota, Butkovich of Purdue, Mello of Notre Dame; such halfbacks as Odell of Pennsylvania, Creighton Miller of Notre Dame, Eddie Prokop of Georgia Tech, Otto Graham of Northwestern, Hirsch of Michigan, Steuber of DePauw, Van Buren of L.S.U., McCardle of Southern California, Dark of Southwestern Institute. The final selection in this backfield came down to Bertelli, Odell, Miller, Daley and Prokop.

The Best of Running Backs

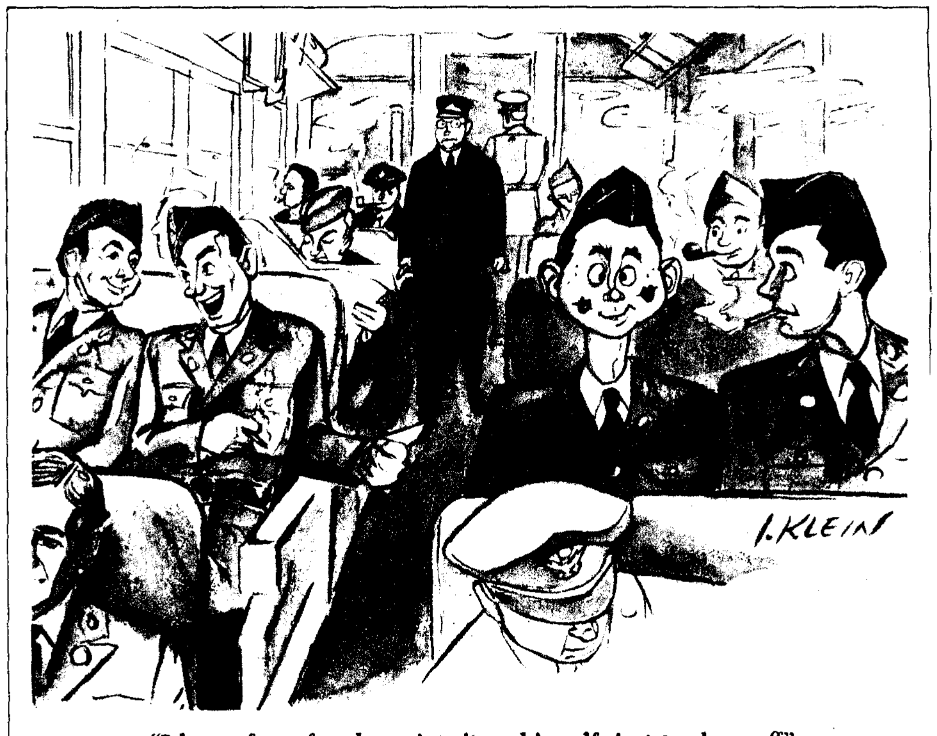
It was generally admitted that Bertelli as a ball-handler and a passer was the college master of the T formation. Bill Daley has been a near All-America for three years, a truly great back. Bob Odell is the finest defensive back in the country—a terrific tackler and blocker, a star ball-carrier, a dangerous man on the receiving end of the pass. The vote went to Creighton Miller as the best of all the running backs.

In addition to this, Miller was complete poison against hostile forward passes. His elusive speed kept him dangerous on every play. Eddie Prokop of Georgia Tech belongs in this list, but we could find no way to crowd out Bertelli, Odell, Miller and Daley. When it comes to a combination of both offense and defense, Odell is the top man of the list.

Bertelli and Prokop were the two finest passers. Prokop was a far stronger running back than Bertelli, but the latter's deft ball-handling gave Notre Dame finer deception than any other team could get.

In spite of all the handicaps and barriers, this 54th All-America can take its place among the best yet selected. It has an unusual turn of speed and power, hooked to greater versatility than most of the All-Americas have shown in the past.

THE END



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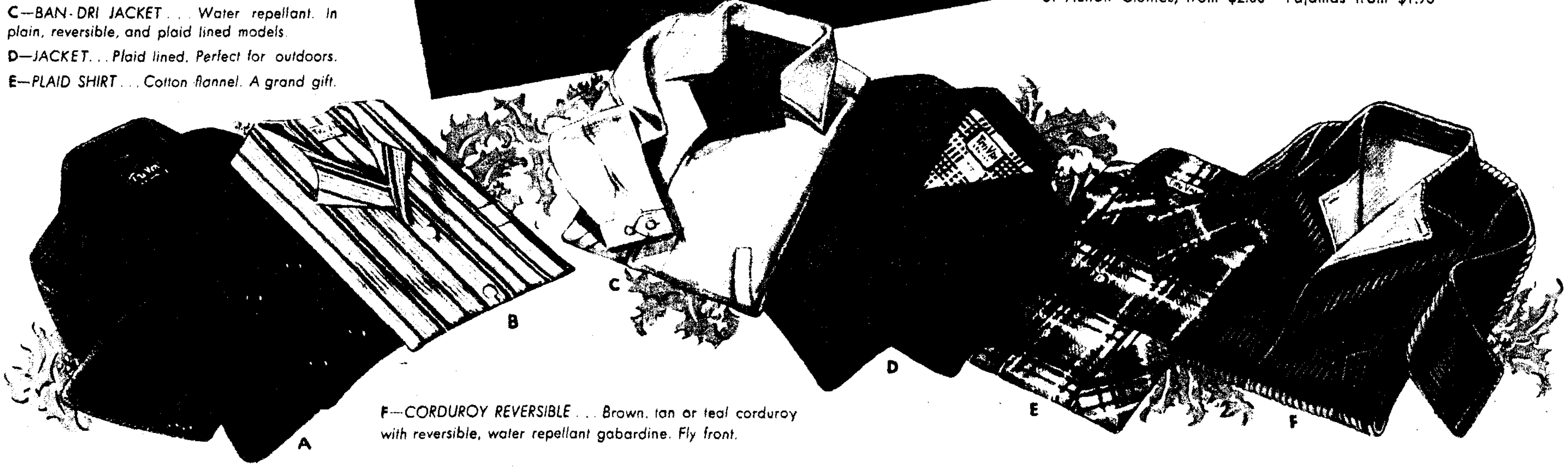

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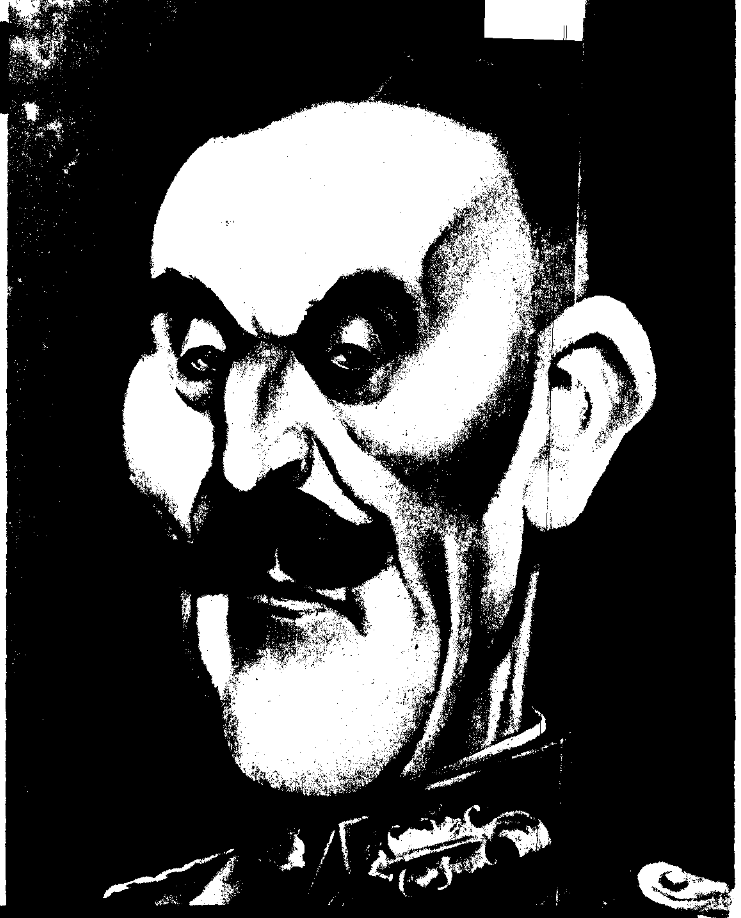


OTTO VON STUELPNAGEL

XX

THE case of General Otto von Stuelpnagel, Chief Military Protector of Paris by virtue of Adolf Hitler's faith in his cruelty, proves conclusively that there is indeed a fatal fascination that draws a criminal back to the scene of his crime. During the first World War, when the Germans overran northern France, Stuelpnagel attained evil eminence by the thoroughness of his savagery.

A major at the time, he put into practice the policy of frightfulness commanded by von Clausewitz. Not only arson, murder, pillage and impoverishing fines imposed upon communities, but the systematized destruction of industry and agriculture. Machinery, raw materials, livestock and foodstuffs were requisitioned, fields laid waste and orchards cut down and, as a final touch, the inhabitants were turned into beasts of burden.

After the armistice, the French branded Stuelpnagel as a common thief and murderer, demanding his extradition, but the wave of maudlin sentimentality that had swept the world let him go free along with all the other war criminals. A swinish dolt without other distinction than his Prussian brutality, Stuelpnagel dropped from sight and would have sunk deeper into obscurity but for the death of an uncle who left him a Berlin newspaper. Hitler was beginning to make his bid for power at the time, and Stuelpnagel turned the sheet over to the Nazis and became one of the Fuehrer's most slavish followers.

Not until 1940, when France lay prostrate, did he ask for his reward, and then he rushed forward with the insistence that he be put in charge of the army of occupation. All through the years, the Prussian had nursed a sullen rage against the French for having dared to brand him a criminal, looking forward to another *der Tag* that would put his heel on their necks a second time. Since the job was one that called for brute force rather than brains, Hitler signed the order, and once again Otto von Stuelpnagel was back in France, master of life and death. Establishing headquarters in the Hotel Crillon, and surrounding himself with an army of guards, he lost no time in letting the French know what to expect.

When the people of Paris crowded the streets on November 11, 1940, attempting to celebrate Armistice Day, Stuelpnagel shot them down like sheep. Evolving the theory of "collective responsibility," later used by every German commander in every occupied area, he announced that cities, towns and villages would be held accountable for individual acts of sabotage or violence. Civic leaders, women as well as men, were herded into prisons and kept as hostages for the good conduct of the community.

It is not only open violences that are punishable by death under Stuelpnagel's savage rule. On April 30, 1943, thirty citizens of Paris were executed for having scribbled "*D plus G égale V*" on walls (De Gaulle plus Giraud equals Victory). Listening to the British broadcasts, speaking disrespectfully of the Fuehrer, reading underground newspapers, all these and many more are capital offenses.

It is the spirit of the French people that the Prussian means to break, and along with mass murder, he uses such methods as starvation and deportation. Rations have been reduced to a point well below subsistence level, and French workers are now seized in the fields and factories and shipped off to the Reich without opportunity to bid their families goodby. Jews, of course, are particular objects of his rage. At one time he fined "all non-Aryans" in the occupied zone one billion francs, gibing that it was a "belated fine" for having crucified Christ. General Otto von Stuelpnagel—remember him! ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

"Women!"

Continued from page 27

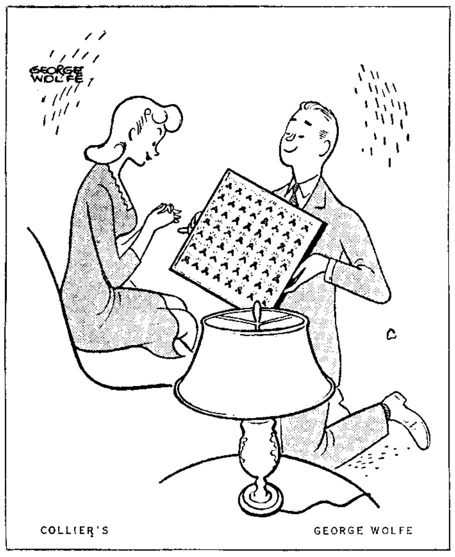
in the open seat, the moonlight on her face.

"What?" He came back to what she was saying in sudden shock. "Take who with us? . . . Nothing doing. No cousins giggling around, distant or otherwise. . . . Oh. It's a he. Older fellow." Worse and worse. "That's out," he said firmly. "I haven't been saving gas to take any Mortimers around joy-riding."

In a minute, he said hastily, "Now don't get sore, Doris. How can I be insulting the guy when I've never even seen him? Tell you what—maybe we can rake up another girl for him—take them up to that place where they have the beer and the juke box. The one you said was stinky but quaint. . . . He is? That's okay—I'll make it my treat. I don't care how I spend my money." He laughed again on the deep, derisive note. "What time will I— Okay, I'll hold on."

He leaned back against the booth. He should have told her the big news. That would settle everything. As soon as he heard her voice on the phone again, he said:

"Fix this thing up now, Doris, will you? This is a pretty special night, if you only knew it. Maybe our last. I'm being inducted. Tomorrow."



Her exclamation was satisfactory, until he learned its cause. His eyes went blank.

"He is, too? Well, I'll be darned." His voice dulled. "Well, if it's going to be so tough to get together, maybe I'd better just say fare-thee-well, Annabelle. I'll just stop over for five minutes, say. Okay?"

After a moment, a spark of cheer came into his eyes. "You do? You really want to? When can you let me know? It's only seven now. By seven-thirty? Okay. . . . Me? Me get him a girl? Where can I get one? Okay, Doris—I'll manage. I'll be waiting for your call, then. Or maybe I better call you," he said, suddenly remembering the calls that had never come.

"In a half hour, then," he said in final reminder. A yearning crept into his tone. "Doris—" The yearning broke off. "Never mind—no, I wasn't going to say anything special. I'll save it. 'By, now."

HE HUNG up, furious at the inanity of that " 'By, now." What made things come out like that?

He went out into the spring night, his mind in a turmoil. Somewhere inside he smarted with disappointment and resentment. Not at Doris, but at all the people who kept making claims on her. He knew she didn't want to be bothered with this distant cousin—she said so.

He tried to recapture the exact cadences of intimacy in her lowered voice: "Lamb, it's simply stinko—but what can I do? He's simply *here*—"

He slowed his pace. Maybe he'd see some girl he knew, someone he could ask for Doris' cousin. He walked down the street with the stores and the movie on it. He walked on and turned down his own street.

No girls were in sight. Not even one. He had the strangest feeling that maybe some perfectly beautiful woman would come along—and he'd tell her the story. She'd laugh, amused but tender. "Of course, I'll come—soldier!"

There was no beautiful woman. There was only the painful reality of the light in the house across the lawn from his own. Barbara Wilsded's house. Barbara would be home on Saturday night. Barbara had been an honor student at school. She was studying to be a nurse—not the glamorous kind. And she wore glasses.

MRS. PATTON didn't know whether to be glad or sorry when the phone rang. Jock would be thrilled, of course, to learn that Doris had called him. But oh, that bright and empty clack—she hated the very sound of it.

She smiled wryly when she lifted the phone—then genuinely. It wasn't Doris.

"Hello, Barbara, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Patton." There was a silence. "I just wondered—does Jock happen to be there?"

"Why, no. He went up the street."

"Oh! Well, it doesn't matter, really. It doesn't matter in the least. We just happen to have some fudge cake tonight, and I—Mother thought maybe you'd both like some."

"I'm sure Jock would," Mrs. Patton said warmly. "As soon as he comes in, I'll send him over."

"Well—if it's not too much trouble. I suppose he's got a date. I mean—he wouldn't be just hanging around, probably, on his last night home."

"He mentioned some sort of a date," Mrs. Patton said.

"Oh, surely—of course. I just thought if he should happen to be hanging around . . . Just tell him good luck from me, will you, Mrs. Patton?"

"Indeed I will. But I'll send him over, and you can say it with cake."

"Oh, no—please don't. I wouldn't dream of it. I can run over with it some time tonight. Just don't even mention it. It was probably a dopey idea anyway—and I probably won't be home tonight, come to think of it."

"I hear his step on the porch now—would you like to talk to him?"

"Oh. Well—yes. I mean, as long as he's right there—"

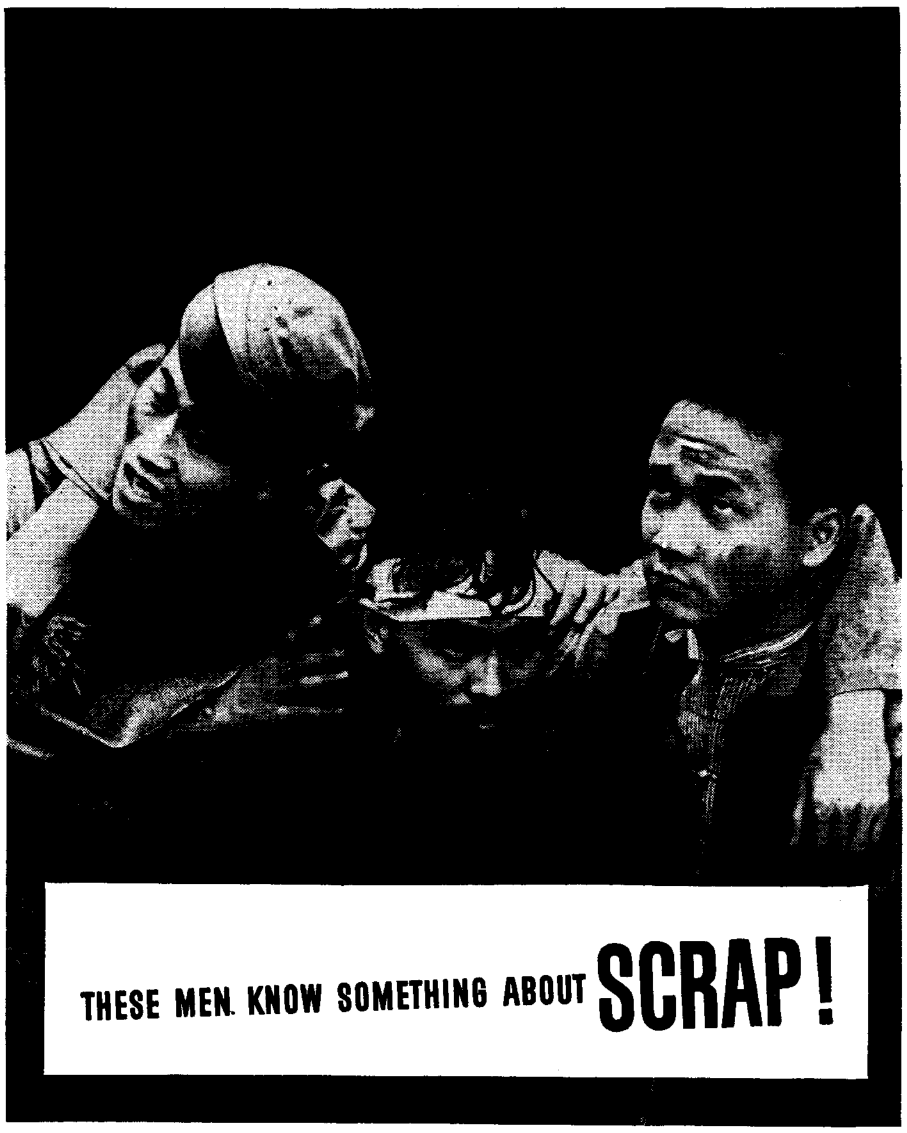
Mrs. Patton put down the phone. She laughed a little under her breath, and sighed. Poor Barbara! All the poor Barbaras!

With the glare of the Dorises in their eyes, how were boys to see the clear shining of brown eyes dappled like sunlight behind a Barbara's glasses? How were they to realize that her hair was deep and soft and fine, when the Dorises dazzled with a lacquered, permanented up-do? How were they to know what she could be to a man, when nature held back the Barbaras a little in the interests of final perfection—while the Dorises matured and dazzled like hothouse blooms?

"Phone for you," she told him, and added with a warning lowering of her own voice, "It's Barbara. She's made fudge cake."

The wild hope that it might have been Doris to say she wanted him and him alone for tonight died a sudden and violent death.

"It *would* be," he said laconically, and to his mother's utter amazement, he picked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up the phone and said, "Hi, Barb—want to go on a double date tonight?". . .

Four phone calls later, Jock was at the garage doors, and Barbara was running across the lawn in a white dress, holding the skirt above the wet grass.

Jock stared at her in dismay. "What'd you get all dressed up for?"

She stood beside him, panting a little, one hand pushing back the shining thickness of her brown hair from her forehead.

"I thought you said we—it was a dancing date."

"Well, *it* is. But not dress-up." He told her where they were going.

"Oh. That place." Her hand dropped from her hair. "That's a dump. Why do you want to go there?"

He didn't say it was Doris' idea. "It'll do you good to watch the other half at play. And the beer's good up there."

"Have you been there?"

"No," he admitted reluctantly. "But I know all about it. It's stinky but quaint."

She shook her head. "It's just stinky. Not quaint. I've been there."

He was unbelieving. "Who took you?"

"Dad. He's taken me every place around here—part of my education. Once was enough."

"Now, Barbara, you can't back out now. You'll have a good time. This cousin of Doris' is probably a knockout. Besides, he's being inducted tomorrow, too. It's up to you to show him a good time."

"You see too many movies, Jock," she said tactlessly. "If you mean I'm to play kissing games with him to build up his morale—I don't think I care for same. In fact, I don't think I want to go to the Lake Inn, anyway."

"Listen, Barbara," he began pleadingly, then he clamped his jaw. He rolled the garage door back with a bang. "I haven't time to argue," he said decisively. "Are you coming or aren't you?"

"I'll come." It was a mere breath.

He snapped the light on in the garage, got down on one knee to look under the car.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"Cat." He straightened. "Ginger's taken a notion to stay under the car lately. I nearly ran her down one night."

Grunting, he accordioned the canvas top of the Model A. He got out again, reached in across the wheel to snap the headlights on. Only one came on. He thwacked the other with the palm of his hand and it flickered on, stayed.

"Let's go." He swung in behind the wheel and ungallantly pushed the other door open from the inside for Barbara.

The motor caught with a chug and a gasp and died.

"Too much choke," Barbara murmured.

"Not enough," he contradicted. "Don't you think I— What was that?"

He listened. Barbara listened, too.

"It sounded like a little cry," she whispered. "Wait—there it goes again."

THE sound seemed to come from under them, or behind them. Jock shut off the ignition, scrambled to his knees on the seat and looked into the rumble.

He sagged back on his heels. "Oh, Lord!" he breathed. "What a mess! What a mess! Listen, Barbara—you better get out of the car and wait outside."

"What is it?" She started to kneel up, to, but his hand held her shoulder.

"Ginger," he said. "She's got kittens. I mean—she's *having* them." His face was white.

He was out of the car in a flash, pulling brush and pail out of a corner of the garage.

"What are you going to do?" Barbara demanded.

"Get her out of there and clean up." He picked up the pail, put it down again distractedly. "I'll have to call Doris—tell her we'll be a few minutes late."

Barbara was shocked. "You can't. You can't just dump her out now!" She peered into the rumble seat, laid a palm gently on the cat's side. "She's got at least three more."

A thin cry came from Ginger.

"Never mind—it's all right," Barbara spoke soothingly, giving her full white skirt a ruthless hitch as she leaned over. "We won't disturb you."

"Get out of the way." Jock was kneeling on the seat. He couldn't quite look at the panting Ginger. "Or no—you take one end of the seat cushion, I'll take the other. We can lift her right out."

"We can *not!*" she said fiercely. "Look—she's half crazy with fear. Go turn off that big light—it's glaring right in her eyes. Oh, Jock—look at the little, *little* things!"

She turned to glance at him. He was staring at the laboring Ginger and the two-minute kittens already making feeble motions toward the warm comfort of the milk they could sense but not see.

"Why, Jock!" she said gently. "Don't look like that. Ginger's all right."

"What are you talking about?" he almost shouted. "You go right ahead and play Florence Nightingale if you want—it's not in my line. I'm going in and call Doris. And"—he backed out of the car—"I'll give that damned cat just fifteen minutes, then out she goes!"

He stamped out, came back to snap off the overhead light, then went on a run for the house.

When he came back, he was calmer. Doris had been sweet. She said fifteen minutes would be all right—and Barbara should wear a warm coat to rumble in. The cousin would have to ride inside—he had sinus.

"We're going to need a box," Barbara said as soon as he came in, without even asking what Doris had said. "And some newspaper. And if you had an old scrap of woolen blanket anywhere—"

"I told Mom. She's looking around the attic for a box. Is it all over? We've got to get going."

He peered into the gloom, barely making out a white blur that was Barbara, bent over the rumble, her hair fallen forward against her face.

"Are these her first kittens?" she asked.

"How the devil should I know— Yes, I guess so. Of course!" he added, startled. "Why—she was only a kitten herself when we got her. And that wasn't so long ago."

"Shh! She's getting worried again," Barbara cautioned him in a low voice.

"Listen—we've only got a few minutes more. I'm going for the box and the papers—and then we've got to clean up fast and *go*."

"She's having a hard time," Barbara said. "We'll simply have to wait."

"That's just too bad!" He was bitter. "What about me? It's my last *night*—my last chance to see Doris. I suppose I don't count. I can just hang around and wait for a cat!"

She looked over at him impatiently. "Don't hang around then. Go on over to Doris'. I'll take care of Ginger and the kittens."

"Go over—without the car?" He was horrified. "I suppose Doris can *walk* out to the lake. And what about her cousin?"

"He can pick me up over here. Maybe he's a good apple," Barbara said noncommittally.

"What do you mean by that crack?"

"Nothing. Go on. Call her up. You'll simply bust if you don't."

He went.

DORIS was not so sweet, this time. There was a liquor curfew on Saturday night—no drinks served after eleven-thirty. They'd hardly have time for anything, at this rate. Her cousin was getting frightfully bored sitting around. Was Jock going to lose his last night with her just because of a cat? She'd wait another fifteen minutes. Then she'd really have to take the cousin somewhere before he expired with boredom.

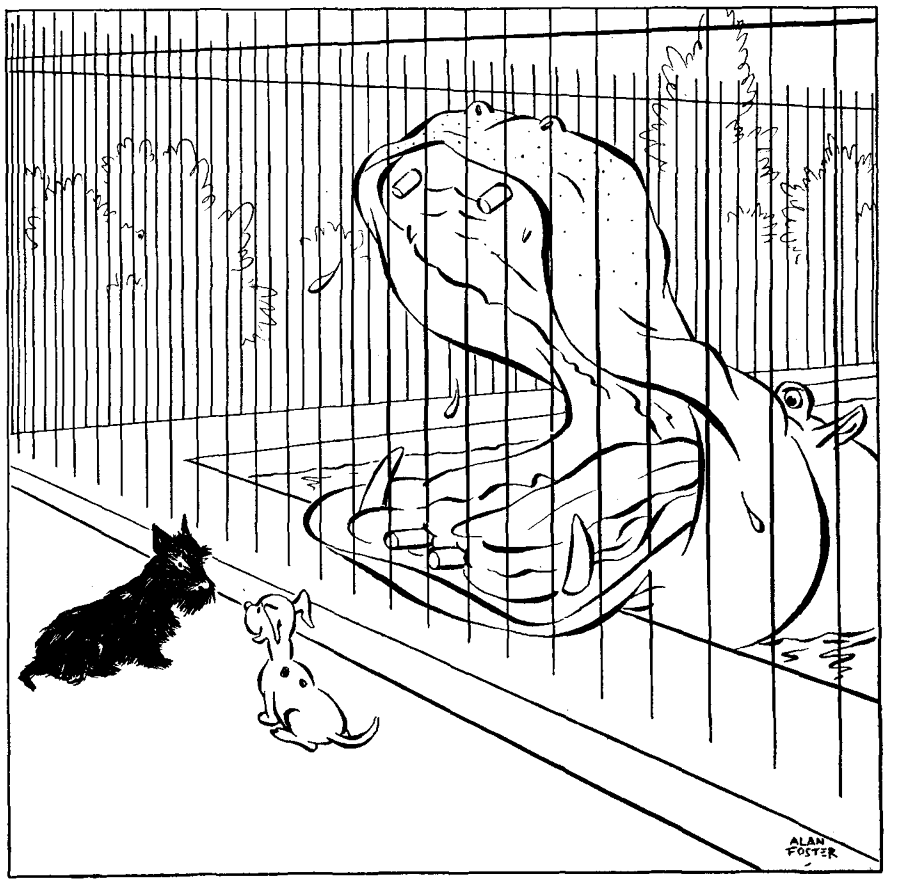
Jock was desperate—but he got a flicker of satisfaction out of telling Barbara that Doris' cousin didn't sound as if he'd like to pass the last night of his civilian life playing nursemaid to a bunch of kittens, either.

"I wonder if we ought to send for a vet?" Barbara's voice was worried. "I don't know much about what to do for cats."

The faint emphasis on the last word

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S

"By the way—whatever became of Mussolini?"

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THE LADY WITH THE PREWAR EYES

The lady herself has gotten into the fight. She left a comfortable home to tackle a vital job in a war industry.

But, much to her distress, her eyes remained home-bodies—good to look at but not to see with. For when she asked them to read a micrometer—they just *couldn't* do it. They quit cold by blurring and fogging, by straining and watering.

Worse yet, they brought on nerves, headaches, indigestion as well as backache and sleeplessness.

Involuntarily, these eyes even sabotaged that vital war work the lady was trying to do.

And no wonder. The health and efficiency of her eyes had been sadly neglected. *Now* she knew it, and *how* she knew it. The lady was ready to quit, too—until she sensibly brought her eyes up to date and into the fight.

Your eyes, like the lady's, have lots of ways of telling you they're not equal to your needs. Often, with symptoms seemingly unrelated to the eyes, they're telling you that something's wrong.

These warnings should be heeded promptly. Seek professional Ophthalmic advice and care. And get only the *best;* avoid the claims of charlatans and faddists. The only pair of eyes you will ever have are far too precious for you to skimp on their protection.

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startled him. "You mean you'd know if—"

"Well, I'm pretty green, yet," she said, "but we're all equipped to handle emergencies at least until a doctor comes. They don't emphasize that so much now—it's care of wounds and burns and shock we study mostly."

He stood still in the darkness, the box dangling from his hand a little limply. Her words sank down into him somewhere—somewhere, where, for a moment, he felt chilled. Wounds. Burns. Shock. He wondered if he'd be one of those cases some day.

He looked at the girl in the white dress kneeling there. She looked awfully young. Slender. He moved nearer, slowly, his eyes still on her. On her hands. They were slender, too, but the fingers—the short, young oval of the nail devoid of polish—the fingers were faintly square at the tips. Strong-looking.

The line of her profile suddenly showed clear in the moonlight from the doorway when she turned her head.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Nothing. How's Ginger doing now?"

She shook her head. "You better just go along. I'll give her a little while more—then I'm going to send for a vet."

He went over and knelt up on the seat beside her.

THERE was silence. An unmeasured time passed, until Barbara gave an exclamation, and Jock found his mouth was suddenly not dry any more.

"That's all—I'm sure." Barbara said on a long breath. "Oh—look! That last one—it's coal black!"

It struck them both as inordinately funny.

"I'll be darned!" Jock breathed. "She's getting to work on them already."

"It's a perfectly natural function," Barbara said very calmly. "Recovery is rapid. Now—where's the box?"

She was out of the car, all business. Jock followed more slowly.

"Never mind it," he said abruptly.

"You mean you're going to let her stay there?"

"For tonight. It's too late, anyway."

Barbara was, illogically, stricken. "Oh, Jock! What time is it? It can't be too late! We can hurry—you call her up—"

"It's nearly ten o'clock."

"But it can't be!"

"But it is." He was sad. Sad and resigned. Yet he eyed the kittens with an unreasonable feeling of pride. "Calling Dr. Kildare," he intoned. "Calling Dr. Kildare. Come on, Nurse." He managed to sound jocular. "Didn't Mother say something about some fudge cake?"

Barbara's trained hands made a wholly uncertain, wavery gesture.

"Oh, would you really like it?"

He guided her a little across the shadows of the garage. Outside, she stood back while he drew the garage doors shut against the cooling air. He turned, unexpectedly caught her looking at him.

He stared, too. It was something about her. About the shine of the moonlight on her hair, the way her arms dropped to her sides against the white dress, the way her eyes looked suddenly enormous and dark.

A queer feeling came into his throat. The sweet, waiting beauty of the night seemed to deepen around her. In the stillness, he could hear her soft breathing. He moved forward. His hand reached out for hers.

"Jock!" It was his mother's voice, from the back window. "Telephone!"

His hand dropped away.

He had already started on a run for the house when Barbara said on a high key, "You run along. Be seeing you!"

He glanced back at her, then up at his mother in the window. A struggle went on in his face.

"Did Doris say what she wanted?"

"She said something about her cousin deciding to leave early—and that she'd be on the porch. She rattles on so—she's still waiting on the phone."

Barbara's white dress was moving at a faster pace across the lawn.

"Tell Doris"—he paused—"tell Doris I can't make it, will you, Mom?"

For a moment, the finality of his own words shook him. He could almost see the telephone lying off the hook—feel it in his hand—hear himself stammering out words. Then, in another second—it was over. All of it. Doris was over, like a bad movie. He was out. He was free.

"I'll tell her!" The relief in Mrs. Patton's voice was a carol.

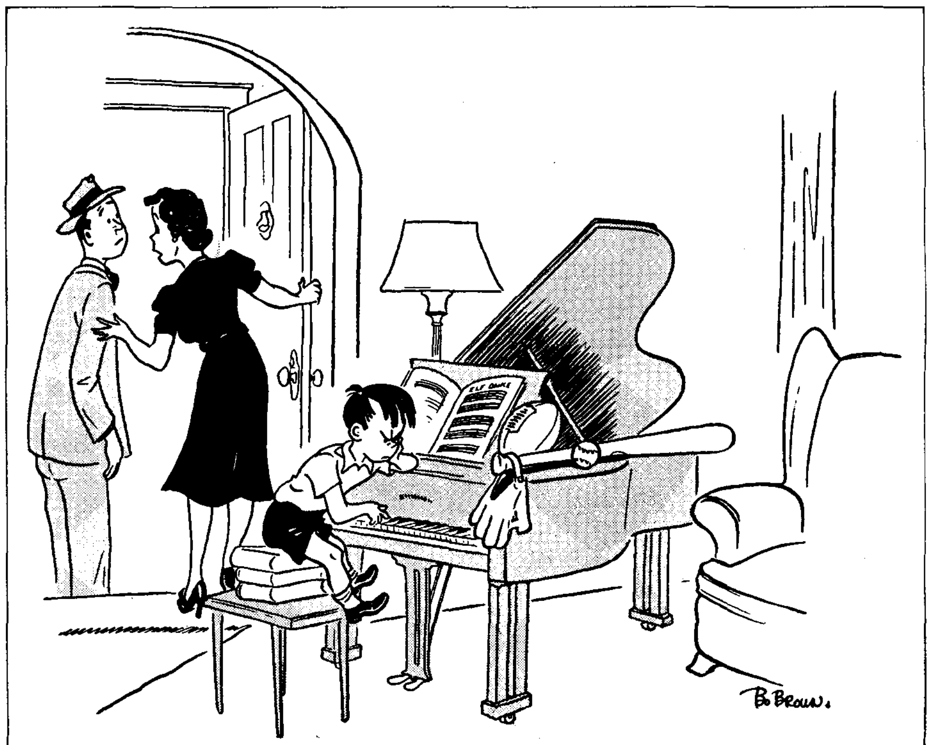
Barbara was almost running when he galloped across the lawn. He came up with her just in time to catch her as she tripped.

"Hey!" He clutched her arm. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I did—I haven't my glasses on."

He shook his head. "Rather break your neck than wear your glasses." He drew her hand through his arm. "Women!" he said, with scorn and a deep, pleasant warmth.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Henry, I wish you'd find out the names of some great athletes who play the piano" BO BROWN

"Get It Over With!"

Continued from page 14

tortuous roads, provide the enemy with a battlefield relatively easy to defend, and he is defending it magnificently with few troops and few weapons.

In the past year of war, the Nazis have developed the art of demolition to the same high level to which they had raised the blitzkrieg. In Poland, Holland and France, it was the blitzkrieg. Now it is the *Langsamkrieg*—which means a long war.

Enemy demolitions craftily designed to retard the Fifth and Eighth armies' advance up the Italian boot have slowed the war to a two- or three-mile-a-day pace. They are encountered wherever a primary, secondary or even a tertiary road crosses a river or canal, hugs a mountainside or leaps even the smallest ravine. British armored units operating with the Fifth Army alone encountered ten blown-out bridges in an advance of approximately fifteen miles along one route. American divisions met with at least that many in the same distance. In addition, all were confronted with blasted culverts, road blocks, and the old, old enemy—mines.

Experts at Demolition

It is a common saying among the engineers that all roads lead to Rome, but not when the Huns have been over them first. Apparently the Germans were caught short of ordinary bulk dynamite. They have improvised expertly with shells and aviation bombs to blow up bridges or tear huge craters in the roads. While most of the impediments the Germans leave in the roads can be eliminated in an average of four hours, some require careful engineering surveys before they can be overcome.

Such was the case in the crossing of the Volturno River. Before a bridge could be put across the stream, patrols were sent out to ascertain the technical difficulties bridging presented and to find out what enemy strength was on the opposite shore. Such patrols take time and are often costly in casualties.

The engineers can span a 70-foot gap in anywhere from four to twenty-four hours. But a bridge over a river—and there will be many rivers to cross before Italy is wrested from the Germans—is usually a 48-hour job, if all goes well. Rain and mud are Germany's allies in their delaying tactics.

There are two ways, for instance, short of an actual bridge to provide a road for trucks, guns and tanks to move through a point where the enemy has blasted a bridge off the map. If the blown bridge passes over a ravine or dry river bed, and the gap is sufficiently shallow, the engineers can make a fill of rock and earth held together with timber binders cut from brush, or from a forest at hand. If the ravine is deep, then a bulldozer is used to butt out a zigzag road by-passing the torn road down one bank and up the other. Rain, however, can cause fills to wash out or it can turn bulldozer by-passes into treacherous, impassable quagmires.

Some amateur strategists who may have wondered why the Fifth and Eighth armies took so long to join after the battles of Reggio and Salerno should have come along with three correspondents who drove a heavily loaded jeep from Salerno to Bari recently. By the time we left on our major adventure, the roads had been restored sufficiently for military purposes, but where they crossed the Sele River, we had to ford a two-foot high, ten-mile-an-hour current, and on three other occasions, had almost literally to carry the jeep up and down 300-foot-deep ravines. For many days, only infantry pack-mule artillery and pack-mule trains could move from one front to the other. Such is the character of the country and the weather our armies face in Italy.

A certain ingenious general, an old cavalryman, now commanding infantry, has organized a battle-strength cavalry troop with commandeered horses and pack mules to smoke out the Germans in isolated areas. This general has had to turn infantrymen and artillerymen into cavalrymen to accomplish his purpose. While there are a few dead mules and horses lying about, this anonymous general (and, by some curious exigency of censorship, apparently all but armchair generals or corps commanders are unmentionable) has been very successful with his makeshift cavalry.

It would seem obvious that, in regions where mechanized warfare breaks down because of lack of communications, horses and mules would speed up the task of harassing and defeating the enemy, but there is no sign that the masterminds of this war, who are determined that the war shall roll on wheels even when it can't, intend to use cavalry in any large way.

Blown bridges and cratered roads, washed-out fills and slimy by-passes are, in my opinion, the only bars to our doughboys' return home. The enemy's road blocks are as nasty as his more obvious dynamiting. Along the Appian Way from Naples to Caserta, the Nazis felled huge old three-foot-thick trees across the road. Where the road narrowed to pass through villages, the Nazis never hesitated to blast onto and across the road parts of the towns—entire houses, churches, monasteries, factories, whatever contained masses of steel, stone and masonry—to form an obstruction.

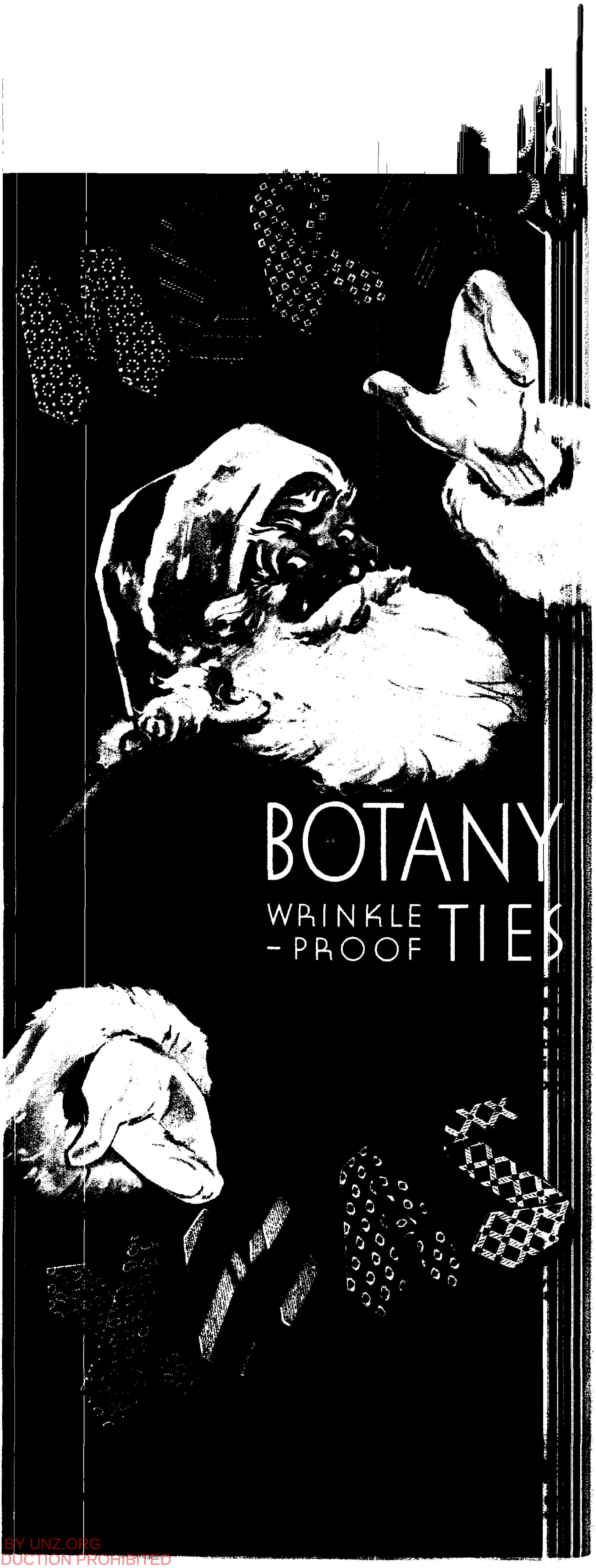
The Nazis contrived another effective road block by blowing one end of heavy railroad bridges overpassing a road. Thus they accomplished the double purpose of cutting a rail line and obstructing a roadway. With their systematic demolitions, the Germans have also succeeded in forcing our advance northward into a limited number of channels, which means that, for the most part, the war is being fought on the enemy's terms—a situation wherein the Nazis are figuratively always looking down our throats from high ground. The ground will grow higher as the Fifth Army's northward march over the ancient battle routes of the Romans, of Hannibal, and of Garibaldi continues.

Giant Engines of War

The enemy's demolitions have accomplished for the Nazis what their mines did in the deserts of Libya and Egypt and later in Tunisia. The Allies' great antidote for common road blocks are bulldozers. These gigantic and expensive machines are slow-moving and huge and, of course, vulnerable and difficult to replace. They are therefore used sparingly and carefully. The big machines overwhelmed the Italians when they first saw them. At their first glimpse of the bulldozers and our amphibious ducks coming out of water, they held up their hands and said, "What fools we were to go to war with people who can invent and employ such weapons!"

The enemy's demolitions and his carefully worked out tactics of delay are, however, in vain, as futile as his mine fields and booby traps were in the desert. It is obvious now that the Italian campaign's principal objective is to secure the Italian peninsula as an airfield from which our bombers can penetrate into the heart of Germany from the south, where weather conditions are generally more favorable for air operations in the winter months than in Britain.

Our strategic or heavy bomber forces



will have nearly twice as many full flying days from Italian bases such as Foggia as from England. The establishment of a hard-hitting, strategic bomber force in Italy, however, takes time and shipping for the transportation of stores of fuel, spare parts and personnel. And these are factors which, like the enemy's demolitions, militate against our doughboys' return home.

Although the Italian front is now clearly secondary, rather than a second front in the larger sense, it has already accomplished its purpose. If the campaign, as such, ended with the fall of Rome, or for that matter, with the fall of Naples, it *still* has played an important role in total victory.

Aside from the fact that it accomplished the fall of Fascism and the defeat of one of three partners in the unholy alliance of German Aryans, Italian sub-Aryans, and Jap subhumans, the Allies have achieved their military objective—airfields from which to smash the Skoda factories in Czechoslovakia, reduce the Schneider Arms Works at Le Creusot in France, and wreck hitherto untouched southern Germany and the satellite Axis centers.

Even at this stage of the operations in Italy, as the Allies prepare to battle their way through road blocks and possible floods (the Germans can and may flood coastal lowlands like the Pontine Marshes by blasting key dams in the mountains above them), the Italian campaign has justified its expense in material, lives and time.

At least twenty divisions have been immobilized on the Italian front, which might have been used by the Germans advantageously on the more important Russian front. Furthermore, Italy provides airfields from which a death blow may be dealt our last enemy in Europe. Those, however, who believed—and still believe—that the Italian operations would be quick and easy will be disillusioned this winter—barring a sudden German collapse.

There is one advantage in the doughboys' anxiety to return home. Out of that yearning for those physical comforts he associates with civilization, and more particularly with America ("best damn' country in the whole damn' world"), there is distilled every moment a fierce fighting quality, an urgency to "get it over with." These men on the Italian front are no longer green kids. Editorialists and cartoonists back home have bragged, "They're seasoned veterans with a tanned color of oiled walnut wood, and just as tough."

That they have no clear political objectives, as they fight, is probably not their fault. Everything possible is done for what uplifters call their "morale"—movies, vaudeville with big-name stars, the best of food and the best of equipment and rapid mail facilities.

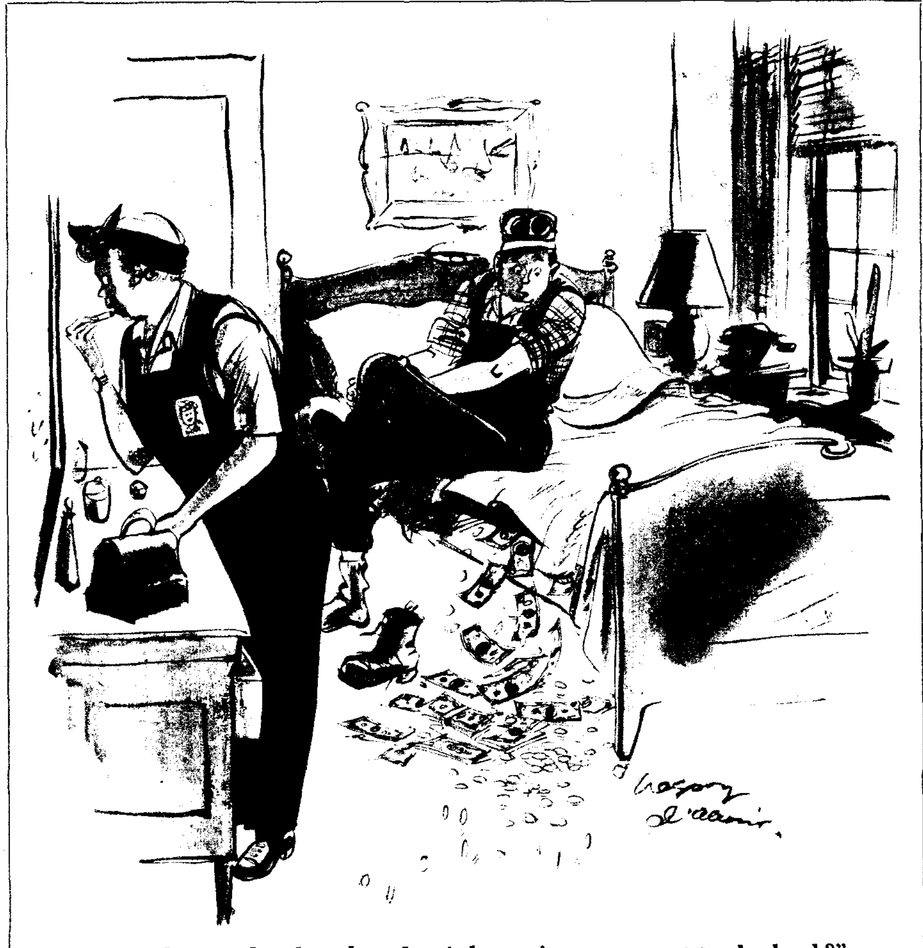
There's a whole section of the American Army devoted to the entertainment of troops, and the American Red Cross helps out with recreational facilities which extend almost up to the front lines. One branch of the Red Cross even brings soap and towels, toothpaste, extra cigarettes and other indispensable luxuries right up onto the battlefield.

Purveyor of Self-Respect

One of the American Red Cross field workers, a plucky lovable character named Joe Cappiello, saved my self-respect with soap, a towel and a cheap razor up at the front within rifle range of the enemy, while shells were falling within ducking distance of an infantry regiment. War nerves relaxed when our troops saw smiling, efficient little Joe from Trenton, New Jersey—or was it Brooklyn?

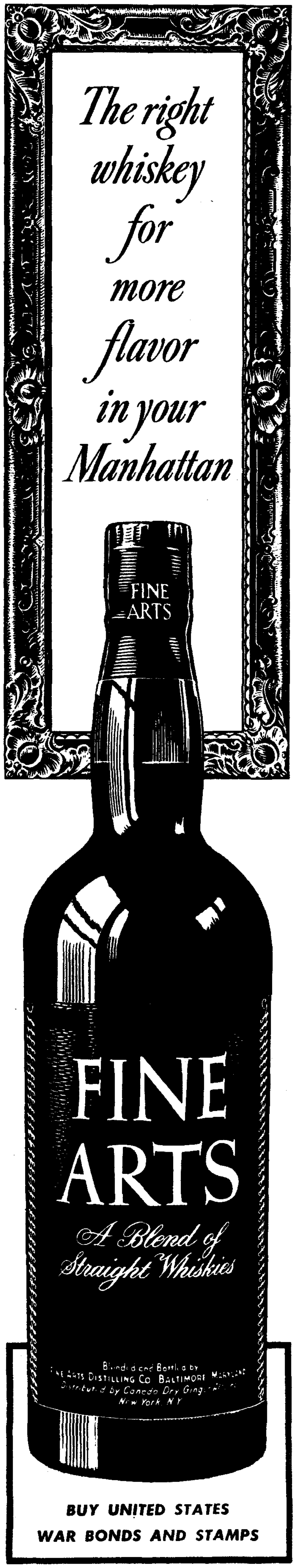
There are many Cappiellos to keep the troops happy and plenty of Jack Bennys and Larry Adlers and Wini Shaws and lesser folk, too, who make the boys laugh and ease their homesickness. But nobody seems to have bothered to organize lectures or provide simple study courses in current events which would acquaint our troops with some of the political facts of life in a shrunken world. German road blocks impede our military progress. Our own shortsightedness may impede postwar political progress.

THE END



"Ye gods, Maude—how long has it been since you went to the bank?"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO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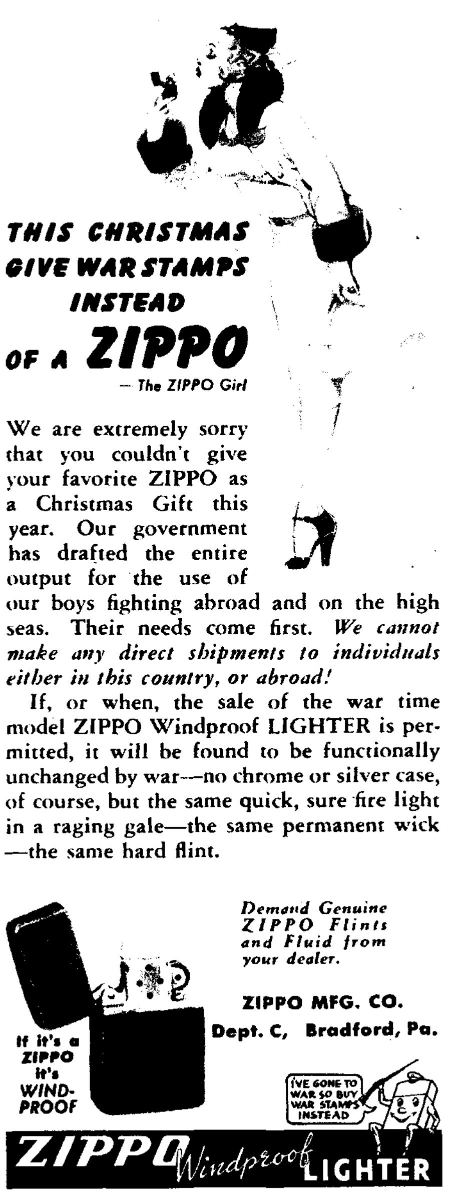
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Marshall—Democratic General

Continued from page 12

areas, was assigned to hard-driving, hard-hitting Somervell of the Engineers; and to General McNarney, great soldier and master organizer, went the job of *integrating* the three commands, doing away with old jealousies and rivalries, and seeing to it that the whole machine is kept in balance. As a result, the *Army* of the United States is today a *unit*.

Another important part of the Marshall day involves co-ordination. In the first World War, he saw Allied armies brought to the edge of disaster time after time by lack of a unified command. Out of this bitter memory, one of his first insistences was the creation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to assure complete co-ordination of America's war effort. This body is composed of General Marshall himself, Admiral Ernest King, Commander in Chief of the Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral William D. Leahy, the President's personal Chief of Staff, and General Arnold.

Era of Good Feeling

Co-operation between the Army and the Navy is worked out at regular meetings. There is no trace of the old feeling that had much to do with the tragedy of Pearl Harbor, where Admiral Kimmel and General Short each went his own bullheaded way.

There is also a Combined Chiefs of Staff that ties together the British and American war effort. Field Marshal Sir John Dill, formerly Chief of Staff of the armies of the United Kingdom, now has his station in Washington.

While purely military conferences make up a large part of the Marshall day, they are far from filling it. Daily consultations with the Secretary of War, whose office adjoins, is a fixed rule. The Chief of Staff respects and defers to Mr. Stimson's broad experience in public life, and the Secretary makes no secret of his regard for General Marshall's military genius.

There are also frequent summonses to the White House, for the President follows the war no less closely than General Marshall. There are calls by senators and representatives, and interviews with representatives of the State Department, the Treasury and other high officials. In the beginning, General Marshall spent a large part of his time before congressional committees, but the Congress has come to have such confidence in his judgment that he is no longer deviled by these inquisitions.

A principal reason for this confidence is General Marshall's democratic recognition of the truth that the war is not the war of the Army, the Navy or the Administration, but the war of a whole people. The most remarkable thing about a very remarkable man is his utter lack of brasshatism. Mark the care he has taken to report regularly to both the Senate and the House on every detail of America's war effort. Not perfunctory talks, but full and frank expositions.

Ask General Surles, who runs the Army's Bureau of Public Relations, and he will admit that the Chief of Staff is "the best damned man I've got."

A "soldier's soldier" in the estimation of the Army, George Marshall is even more a "citizen's soldier." Forty-three years in uniform, and yet he has escaped the usual "professional deformation." He can not only talk with civilians in their own language, but he can also see things from the civilian point of view. Even during the years when Congress denied adequate appropriations for the Army, no one ever heard him snarl at "rotten politicians." He saw the unwillingness to prepare for war as proceeding from a democracy's hatred of war, and even while regretting it, he understood.

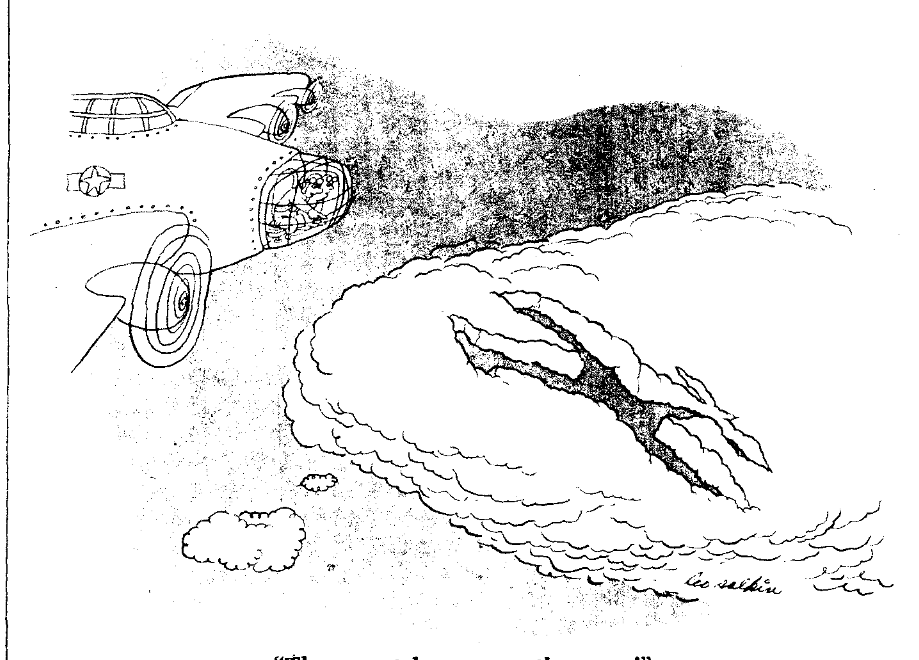
In the black days when it seemed that nothing could stop the forward sweep of Hitler's Panzer divisions, only General Marshall, of all the military crowd, refused to lift his voice in angry denunciation of pacifists, isolationists and politicians as responsible for unpreparedness.

"Democratic governments," he explained, "devote their resources to improving the standard of living of their people. When attacked by nations which have concentrated on preparations for a war of conquest, it is inevitable that the aggressors will score the initial successes."

A good sense of humor also marches side by side with his nice sense of proportion. Once when an associate was dilating on the might of Hitler's armies, General Marshall harked back to his football days at Virginia Military Institute.

"In one game where I was at tackle," he said, "the guard on the other side weighed around 250 pounds to my 170. When he lined up, I didn't feel any too happy over the outlook, but after two or three plays, I found I could outthink him. Since that day, size has never bothered me."

In considering General Marshall's departures from the purely military type—



COLLIER'S "They must have gone that way!" LEO SALKIN

This is Rita
when she
had a cold

(*Hot, harsh smoke made her throat all* *raw!*)

So Rita
decided she'd try
a KOOL or two

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes Tipped

UNION MADE

("*They felt so soo-oo-thing,*" *said she*)

Did Rita wait
for another cold
to enjoy that cool
soothing flavor
?

No! Since then
she's smoked
KOOLS all
the time

Go steady!
Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
—for good!

y Given
dly Possessed

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the Blood and Iron boys—there is one difference that stands out above all others. It is in his regard for human life.

In war, as soldiers explain it, there are two primary rules: (1) to kill as many of the enemy as possible; (2) to do this with the least possible loss. George Marshall stresses the second rule no less than the first. There is not a youngster who goes abroad but is the object of his deep, personal concern.

A part of the mail that goes out of his office every day, no matter how crowded that day may be, is letters to the "next of kin." As a result, the fathers and mothers of America have one consolation, at least, that can be taken to their hearts. They have General Marshall's promise that the youth of the land will not be sent to fight in foreign lands without "the best leadership, the best training, the best conditioning, the best discipline, and the best of everything else that will give them the best chance of coming back alive."

To assure prompt and thorough training, he streamlined his organization, cut red tape, junked outworn procedure, and made the test of a thing its use and not its age. The small Regular Army was ripped to pieces, so that selectees might waste no time in the training period. New divisions were set up in full around veteran cadres.

Training for Eventualities

"Don't bother about fancy formations," was the order given General McNair. "Teach them what they will need on the battlefield." What Marshall wanted and what he got was not a lot of dress-parade robots, but aggressive soldiers able to wage an offensive war on their own initiative and their own terms. The landings in Africa and at Salerno were not improvisations, for here at home, men had practiced how to get on and off a barge and just what to do after landing.

Tank crews train with the thermometer at 40 below or 140 above, mines exploding under the treads, and projectiles bouncing off the sides. There is instruction in mine planting, mine disposal and booby traps. Every maneuver is a battle rehearsal, and as the rookies charge through sandstorms, scale crags, cross streams and attack fortified positions, live ammunition screams over their heads, accustoming them to the sounds and sensations of combat.

Nothing is left to chance or the law of averages. Before a youngster is trained for a particular spot, both his physical and his temperamental fitness are determined by tests. Care is taken that no round peg goes into a square hole; and while all come out as highly trained specialists of some kind, every man finishes up by knowing something about everything connected with his task. It is no accident that in our bombers, a gunner takes over if his pilot is killed or wounded.

Along with the kind of training and conditioning that will give every soldier "the best chance to come back alive," General Marshall stresses leadership. In France—another lesson remembered—he saw General Pershing's hands tied by peacetime promotion rules that put seniority before competence. As Chief of Staff, one of his first acts was to make merit the determining factor in selecting his commanders. Paraphrasing Napoleon, who said that the humblest soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, General Marshall gave it out that every man in Uncle Sam's Army had a "star in his pocket."

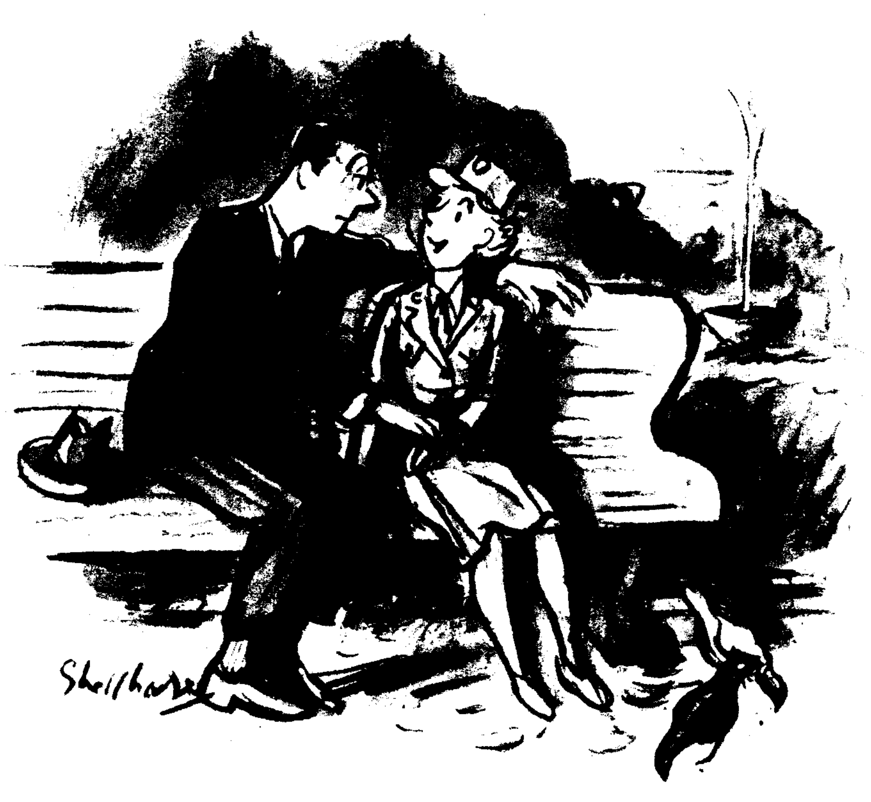
Dwight Eisenhower, as an instance, was a lieutenant colonel who had never been under fire, yet he was picked for supreme command in the North African theater. Out of selections made in utter disregard of seniority rules has come many a heartbreak, but every man in the Army knows General Marshall is utterly without prejudice.

Never before were the gates to promotion so wide open. As early as 1941, the Chief of Staff approved General McNair's plan for the establishment of schools to give special training to enlisted men who, in the estimation of their officers, possessed outstanding qualifications. Today, social standing, peacetime abilities and even formal education are ignored as requisites for leadership, all emphasis being laid on intelligence, character and temperamental gifts. A democratic Army!

A large volume couldn't set down all the things that George Marshall has done, but the result stands clear for the nation to see. In less than two years, he has accomplished what took the Germans ten, and under a harsh dictatorship where only military might was considered.

On thinking it over, maybe Providence *did* have a hand in George Marshall's selection as Chief of Staff.

THE END



"When you look at me like that, I feel like a woman again"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE

Zero Weather

Continued from page 24

found, and the carrier force definitely had control of the air.

On the flight deck above the ready room, the roar of engines tuning up meant that more bombers and fighters, rearmed and refueled, were about to take off. Their pilots had hostile designs on antiaircraft emplacements, barracks and fuel dumps on the island. Later, the cruisers would move in to lob over shells at any targets the planes had missed.

Down on the hangar deck, metalsmiths and mechs were grouped around a Hellcat that had just come down on the forward elevator. They were shaking their heads. Dark, gooey fluid was still dripping from the plane's shattered hydraulic system, one wing tank had caught two 20-millimeter shells, the electrical leads had been cut, and the fuselage was now thoroughly, if crudely, air-conditioned. The total score was sixty-seven holes.

"Holy pickerel!" exclaimed one of the mechs. "Who landed that wreck? He's probably on the operating table right now."

Taking Turns at the Target

Lieutenant (jg) Bill Burkhalter had brought that plane in and, curiously, he didn't have a scratch on him. Bill, the boy with the Gibraltar jaw, was Mark Bright's wingman in that first predawn attack on the island. The Hellcats then were "buzz-sawing" revetments on the Jap air base—that is, each fighter in turn dived close to the ground, sprayed the revetments with machine-gun fire, then pulled up into a climb to make the circuit again. The effect was that of a huge buzz saw slicing away at the target in its path.

Bill was making one of his return climbs when he saw a plane silhouetted against the sky. Its low, dihedral wings identified it as a Zero and, at the moment Bill spotted it, the Zero was also climbing to attack another Hellcat. Bill went right up after the Zero and chased it into a cloud. The Zero lost Bill in there, but a while later he saw another Zero in a dive, trying to get away from a Hellcat that was nibbling on its tail. Bill followed them both down, just for the ride.

Halfway down, the other Hellcat pulled away, obviously to avoid a barrage of ack-ack being flung up by the island batteries. Bill hung on a while longer. He was only about 150 feet behind the Zero now, and although he could feel the impact of the ack-ack as it bracketed his plane, he closed in to within twenty-five feet of his foe, firing all the while.

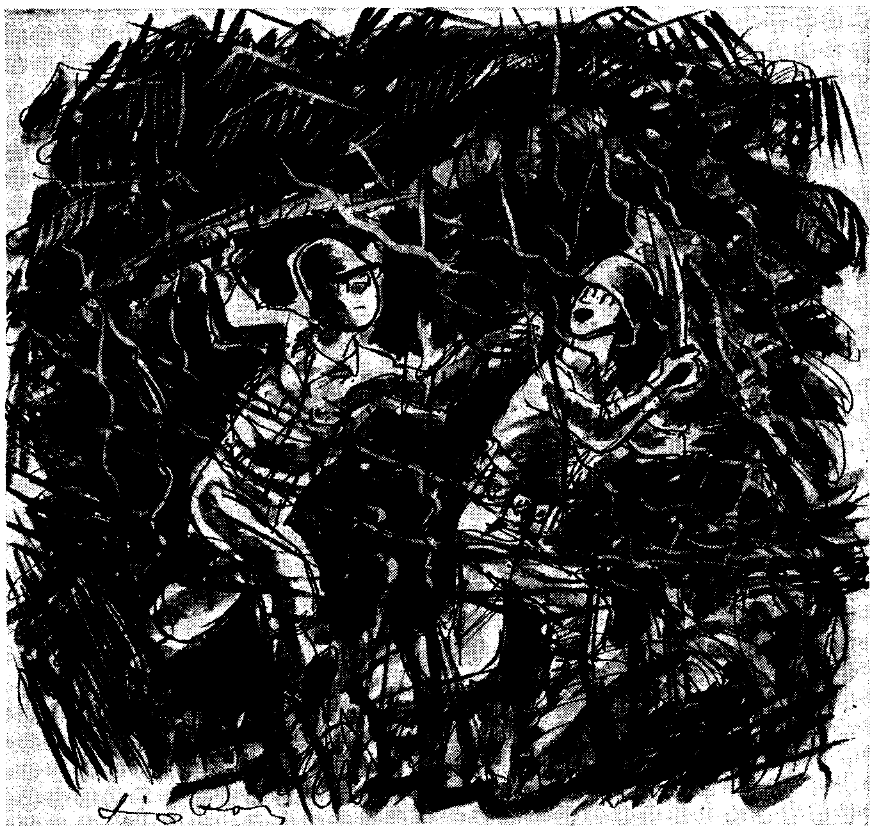
The Zero was burning now and going into a death spin, so Bill made a sharp right turn and climbed out of range of the AA guns. On the way up, another Zero jumped him, but Bill shook it off. Then, with his fuel and ammunition dangerously low and his plane sadly mutilated, he decided to go home. Nursing the engine all the way back, he finally pulled the Hellcat into the landing circle and got aboard safely.

There was another miraculous landing made that morning, but young Ensign Satterfield wasn't down in the ready room to tell how he had managed it. Carrier X's doctors were working over him now in sick bay.

Ensign Satterfield also had flown his Hellcat through a thicket of antiaircraft fire in pursuit of a Zero, when things began to happen to him and his plane. An AA shell pierced one of his wing tanks, another bounced up against his seat armor, and a third (a 12.7-millimeter, copper-sheathed job) bored through his left leg below the knee and kept going until it hit the cockpit cover and dropped back to his feet.

Somehow "Sat" got clear of the gunfire and went upstairs to a safer altitude, to take stock of the damage. That last shot had cut the plane's hydraulic line, and the fluid was gushing out. Worse still was the hole in his leg. That was gushing, too, and he was losing blood fast. He knew what that meant; he would get weaker and weaker, and finally pass out. Sat had no intention of passing out. He was determined to get the Hellcat and himself back aboard the carrier.

He pulled a bandage from his first-aid



"This reminds me of the places my wife used to pick out for a week-end picnic"

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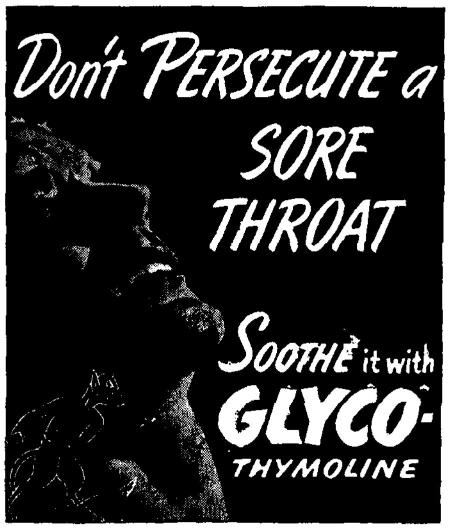
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The DASH that makes the DISH

kit and took several turns with it around his leg above the knee, as a tourniquet. This was no simple maneuver for a wounded man who had a hot fighter plane to keep flying at the same time. Sat managed it, however, and, with one hand holding the tourniquet tight, he tried to forget the pain in his leg as he navigated the Hellcat back toward the carrier. He knew the landing would be a tough one. With the hydraulic system shot away, he wouldn't be able to lower his wing flaps and he would have to land without their braking power.

Arriving within sight of Carrier X, he radioed for an emergency forced landing, explaining his trouble. Back came the answer: "Can you wait about ten minutes? We're launching planes."

Coming in on a Prayer

For ten more minutes, Sat circled the carrier, one hand manning the controls, the other holding tightly to the tourniquet. Finally, when the flight deck was clear, he started in for a landing. This was going to be the toughest part of it all. He would need both hands to guide the plane now and, without benefit of flaps, the Hellcat's landing speed would be something to control.

Sat let go his grip on the tourniquet and, with one hand on the stick, the other on the throttle, he came roaring over the carrier's stern. The landing signal officer gave him the "Cut engine" signal, and the Hellcat plopped down for a perfect three-point landing and eased to a stop. In a few seconds Doctor Marron, flight surgeon, was up on the wing beside him to give him first aid Sat needed it He had collapsed.

Dave E. Satterfield, Jr., congressman from Virginia, feels pretty proud of his son for this feat He'd feel prouder if he heard what Sat told the captain of Carrier X a week later when he visited Sat in the hospital. The captain had asked him if he wanted anything.

"Captain," Sat replied, "just don't let them give me shore duty. I want to get back to my squadron as soon as I can."

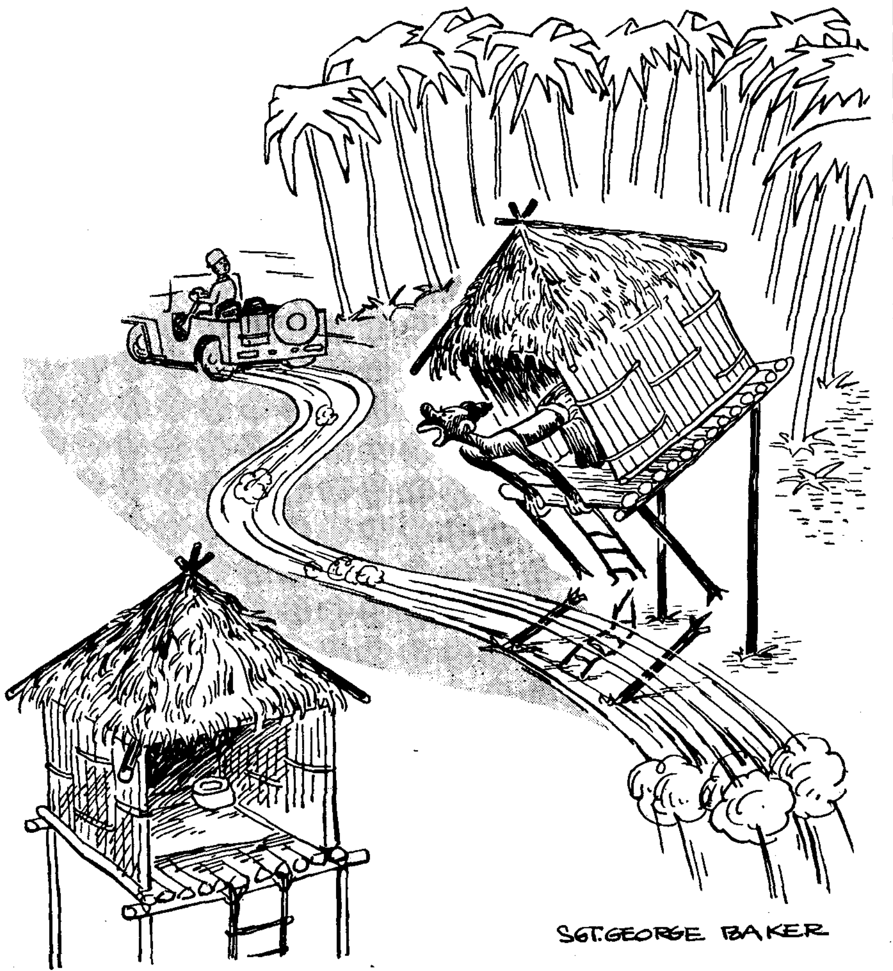
Down in the ready room, Al Frendberg, lieutenant (jg), was collecting a bet. A week previous, each pilot in the fighter squadron had tossed a bill into a pool with a hope and a prayer. The first one to shoot down a Zero would collect all, a sizable amount of folding money.

Al was cruising around at six thousand feet over the ocean off the southern shore of Wake Island when he was suddenly reminded of that pool. Tracers flashing through the darkness a couple of thousand feet below him served to jog his memory, but he was too busy for the next few moments to give the pool further thought. Al dived toward the tracer fire, which, he soon discovered, was being swapped by a Hellcat and a Zero. He swooped on the Zero from the rear, gave it a burst and saw it turn away, smoking. The Jap pilot headed inland, trying to reach his base, but he never made it. As Al watched the crippled plane plunge into the water, he was again reminded of that pool. He glanced at the clock on his instrument board. It read 6:22.

At that noisy ready-room conference, it was decided that Frendberg had drawn first Zero blood for the new carrier. He had barely nosed out a couple of his fellow Hellcat pilots, however—Ensign Hatch, for example, who had caught a Zero slugging away at another fighter pilot, and had shot down the Zero forthwith; and Lieutenant (jg) D. J. Kenney, who had just spent the most exciting forty-five seconds of his life, watching his first hits set a Zero afire and send it crashing into the ocean with only an oil slick left to mark the spot.

Further discussion of these Zero scores was interrupted by a report that another plane was about to make an emergency landing. Hurrying topside, the pilots saw a Hellcat in the landing circle, making a tight turn toward the stern ramp of the flight deck. Smoke was pouring from the plane's engine, and its wings were wobbling as the landing signal officer guided it in with gestures of his paddles.

The landing wasn't bad for a cripple, and immediately fire-fighting crews rushed out, hauled the pilot to safety and doused



COLLIER'S "Cordell Hull will hear of this!" SGT. GEORGE BAKER

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the fire with carbon-dioxide extinguishers. Lieutenant G. C. Bullard, who had brought the Hellcat aboard, was not one of Carrier X's pilots, but had taken off from another carrier, downed a Zero in flames and, with his own plane shot up, had looked for the nearest place to land. After all the excitement was over, someone on the flight deck noticed the number on Lieutenant Bullard's fighter—13.

The rest of that day and the next, while the attack on Wake continued, the fighter pilots of Carrier X weren't exactly bored, but it did seem more like the routine of their training days, flying on strafing runs and combat air patrol. It seemed that way to Lieutenant Kenneth E. "Red" Cotton, until the last flight on the second day, just before the task force headed back to its base.

Respite from Battle

Red, recently an All-Pacific-Coast football star and now one of the hottest fighter pilots in his squadron, was not scheduled to fly that afternoon. He'd made several flights during the attack, hadn't bagged any Zeros, but he had strafed a grounded bomber to a fiery death, which kept his batting average respectable.

Red was relaxing with a book in the ready room when Squadron Skipper Buie rushed in. A group of fighters was warming up on the flight deck, preparatory to taking off on the last combat air patrol before dark.

"Who's the pilot of Fifty-seven?" Slim demanded. "He's not in his plane."

"Do you want a pilot, Skipper? I'm it!" Already Red was reaching for his flying suit.

When he got up to the flight deck, the first Hellcat was taking off, and Red rushed for the empty plane, adjusting his flying gear as he went. The engine had been tuned up by a mech, and Red climbed in, half dressed. He was still adjusting his safety belt when the launching signal officer motioned him up to the starting line.

The patrol was uneventful, and shortly after sunset the fighters came in to land. Red's plane was the last scheduled to come aboard, so he took position at the tail end of the landing circle, flying low over the water.

The other planes had all landed, and Red was about to do the same when he heard the fighter director's voice over his radio receiver: "Unidentified planes sighted approaching task force!"

Red swerved his Hellcat away from the carrier and started to climb. His radio continued to give him information on the anonymous planes, their reported altitude, distance and bearing. So far, the task force had not been attacked by enemy bombers or torpedo planes, and if any tried to get in now, Red was ready for them.

He climbed up in wide sweeps to 27,000 feet, searching the sky as he went, but there was no sign of another plane, enemy or friendly. It was getting dark now, but Red hadn't thought much about that until his radio ordered him to call off the search. The attack report had proved false.

As Red lost altitude, he peered ahead through the gathering blackness, trying to pick up the task force. No lights could be turned on to guide him, or the ships' presence might be disclosed to enemy planes or submarine prowlers. For a while, Red couldn't see a thing down there, let alone ships, and just how he would find Carrier X was still an unanswered question.

Finally Red saw a patch of dim white, then several patches—the phosphorescent wakes of ships in the task force. He studied their formation, picked out the position of Carrier X and, dropping down farther, began to circle the flat-top. He would have to come in over the stern of the darkened carrier, not too high or too low, try to find the center line of the flight deck and set the heavy Hellcat down without cracking up it and himself. And his gas was almost gone.

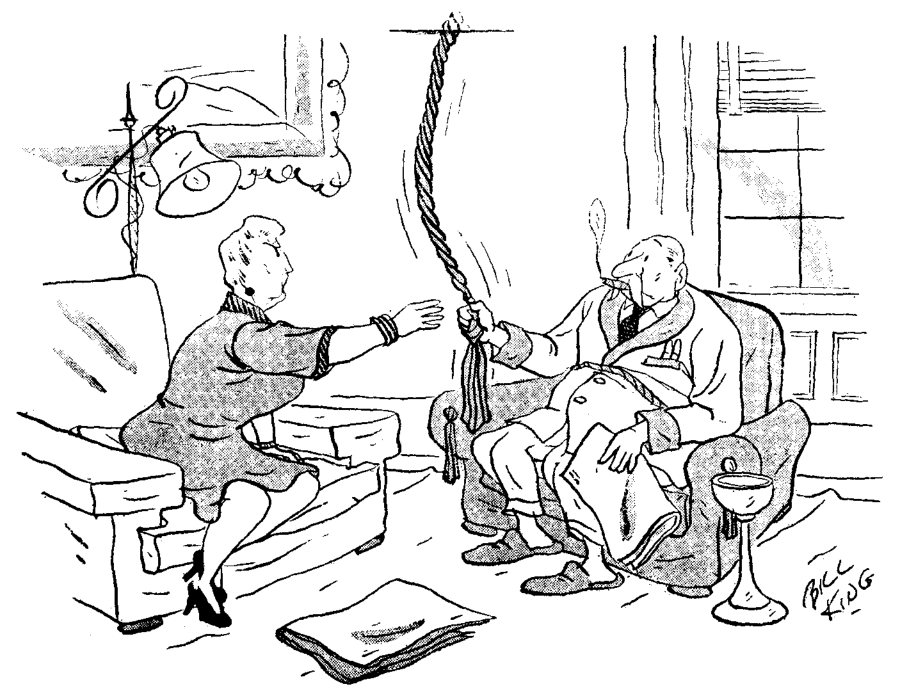
The Most Difficult Test

Even under normal, peacetime conditions, pilots consider night carrier landings something they'd rather do without. In training, they go through a series of night "bounce tests" ashore, approaching a lighted field that is stable and stationary. Trying to duplicate such a landing on a dim, floating flight deck is obviously much more difficult. A pilot who has been checked out—qualified—on night carrier landings, particularly in a fast fighter plane, realizes the hardest part of his training is over.

The first pass Red made for a landing was too high, so he circled about for another try. The second time he came in high, too, but he cut his engine when he had cleared the stern ramp, and the plane plopped down hard, bounced and rolled up toward the first barrier. Red had both feet jammed on the wheel brakes when the Hellcat stopped with its propeller blades barely kissing the wire barrier.

Lieutenant Red Cotton had just made a night carrier landing—his first!

THE END



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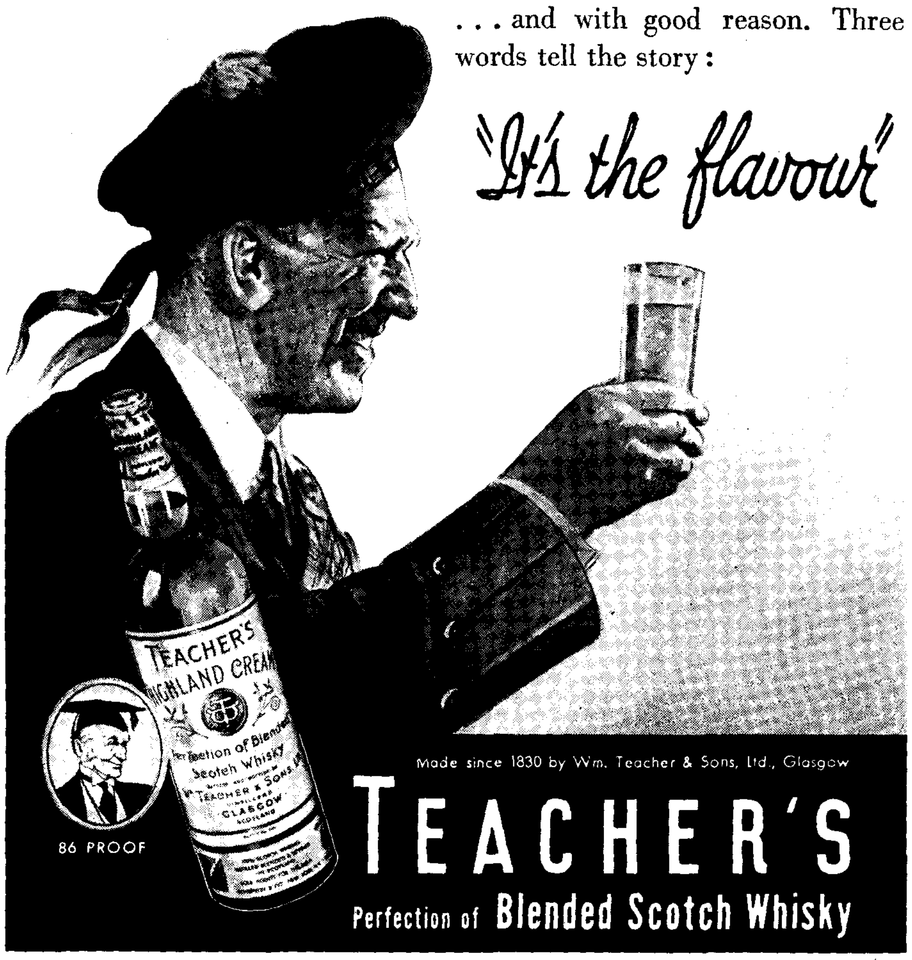

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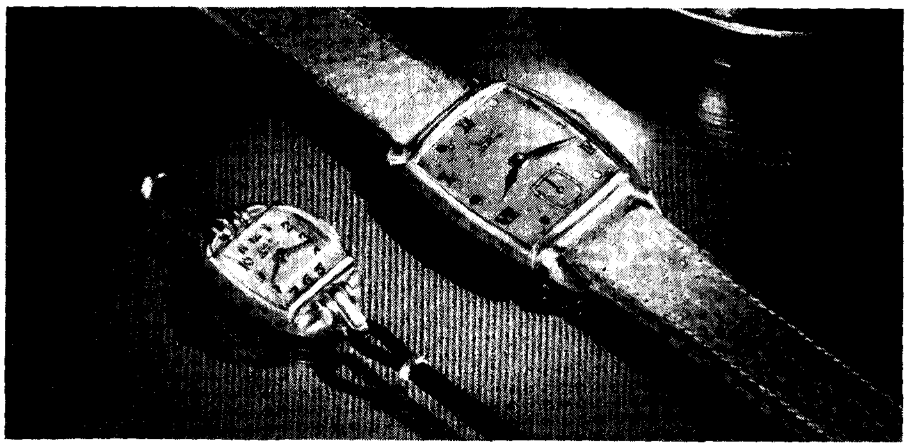

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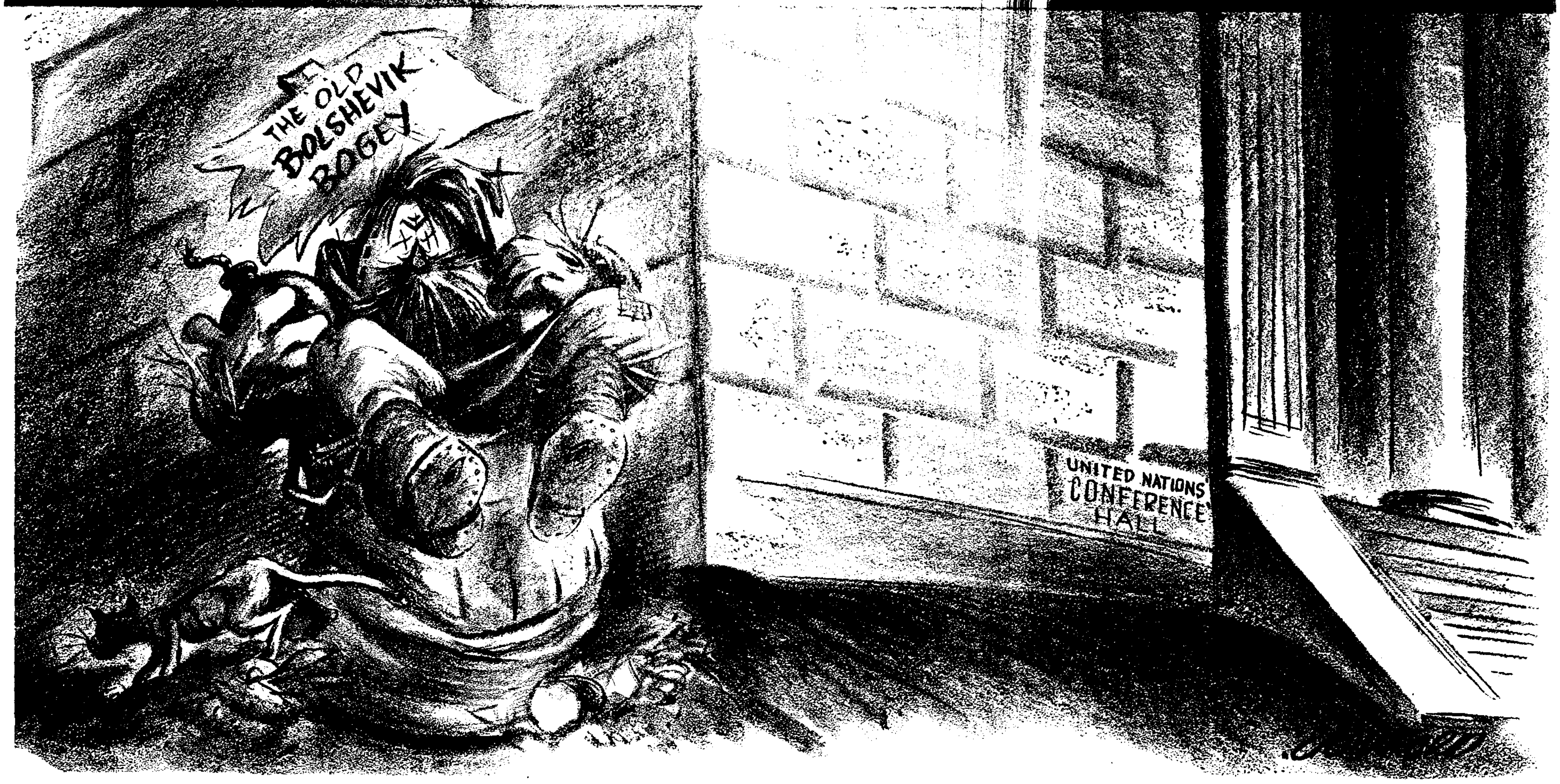

OUR RUSSIAN ALLY

RUSSIA'S enormous victories over Hitler in the summer and fall of this year, and the documents that came out of the Hull-Eden-Molotov Moscow conference, have greatly increased Americans' interest, we take it, in our huge European and Asiatic ally against Germany. What kind of country is Russia, anyway?

Here are some facts about Russia, presented as impartially as we know how to present them—for which impartiality we're cheerfully expecting abuse from both Russia-lovers and Russia-haters in this country.

To begin with, present-day Russia is neither a Communist nor a Socialist nation. This, though Nikolai Lenin's Communist clique that seized control of Russia in 1917 sincerely hoped to make it a Communist country: What's yours is mine, what's mine is yours, and the fact that you have more brains and initiative than I have is not going to help you at all, you cur, sir.

It was an impossible goal, as was apparent from the start. It would take up too much space to trace here the history of the comrades' adjustments to the facts of life while keeping up the pretense that they were building a true Communist state. The long and short of it is that today Russia has a modified capitalist setup.

Wages differ widely in Russia, and in the same factories, because they are determined by the individual worker's output. Though this state of affairs goes by the name of Stakhanovism, after the worker who thought it up, it is actually the piecework, incentive-pay system, which most of our own labor leaders fear and detest.

Russians are permitted to save money—witness the Russian farmer who recently put up more than 1,000,000 rubles for Russian war bonds—but they can invest this money only in government bonds or savings-bank accounts; there are no corporations in whose stocks they can invest.

The Russian government invests the nation's surplus earnings, through corporations of its own, which are comparable to the government-owned TVA in the United States. These state trusts are run by bureaucrats who are orthodox Communist Party members—and whose living standards and privileges compare with those enjoyed by leaders of private industry in this country. The comrades with the most brains and originality work themselves into the best jobs.

Private enterprise for the common folks is encouraged in a small way, according to a Quentin Reynolds report to Collier's from Moscow, by city markets where farmers and artisans may sell things which they have produced, for what they can get.

Russia has no freedom of speech or of press. You talk and think as the government wishes you to—or else. All the newspapers, magazines, book-publishing houses and radio stations are owned by the government, and naturally they sing Stalin's song exclusively. It remains to be seen how sincere have been Stalin's recent gestures at restoring a measure of religious freedom in Russia.

The secret police (once the OGPU, now the NKVD) are still actively at work in Russia, and there are still large and reportedly brutal concentration camps open to receive lots of guests. One recent estimate puts the number of prisoners now in these holes at ten to twelve million.

Russia's Red army shows more and more signs of becoming an old-time regulation European army in the tradition of Frederick the Great or Napoleon Bonaparte, with the best modern weapons and plenty of them. Gone are the soldier debates as to whether to obey an order. Salutes have to be quick and snappy; present-day uniforms are smartly cut. The rank of Marshal was restored some time ago, and Mr. Stalin himself has recently deigned to accept a Marshal's rating and the extremely posh uniform that goes with it.

Judging from the Red army's magnificent showing against the Germans in 1941-43, as contrasted with its stumblebum onslaught on poor little Finland in 1939-40, these turns to the right have greatly helped Russia.

Possibly the most important facts of all about Russia are that it has some 180,000,000 people, many of whom are tough, brave, fiery and fertile, and that it has an enormous land area and huge natural resources. Its people, no matter who happened to be ruling them at the moment, always did fight like tigers against anybody who invaded their soil, which they consider sacred.

And that's a thumbnail picture of Russia today—a nation evolving from a sort of Fascism toward, apparently, something resembling our own and Great Britain's democracy.

Russia is a valuable and potent companion for us to have in our war on Germany; and Stalin, since the Moscow conference, talks as if he may intend to be reasonably just toward the territories he wants to take under his wing after the Allied victory—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and parts of Finland, Poland and Rumania.

For all Russia's value to us, however (and ours to Russia), we cannot see why Americans should bow down and worship Russia, any more than Russians should bow down and worship America.

BARUCH ON THE JOB

OUR inward ear seemed to detect a nation-wide sigh of relief when War Mobilizer James F. Byrnes transferred Bernard M. Baruch from his Washington park bench to the head of a new agency to wrestle with war and postwar problems of planning and production.

In Mr. Baruch, we have a man whose vast experience as head of the War Industries Board in the other war qualifies him for any job that might be handed him in this war. He is a practical man, a selfless man, a solid idealist, and a man who doesn't have to and doesn't care to make money any more.

If he keeps his health for the duration, we're entitled to expect war and postwar adjustments to proceed much more smoothly than if Mr. Baruch had been permitted to sit out the war in that park.

And now, if only enough largeness of mind should break loose in official Washington to gear the genius, experience and good will of Herbert Hoover into the war effort, too. . . .

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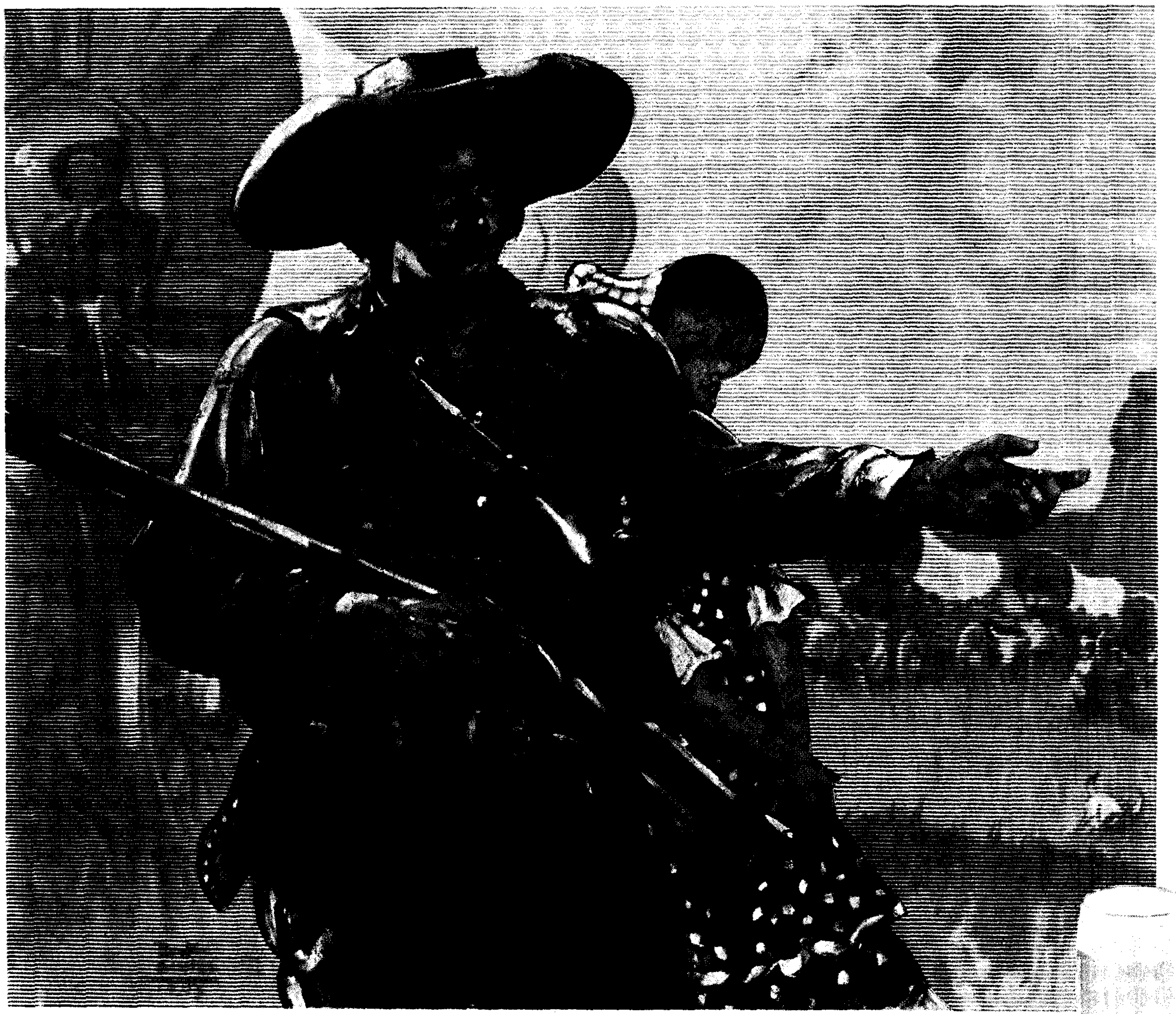

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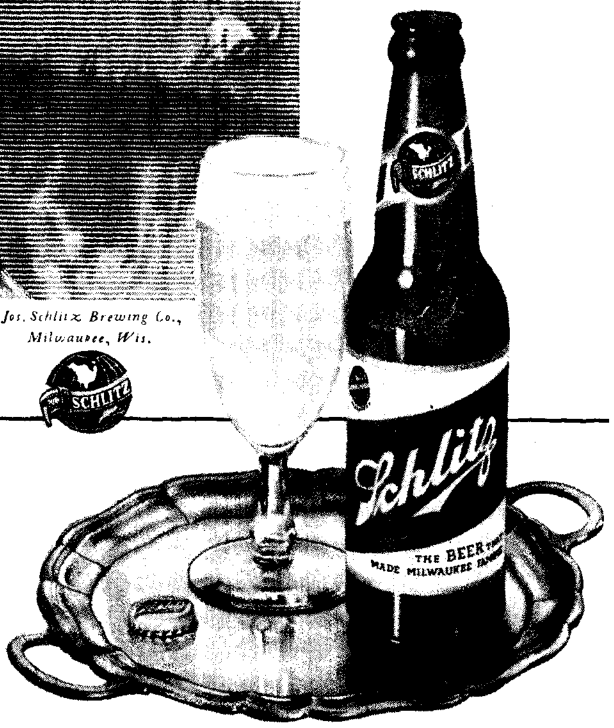
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